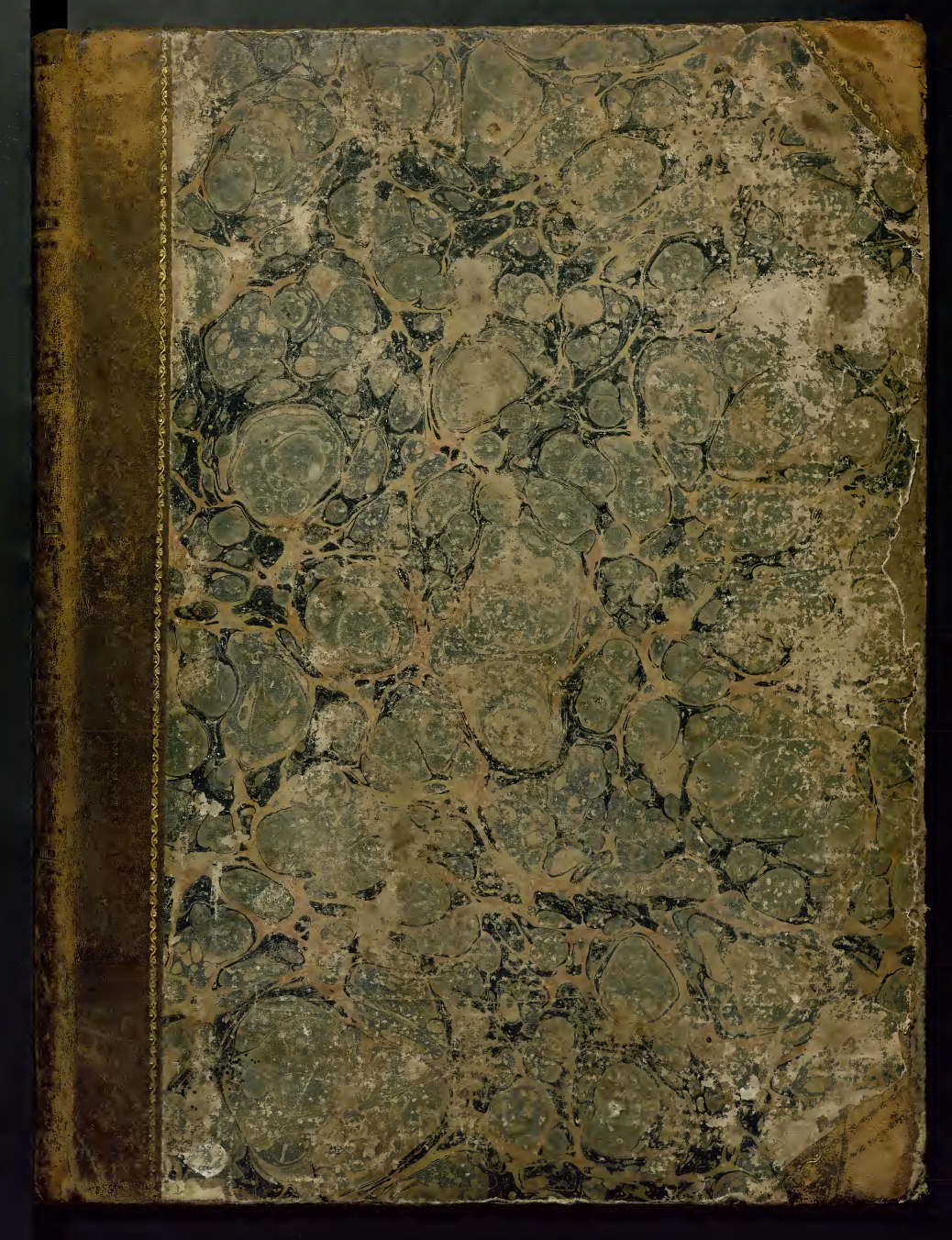


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Mary Anne Thing

Six Songs & Duetts,

Inscribed to

Dr. CROTCH,

BY

Miss Mary Southcote

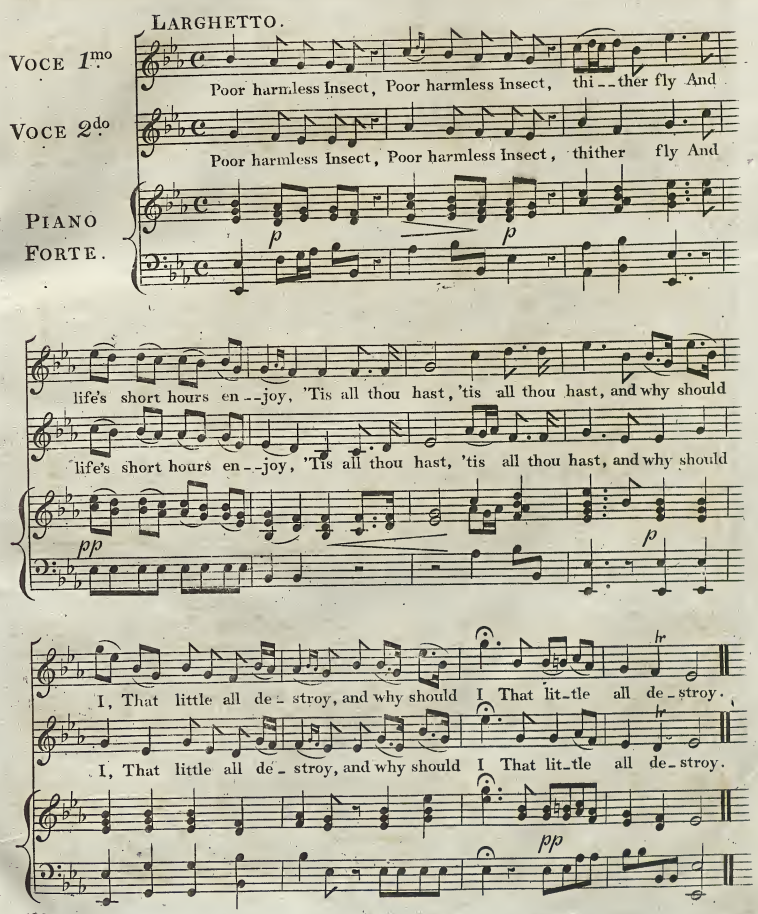
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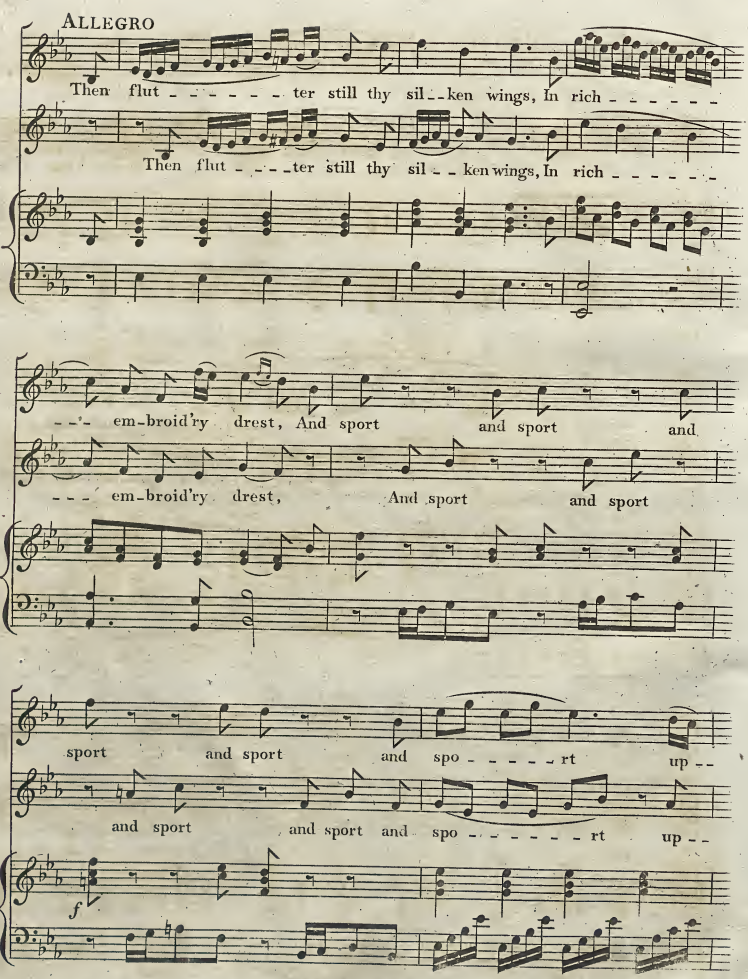
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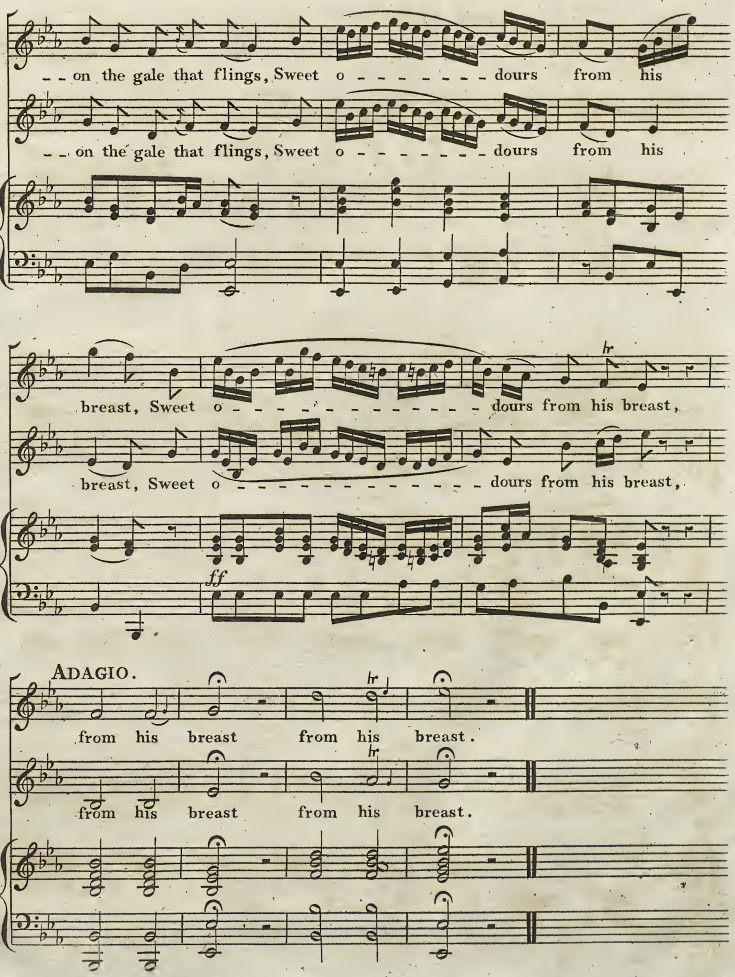
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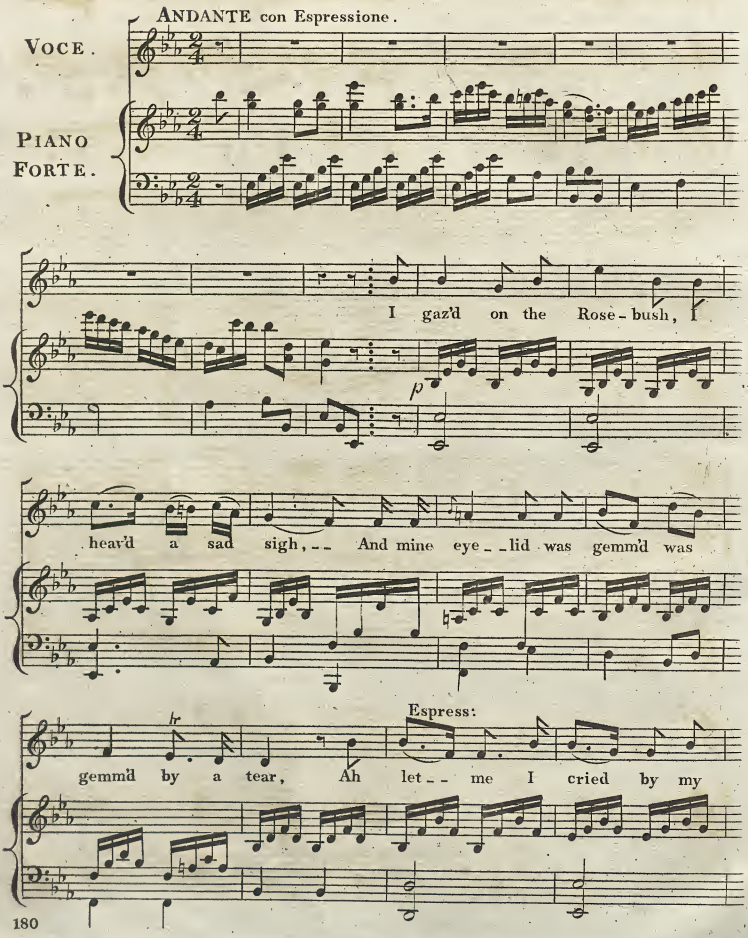
TO THE BUTTERFLY.

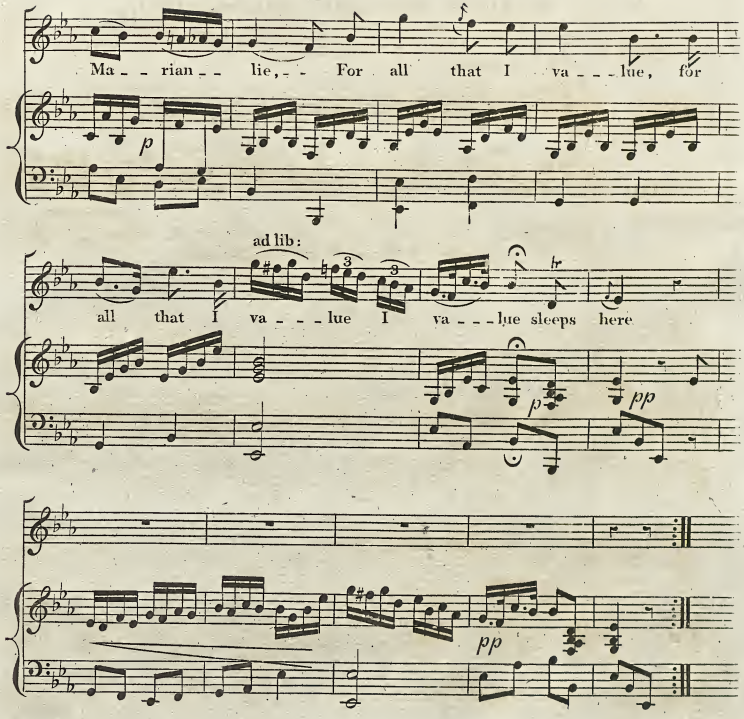



ALLEGRO
Then flut - - - - - - ter still thy sil - - ken wings, In rich - - - - - -
Then flut - - - - - ter still thy sil - - ken wings, In rich - - - - - -
- - - em-broid'ry drest, And sport and sport and
- - - em-broid'ry drest, And sport and sport
sport and sport and spo - - - - - rt up - -
and sport and sport and spo - - - - - - rt up - -
f


on the gale that flings, Sweet o - - - - - - - - dours from his
on the gale that flings, Sweet o - - - - - - - - dours from his
breast, Sweet o - - - - - - - - - - - - - - dours from his breast,
breast, Sweet o - - - - - - - - - - - - - - dours from his breast,
ff
ADAGIO.
from his breast from his breast.
from his breast from his breast.

I GAZ'D ON THE ROSE-BUSH.





2

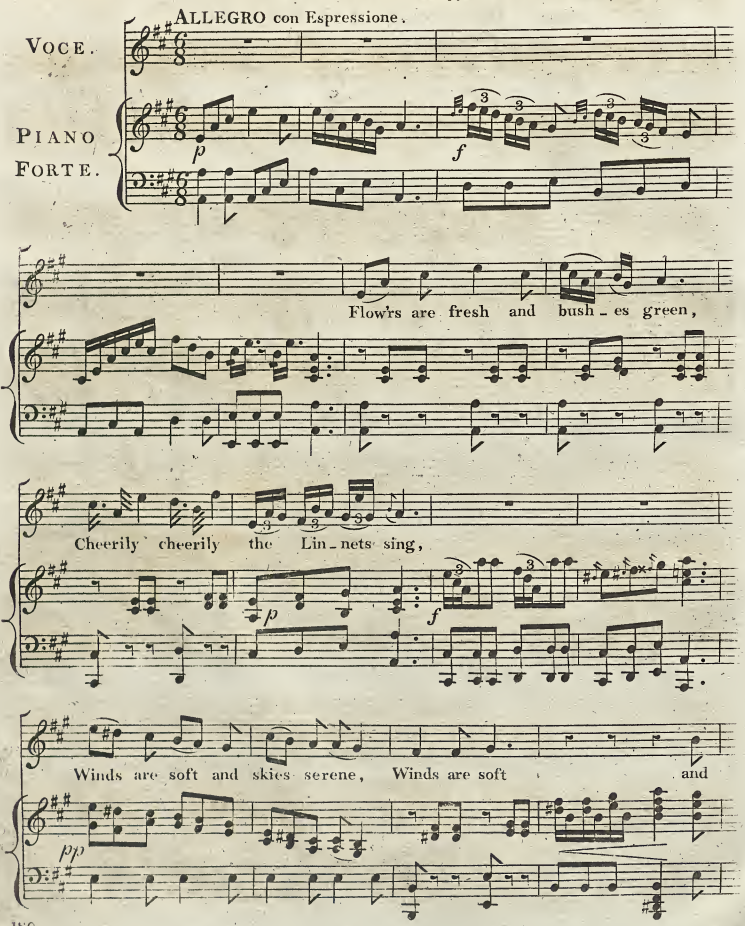
This Rose-tree once flourish'd and sweeten'd the air,
Like its blossom all lovely she grew;
The scent of her breath like its fragrance was rare,
And her cheeks were more fresh than its hue.

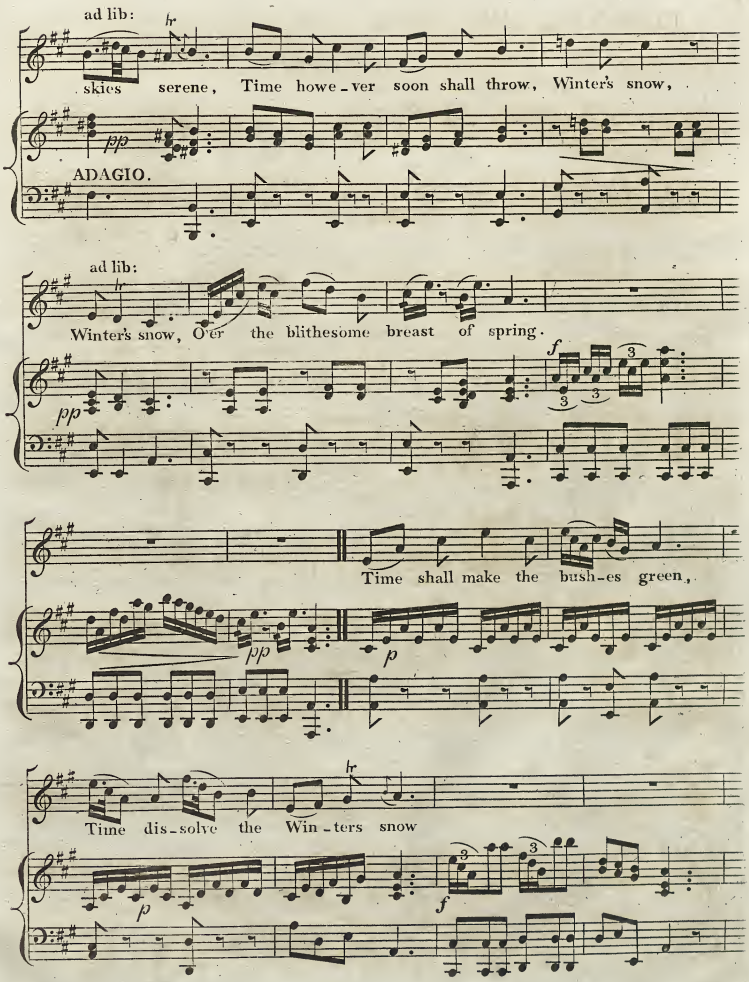
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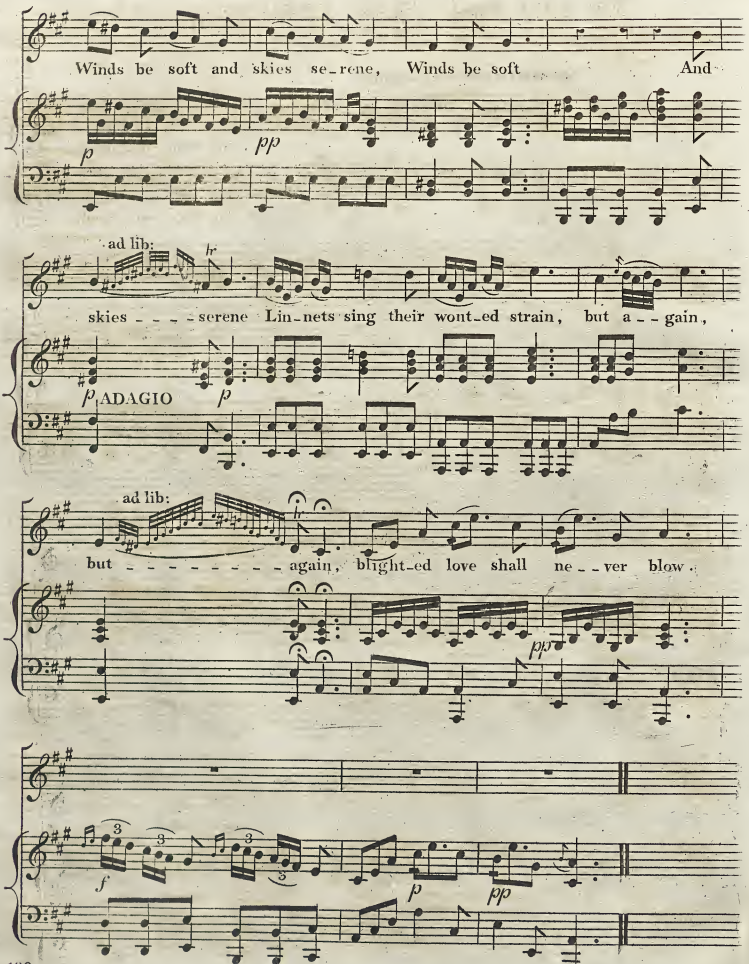
She planted, she loy'd it, she dew'd its gay head,
And its bloom every rival defied,
But alas! what was beauty or virtue soon fled,
In spring they both blossom'd and died.

FLOWERS ARE FRESH & BUSHES GREEN.

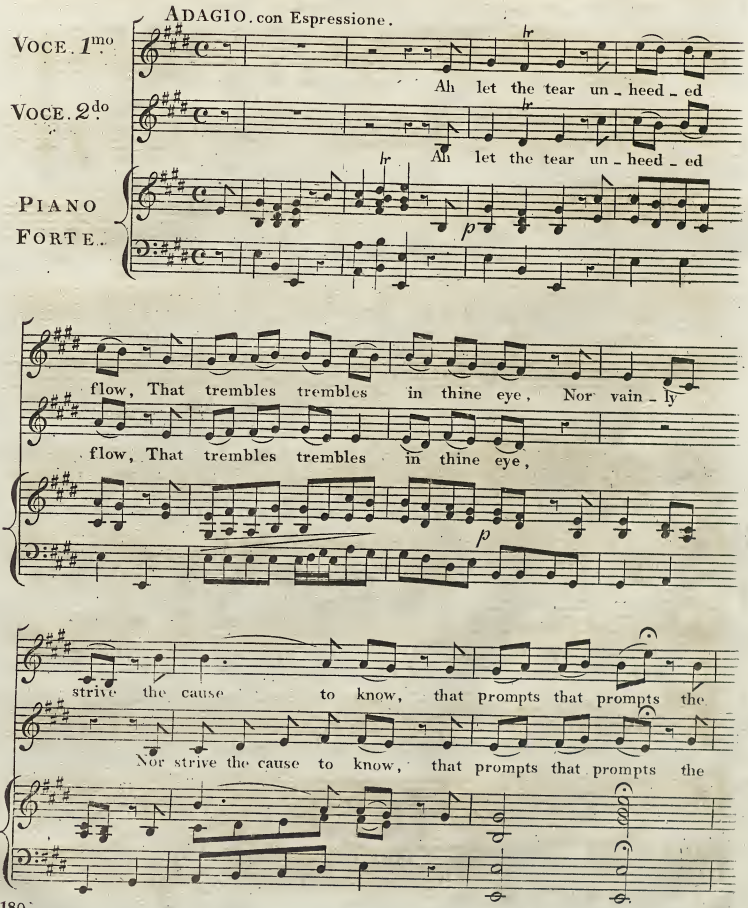
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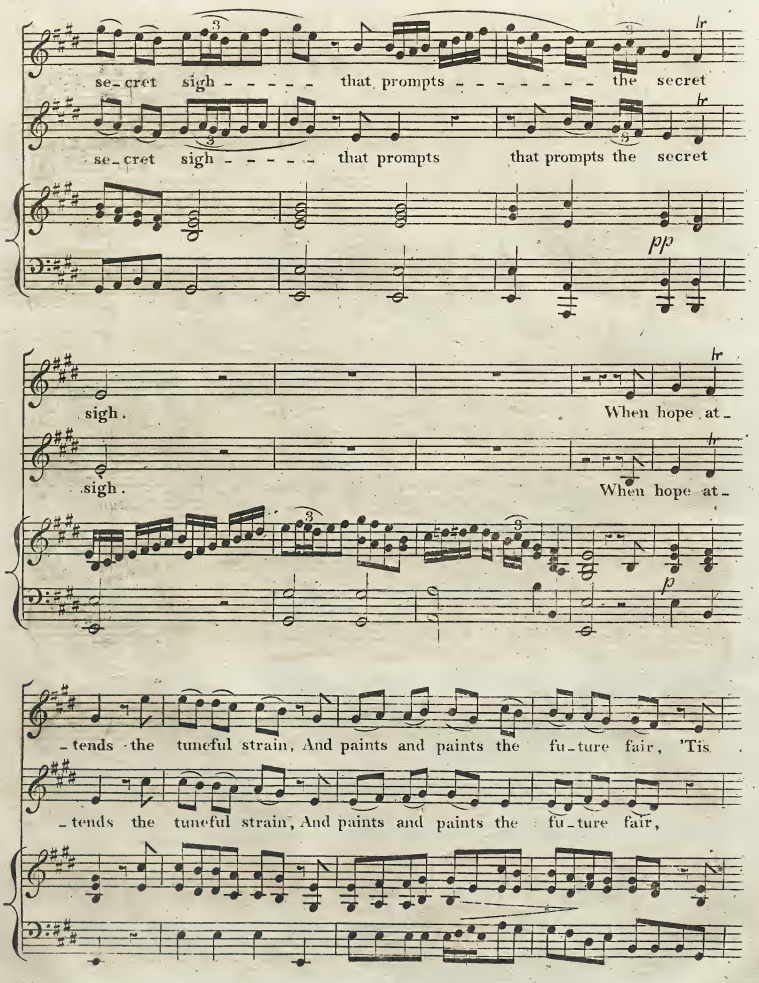


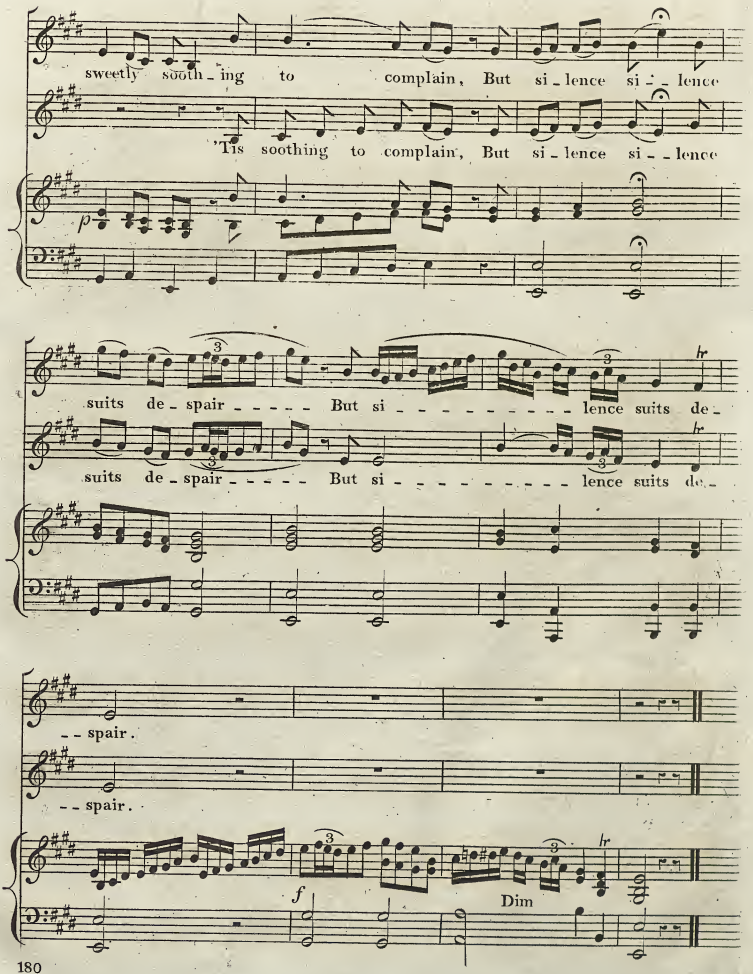

ad lib:
skies serene, Time howe-ver soon shall throw, Winter's snow,
pp
ADAGIO.
ad lib:
Winter's snow, O'er the blithesome breast of spring.
pp
f
Time shall make the bush-es green,
pp
p
Time dis-solve the Win-ters snow
p
f


Winds be soft and skies se_rene, Winds be soft And
p
pp
ad lib:
skies - - - - serene Lin_nets sing their wont_ed strain, but a - - gain,
p
ADAGIO
p
ad lib:
but - - - - - - - - - again, blight_ed love shall ne - - ver blow.
pp
f
p
pp

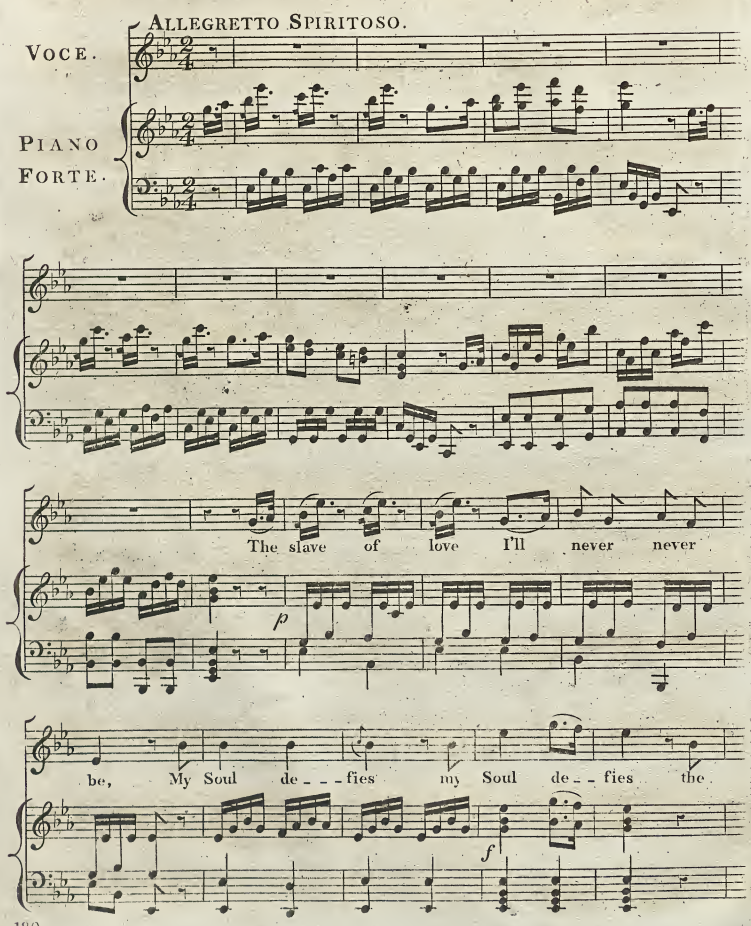
AH LET THE TEAR UNHEEDED FLOW.

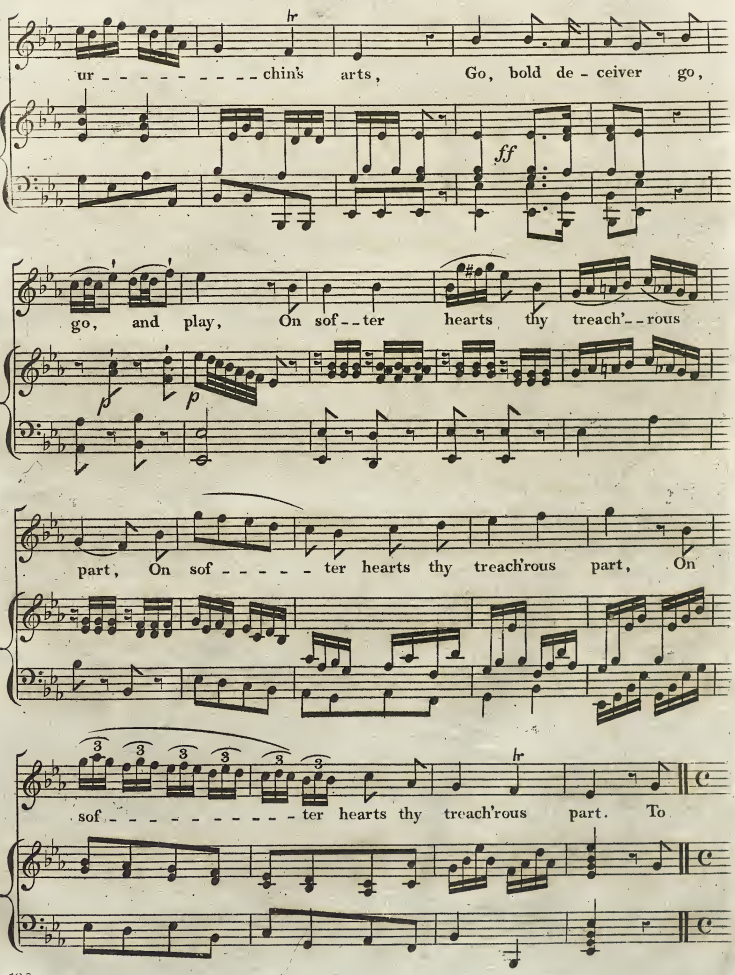


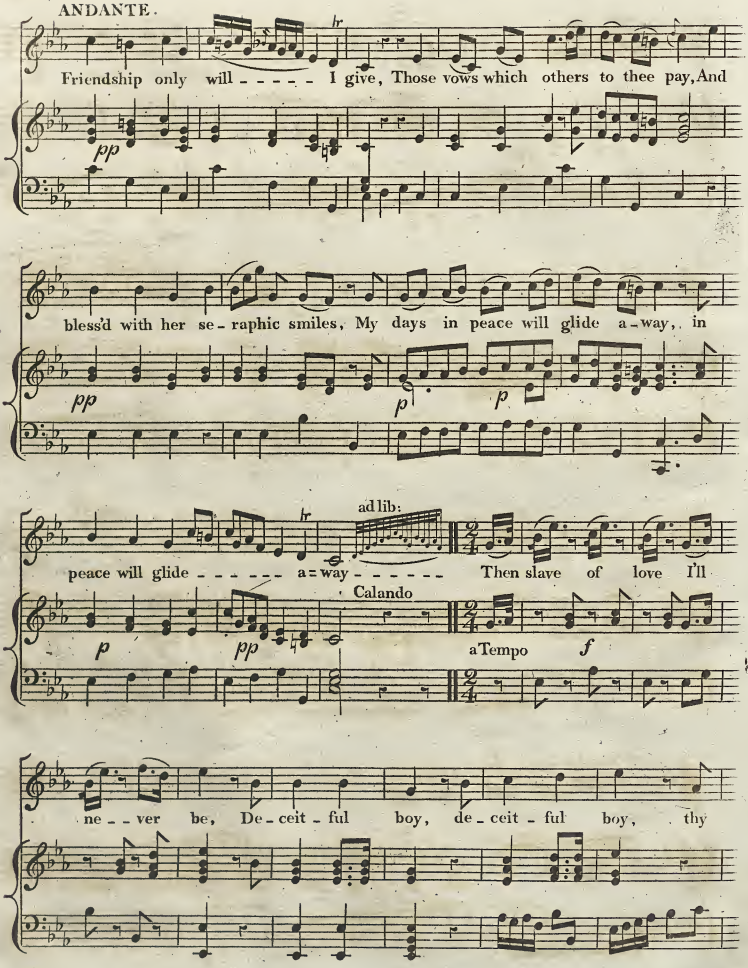

se-cret sigh - - - - - that prompts - - - - - - - - the secret
se-cret sigh - - - - - that prompts that prompts the secret
pp
sigh. When hope at-
sigh. When hope at-
p
-tends the tuneful strain, And paints and paints the fu-ture fair, 'Tis
-tends the tuneful strain, And paints and paints the fu-ture fair,

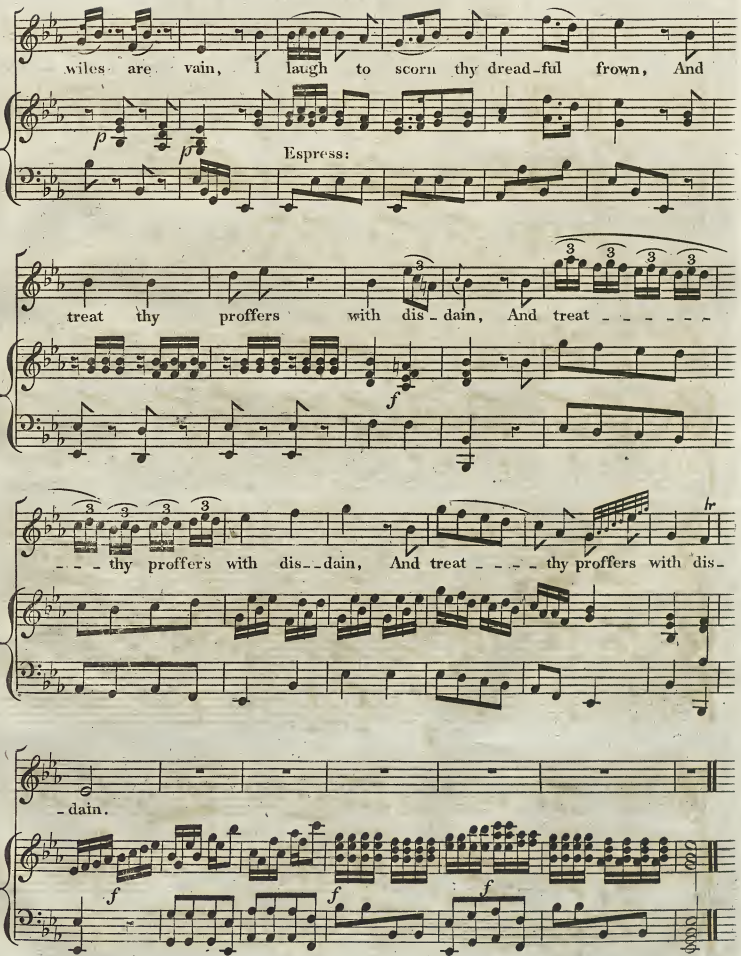

sweetly sooth - ing to complain, But si - lence si - - lence
'Tis soothing to complain, But si - lence si - - lence
p
suits de - spair - - - - - But si - - - - - - - - - - lence suits de -
suits de - spair - - - - - But si - - - - - - - - - - lence suits de -
- - spair.
- - spair.
f
Dim

THE SLAVE OF LOVE I'LL NEVER BE.

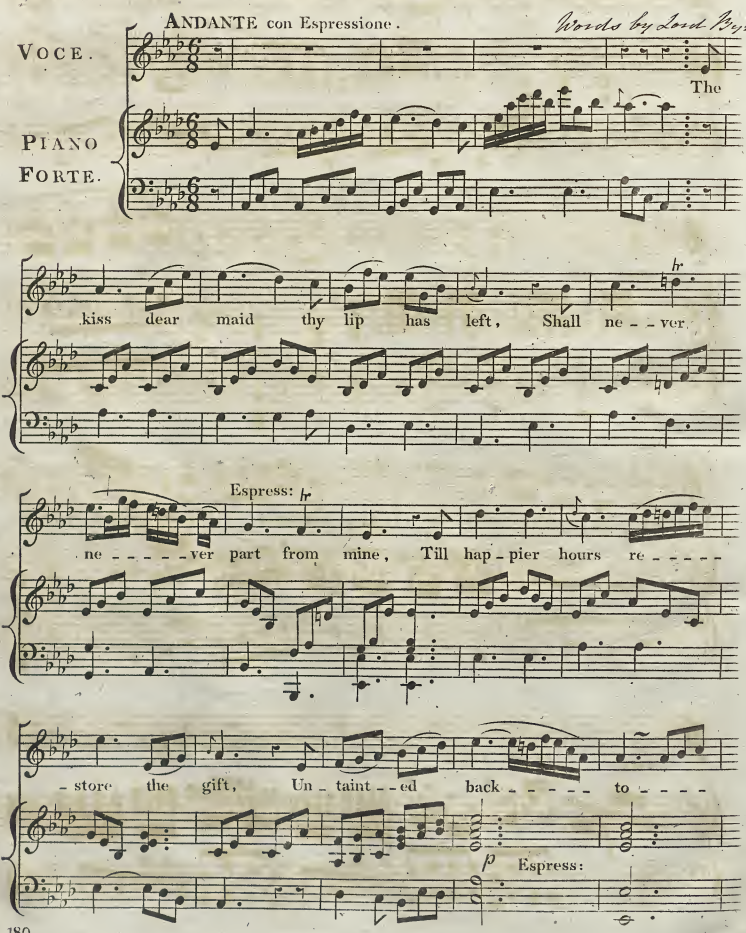


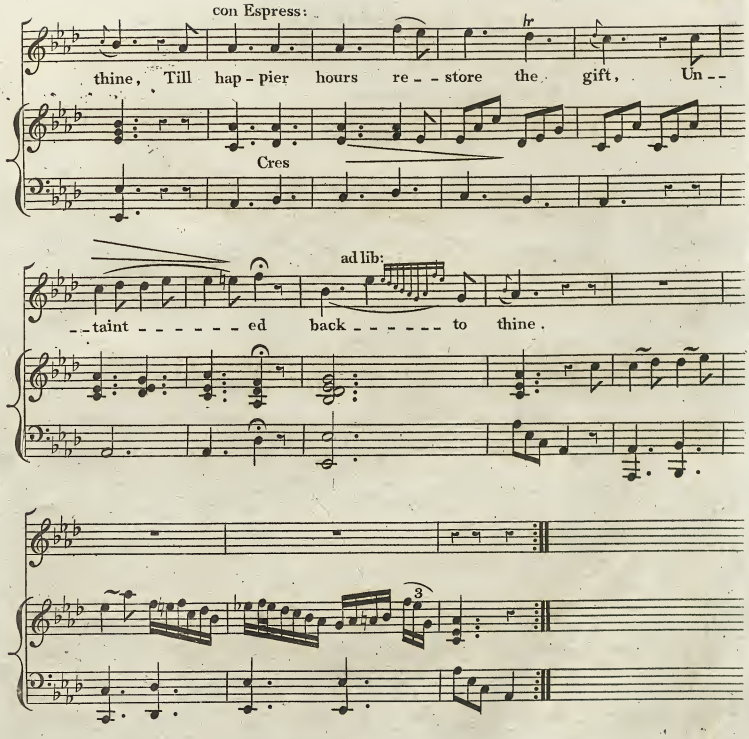

ur - - - - - - - - - chin's arts, Go, bold de - ceiver go,
ff
go, and play, On sof - - ter hearts thy treach'- - rous
p
p
part, On sof - - - - - ter hearts thy treach'rous part, On
3 3 3 3 3 3
sof - - - - - - - - - - ter hearts thy treach'rous part. To


ANDANTE.
Friendship only will - - - - - I give, Those vows which others to thee pay, And
pp
blessd with her se - raphic smiles, My days in peace will glide a - way, in
pp
p
p
ad lib:
peace will glide - - - - - - a - way - - - - - -
Calando
Then slave of love I'll
p
pp
a Tempo
f
ne - - ver be, De - ceit - ful boy, de - ceit - ful boy, thy


wiles are vain, I laugh to scorn thy dread-ful frown, And
Espress:
treat thy proffers with dis-dain, And treat
thy proffers with dis--dain, And treat thy proffers with dis-
-dain.

THE KISS DEAR MAID.





2

Thy parting glance which fondly beams,
An equal love may see,
The tear that from thine eye-lid streams,
Can weep no change in me.

3

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart no longer free;
Must bear the love it cannot shew,
And silent ache for thee.



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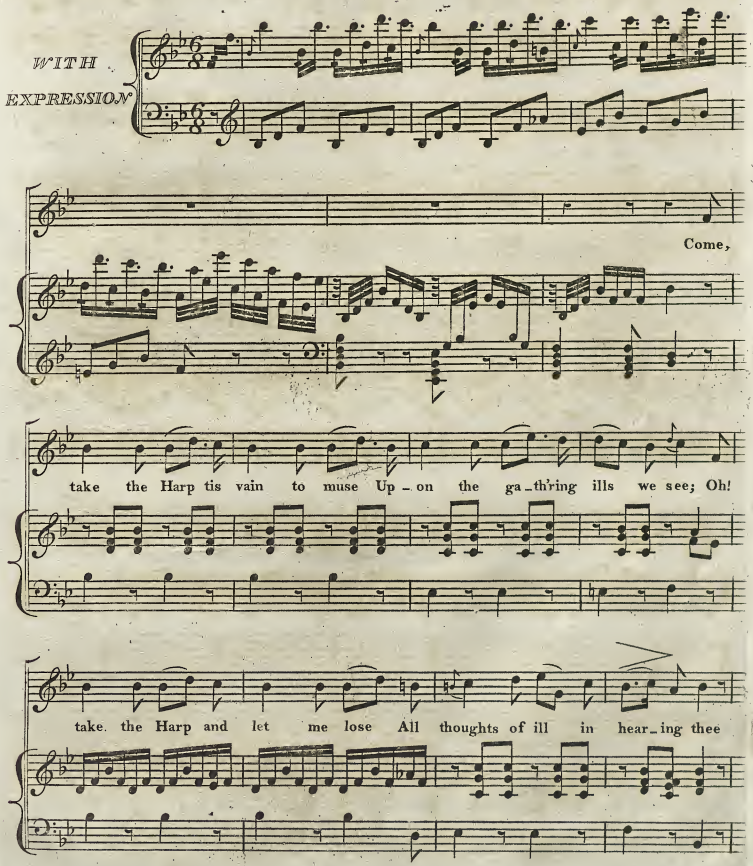
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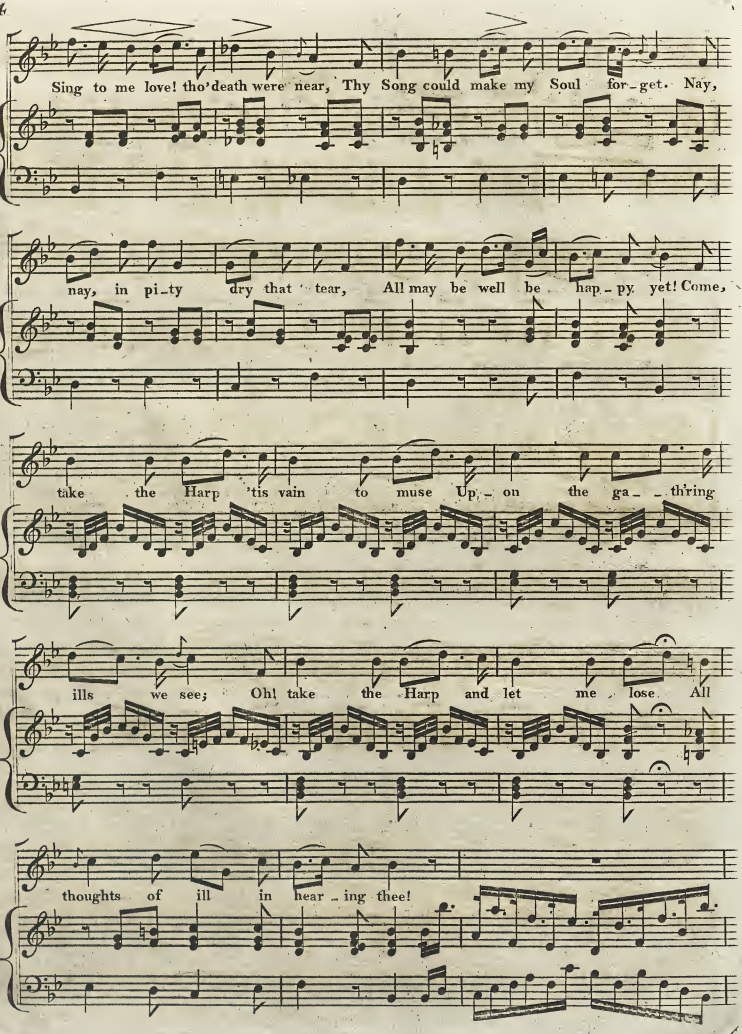
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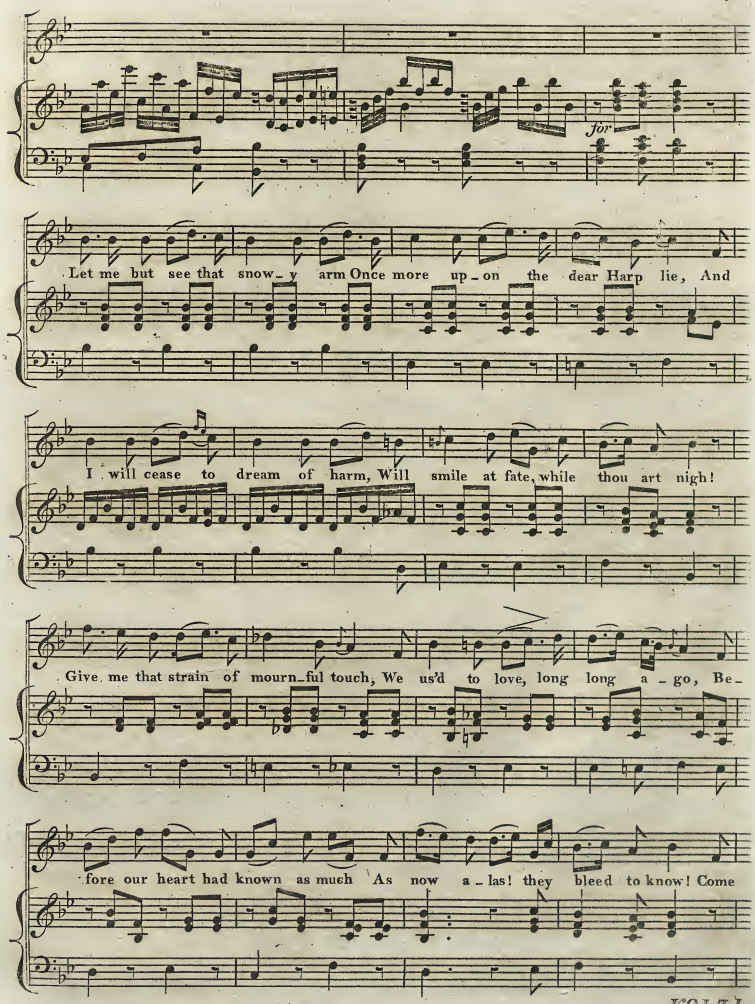
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COME TAKE THE HARP.

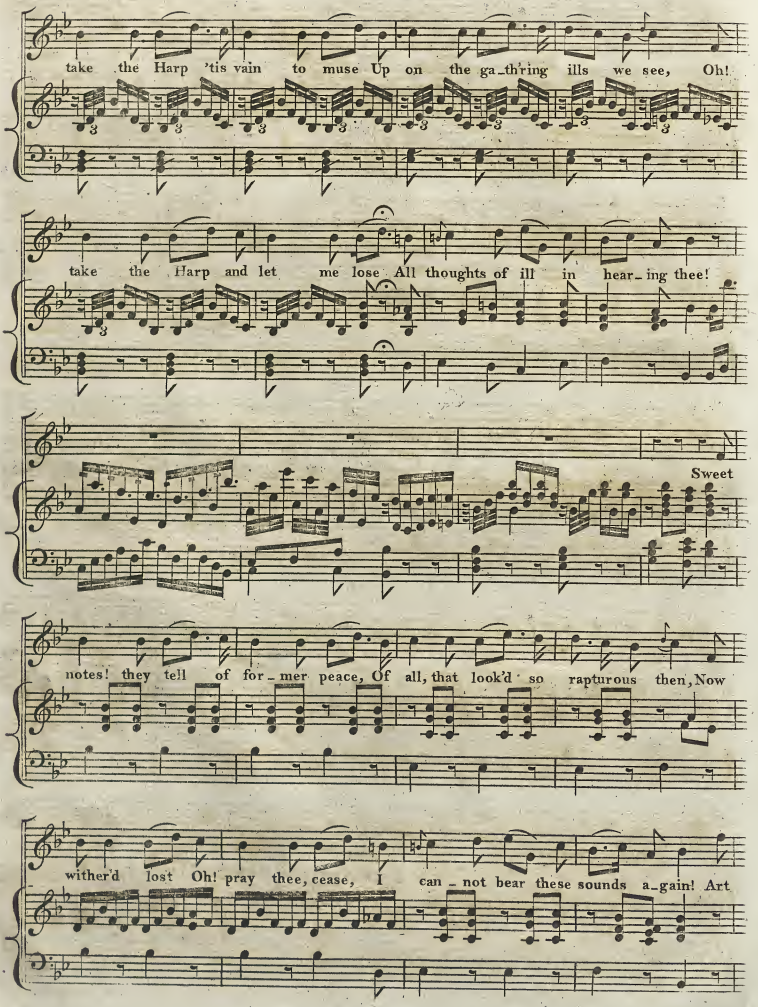
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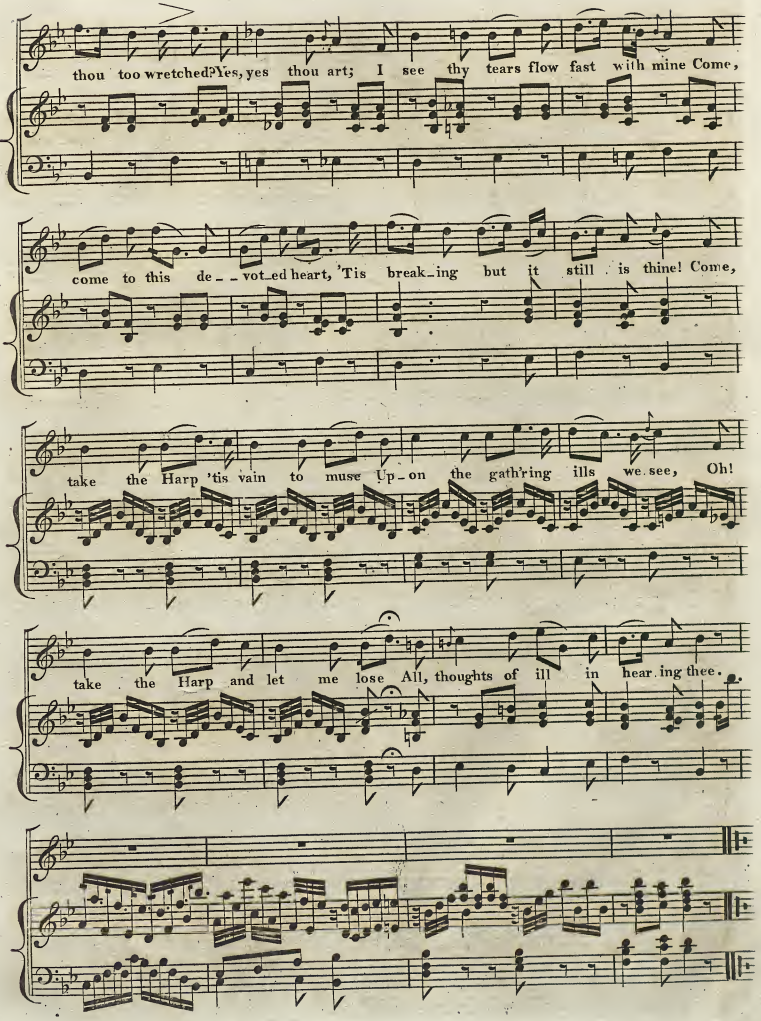



Sing to me love! tho' death were near, Thy Song could make my Soul for-get. Nay,
nay, in pi-ty dry that tear, All may be well be hap-py yet! Come,
take the Harp 'tis vain to muse Up-on the ga- -thring
ills we see; Oh! take the Harp and let me lose All
thoughts of ill in hear-ing thee!


for
Let me but see that snow_y arm Once more up_on the dear Harp lie, And
I will cease to dream of harm, Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh!
Give me that strain of mourn_ful touch, We us'd to love, long long a_go, Be_
fore our heart had known as much As now a_las! they bleed to know! Come

VOLTI


take the Harp 'tis vain to muse Up on the ga_thring ills we see, Oh!
take the Harp and let me lose All thoughts of ill in hear_ing thee!
Sweet
notes! they tell of for_mer peace, Of all, that look'd so rapturous then, Now
wither'd lost Oh! pray thee, cease, I can_not bear these sounds a_gain! Art


thou too wretched? Yes, yes thou art; I see thy tears flow fast with mine Come,
come to this de_ _vot_ed heart, 'Tis break_ing but it still is thine! Come,
take the Harp 'tis vain to muse Up_on the gath'ring ills we see, Oh!
take the Harp and let me lose All, thoughts of ill in hear_ing thee.

Oh, then dearest Ellen I'll love you no more.

A Ballad

Composed & Dedicated to

MISS FANNY NICKSON,

BY

Sir John Stevenson Mus. Doc.

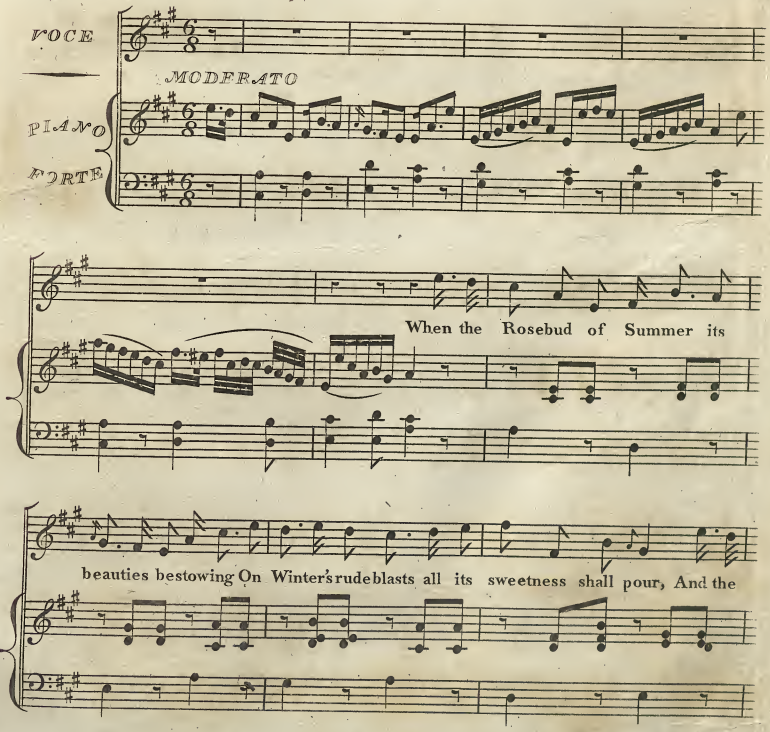
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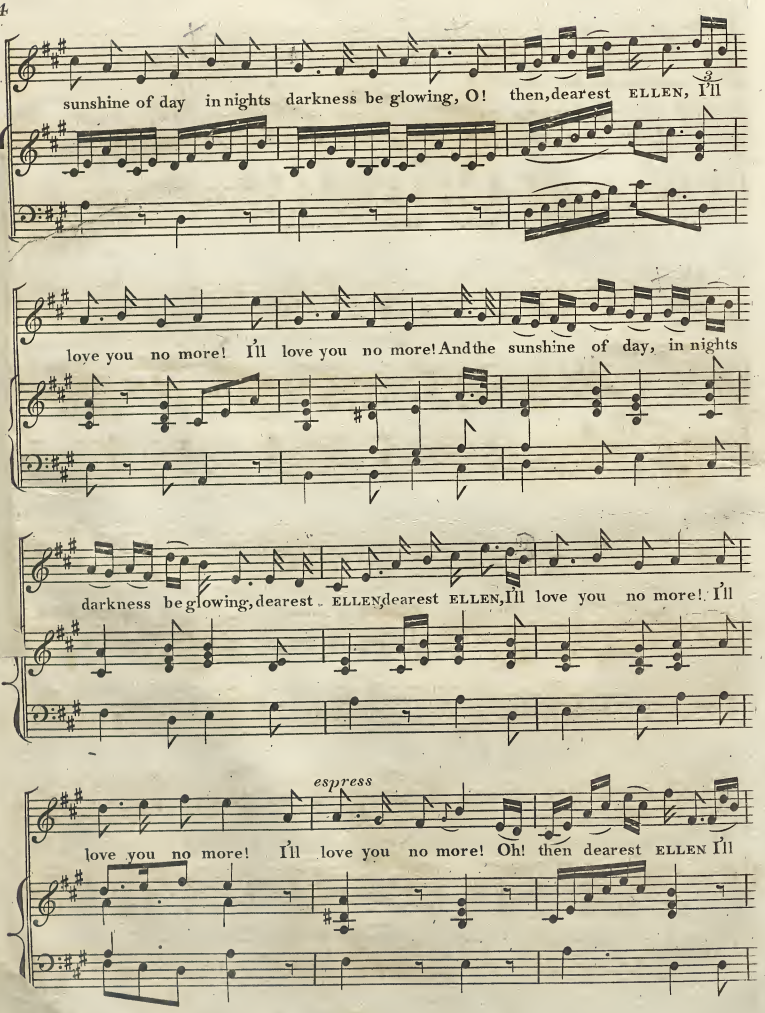
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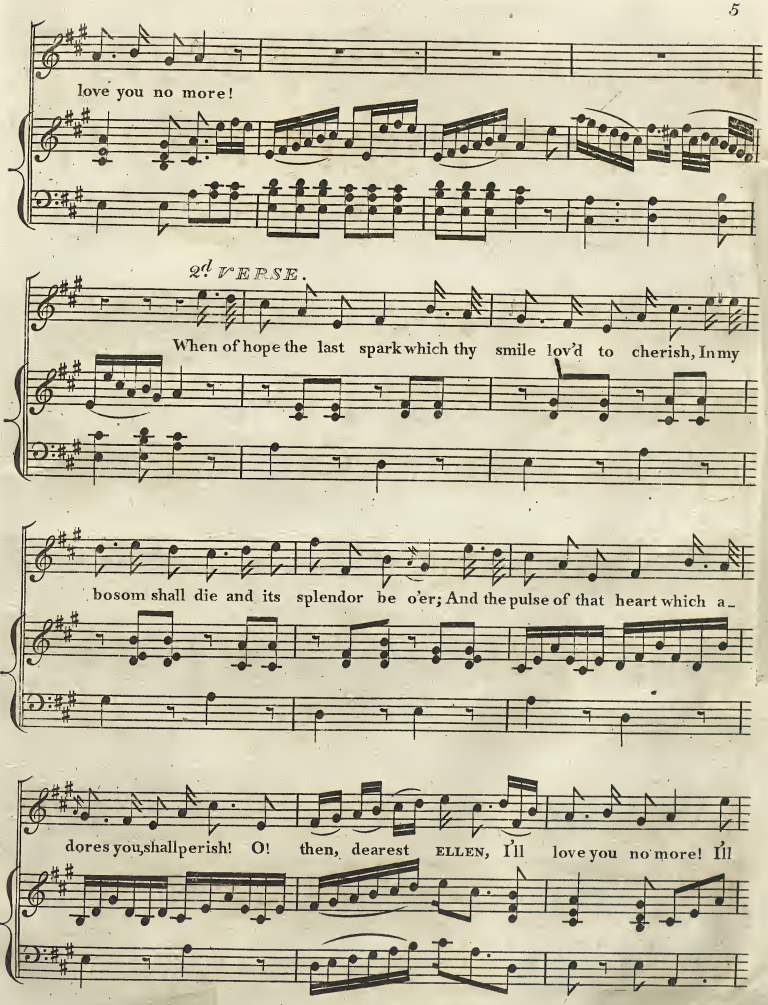
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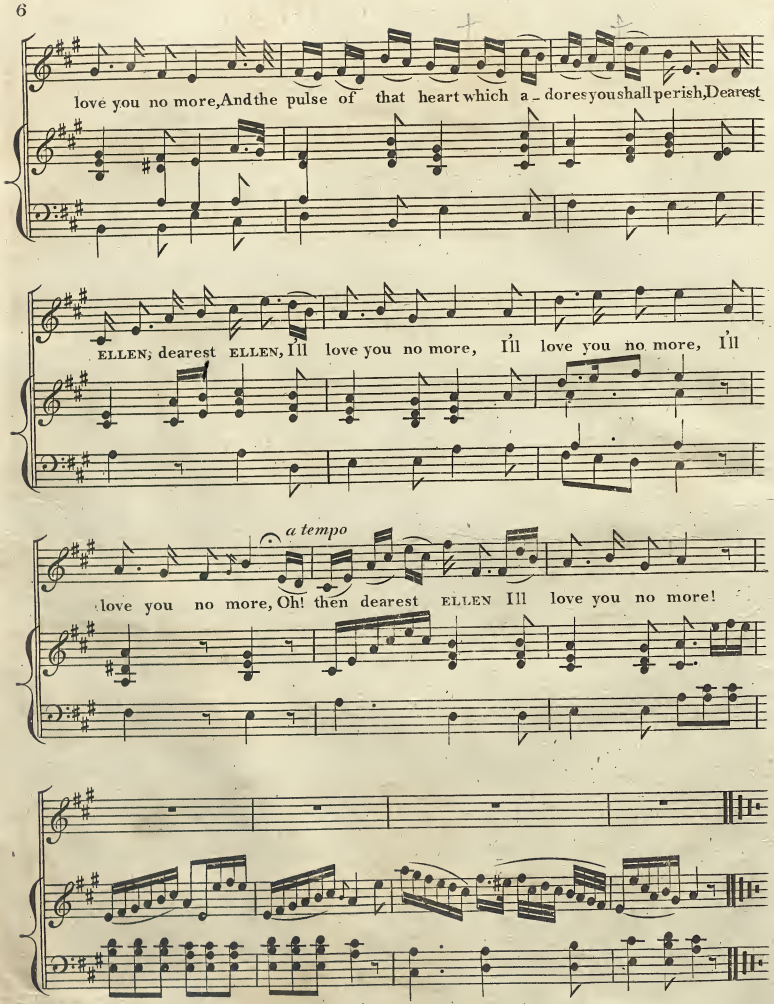
Oh! then dearest Ellen!

Music by Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. Doc.—Words by E. J. B. Esq.




sunshine of day in nights darkness be glowing, O! then, dearest ELLEN, I'll
love you no more! I'll love you no more! And the sunshine of day, in nights
darkness be glowing, dearest ELLEN, dearest ELLEN, I'll love you no more! I'll
espress
love you no more! I'll love you no more! Oh! then dearest ELLEN I'll


love you no more!
2d VERSE.
When of hope the last spark which thy smile lov'd to cherish, In my
bosom shall die and its splendor be o'er; And the pulse of that heart which a-
dores you, shall perish! O! then, dearest ELLEN, I'll love you no more! I'll


love you no more, And the pulse of that heart which a - dores you shall perish, Dearest
ELLEN, dearest ELLEN, I'll love you no more, I'll love you no more, I'll
a tempo
love you no more, Oh! then dearest ELLEN I'll love you no more!

A Catalogue of Music.

Composed by

Thos. Moore Esqr. & Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

Sold by C. Mitchell, at his Musical Circulating Library & Instrument Warerooms, 51, Southampton Row, Russell Sqre.

Songs

Away with this Pouting	1	0
Come take the Harp	2	0
Can I again that form enjoy	1	6
Come ev'ning cease to tempt	2	0
Come rest yet sweet Bard	2	0
Come tell me says Rosa	1	6
Did not	1	6
Fanny dearest	2	0
Friend of my soul	1	0
Fly from the World O Bessy	1	0
Farewell Bessy	1	0
Good Night	2	0
Here's the Bower	2	0
Hush'd be that sigh	1	6
If I swear by that Eye	1	0
If then we love like Celia	2	0
I am no longer Stella	1	0
Love in a storm	1	6
Little Mary's Eye	1	0
Mary I believed thee true	1	0
Oh why should they part	2	0
Oh nothing in life can sadden us	1	0
Sweet Sedncer	1	6
Sweet Minstrel sing	1	6
Sweet Lady look not thus again	2	0
Send the Bowl round	1	0
That Shepherd sure is he	1	6
The Day of Love	2	0
The Blue eyed Maid	1	6
The wreath you wove	1	6
There's the Bower	1	6
To Julia Weeping	1	0
The Maid of Marlwale	2	0
Thyrsis	1	6
To the Brook & the Willow	1	0
The Maid whose heart	2	0
Take back the sigh	2	0
What life unblest with love	1	0
When time who steals	2	0
Will thou say farewell love	2	0

Duets

Congenial to friends	1	0
Edmund & the Bill	1	6
Love & the Student	2	0
Love me Mary dwells with	2	0
Oh never shall my soul forget	2	6

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A Broken Cake	1	6
A Canadian Boat Song	3	0
And will he not come again	1	0
Awake Apollo calls	1	0
Blest were the days	2	0
Now let the Warrior wave	2	0
Now the Star of Day is high	3	0
Now is the Merry Month of May	5	0
Oh! Lady fair	3	0
Oh! Stay sweet fair	3	0
Oh tell me Pilgrims	2	0
To the Brook & the willow	2	0
Under the Greenwood tree	2	0
Where shall the Lover rest	2	6

A Selection of Irish Melodies with Symphonies and Accomp.ts by Sir J.h Stevenson Mus. Doc. and Characteristic Words, by Thos. Moore Esq.r

N.o 1	15	0
N.o 2	15	0

Ditto ... Dr.

For Anna once I cull'd a flower!

a favorite **Ballad**, sung by

Mr. Spray, &c.

Composed by

Sir J. A. Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

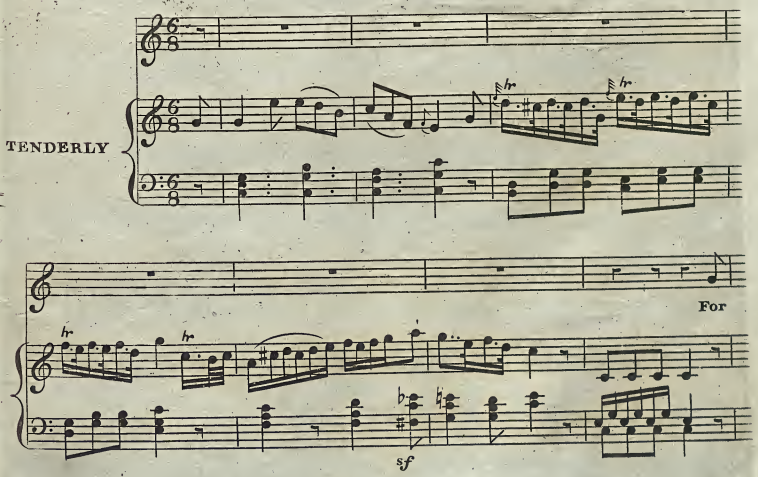
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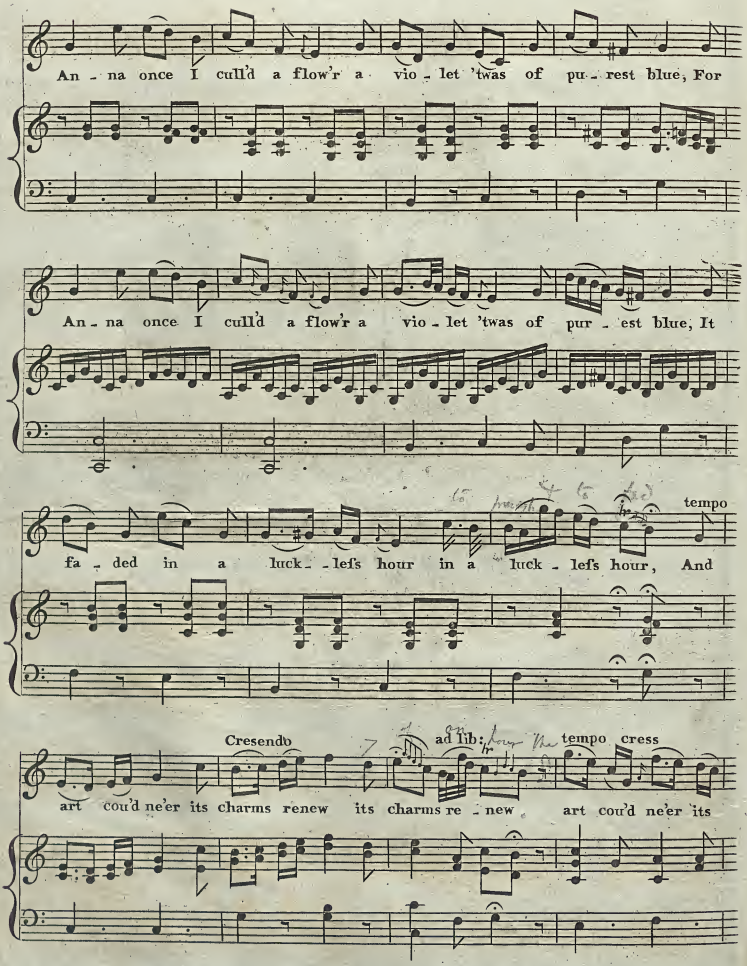
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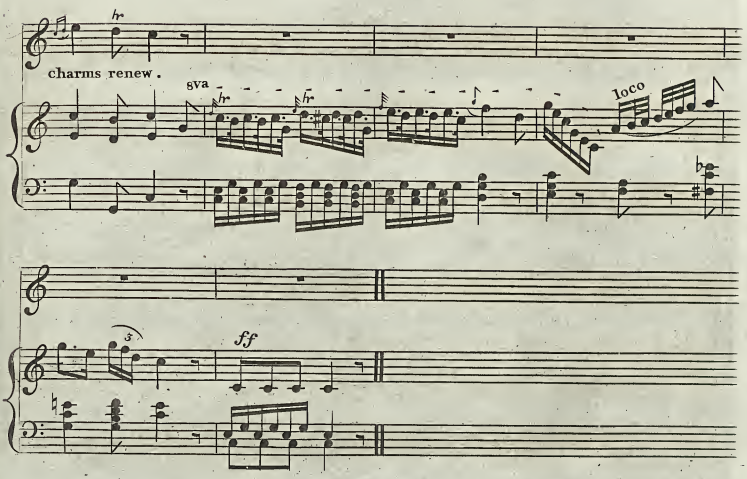
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Price 1.6

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An - na once I cull'd a flow'r a vio - let 'twas of pu - rest blue, For
An - na once I cull'd a flow'r a vio - let 'twas of pur - est blue, It
tempo
fa - ded in a luck - - let's hour in a luck - let's hour, And
Cresendo
ad lib:
tempo cress
art cou'd ne'er its charms renew its charms re - new art cou'd ne'er its



(2)

Alas! thought I my lovely maid,

Thy blooming charms alike this flow'r,

Are doom'd to perish and to fade,

The transient beauties of an hour.

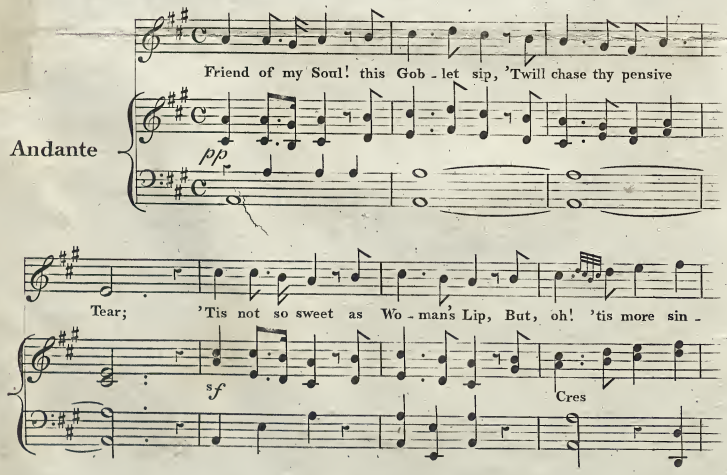


Friend of my Soul.

by Thos. Moore Esq.r

London

Published at J. Power's Music Warehouse 34, Strand.
and W. Power's 4, Westmorland Street Dublin.





2

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,
These Flowers were cull'd at Noon;
Like Woman's Love the Rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon!
For, tho' the Flower's decay'd,
It's fragrance is not o'er;
But once when Love's betray'd,
The Heart can bloom no more!

Oh! soon Return,

A Ballad,

SUNG BY

Mr. BRAHAM,

THE

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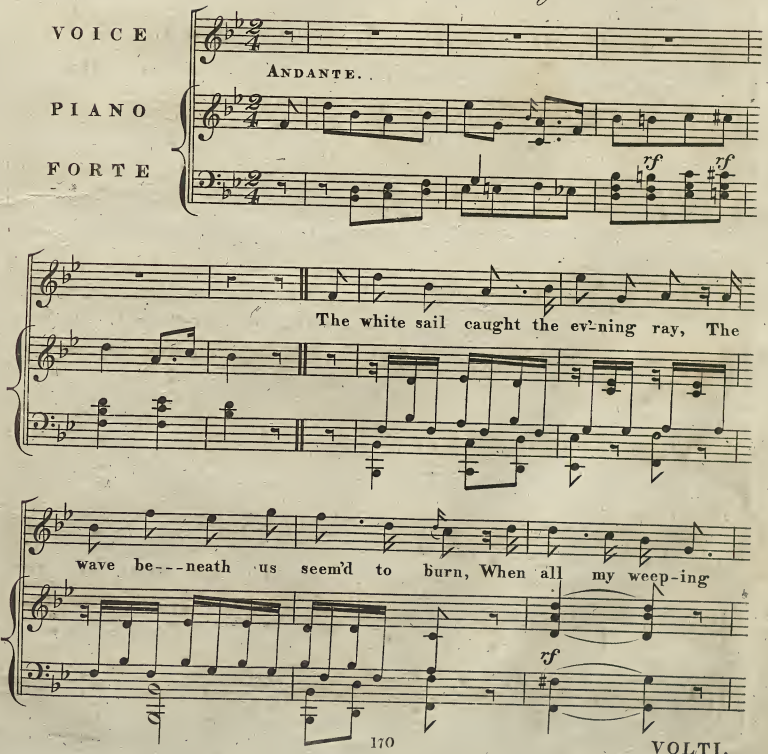
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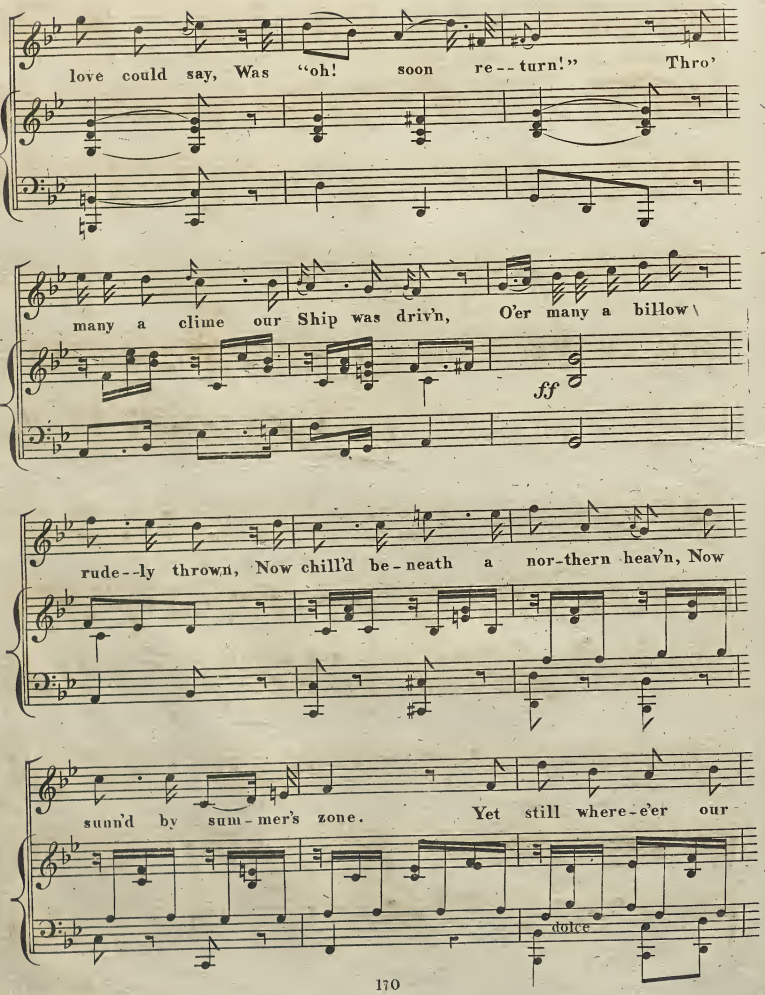
Oh! soon Return!

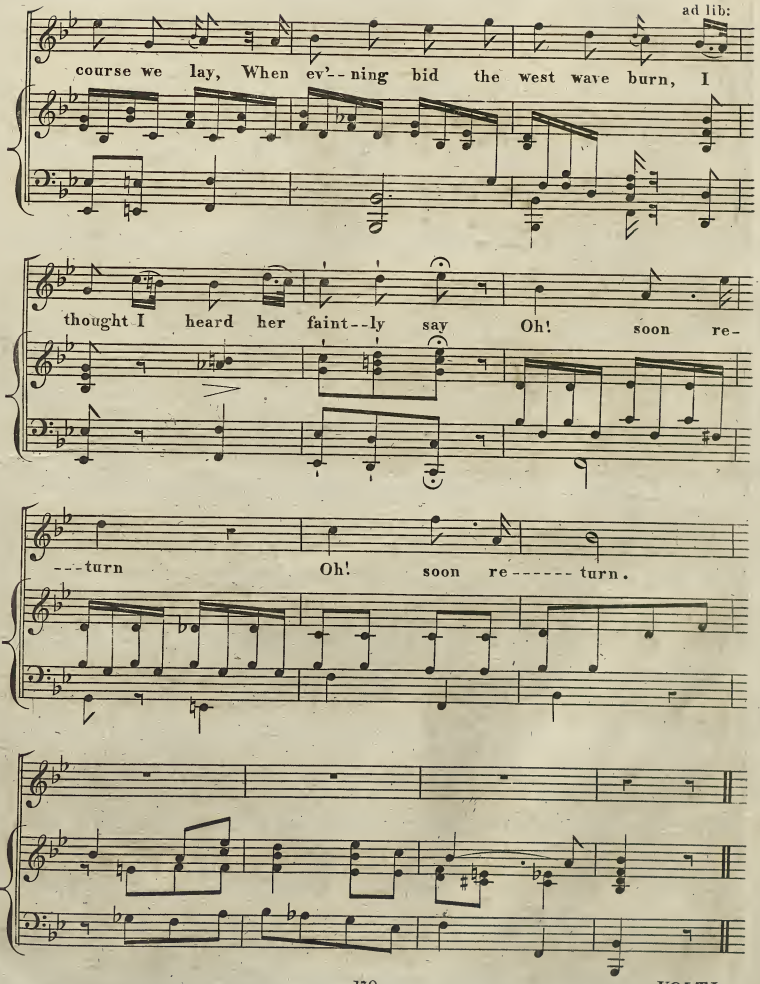
Music & Words by Thos. Moore Esqr.



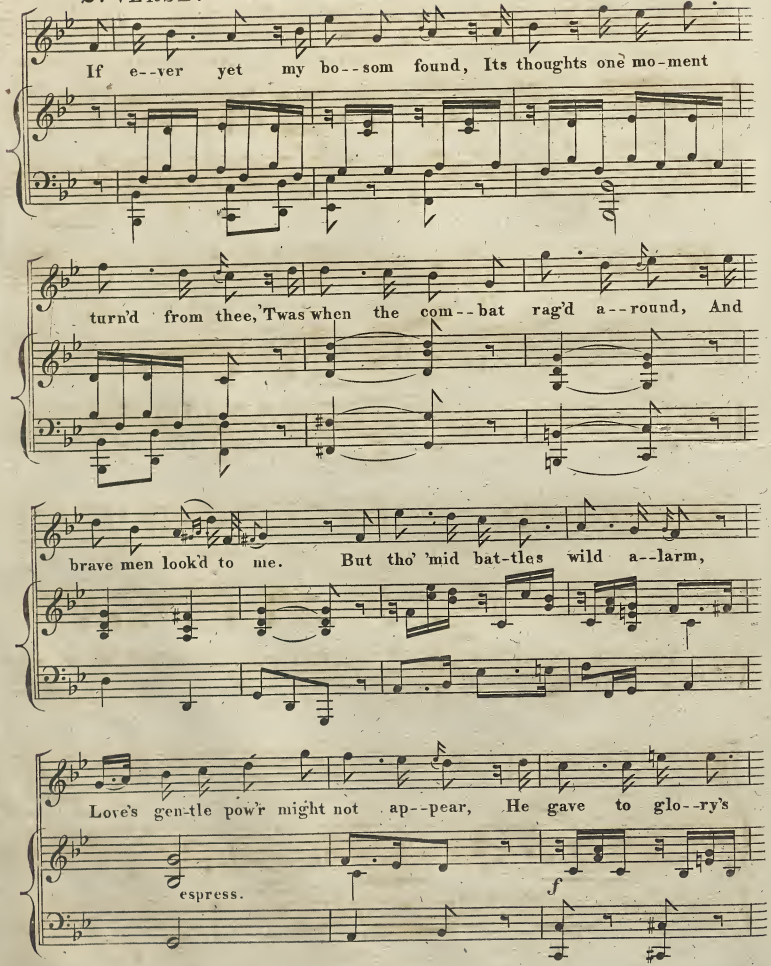
VOLTI.

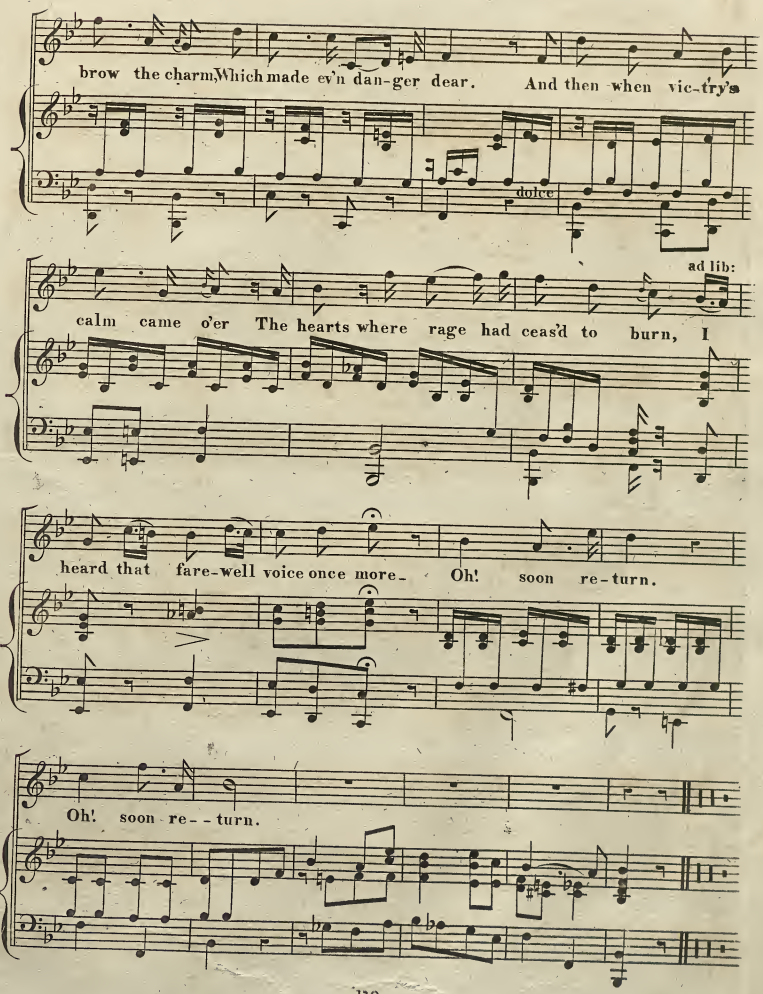
4


love could say, Was "oh! soon re--turn!" Thro'
many a clime our Ship was driv'n, O'er many a billow \
ff
rude--ly thrown, Now chill'd be-neath a nor-thern heav'n, Now
sunn'd by sum-mer's zone. Yet still where-e'er our
dolce


ad lib:
course we lay, When ev'--ning bid the west wave burn, I
thought I heard her faint--ly say Oh! soon re-
---turn Oh! soon re------ turn.

2d VERSE.


If e--ver yet my bo--som found, Its thoughts one mo-ment
turn'd from thee, 'Twas when the com--bat rag'd a--round, And
brave men look'd to me. But tho' 'mid bat-tles wild a--larm,
Love's gen-tle pow'r might not ap--pear, He gave to glo--ry's
espress.
f


brow the charm Which made ev'n dan-ger dear. And then when vic-t'ry's
dolce
ad lib:
calm came o'er The hearts where rage had ceas'd to burn, I
heard that fare-well voice once more- Oh! soon re-turn.
Oh! soon re--turn.

O thou art all to me Love,

Sung by

Mr. BRAHAM,

in the Comic Opera

of

NARENSKY,

or the

Road to Yaroslaf.

at the

Theatre Royal Drury Lane,

The Poetry by Chas. Brown Esqr.

The Music by

Mr. BRAHAM.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

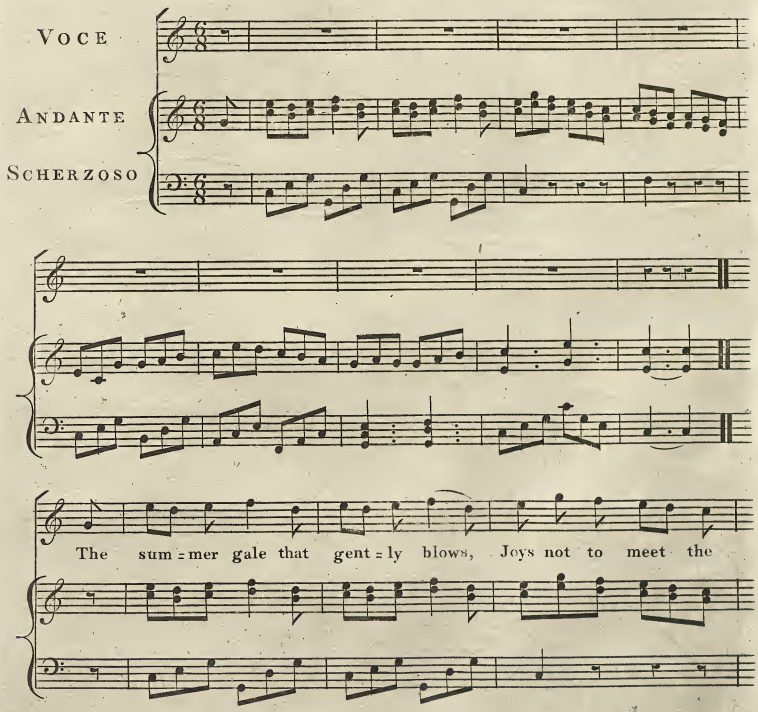
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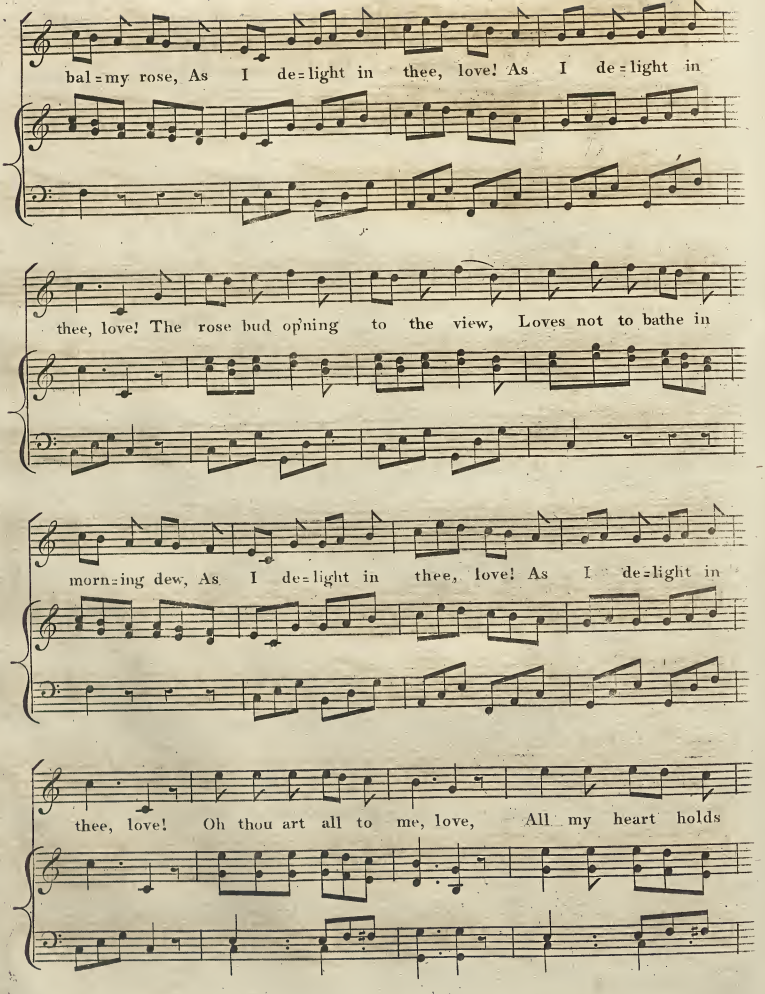
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O thou art all to me Love,

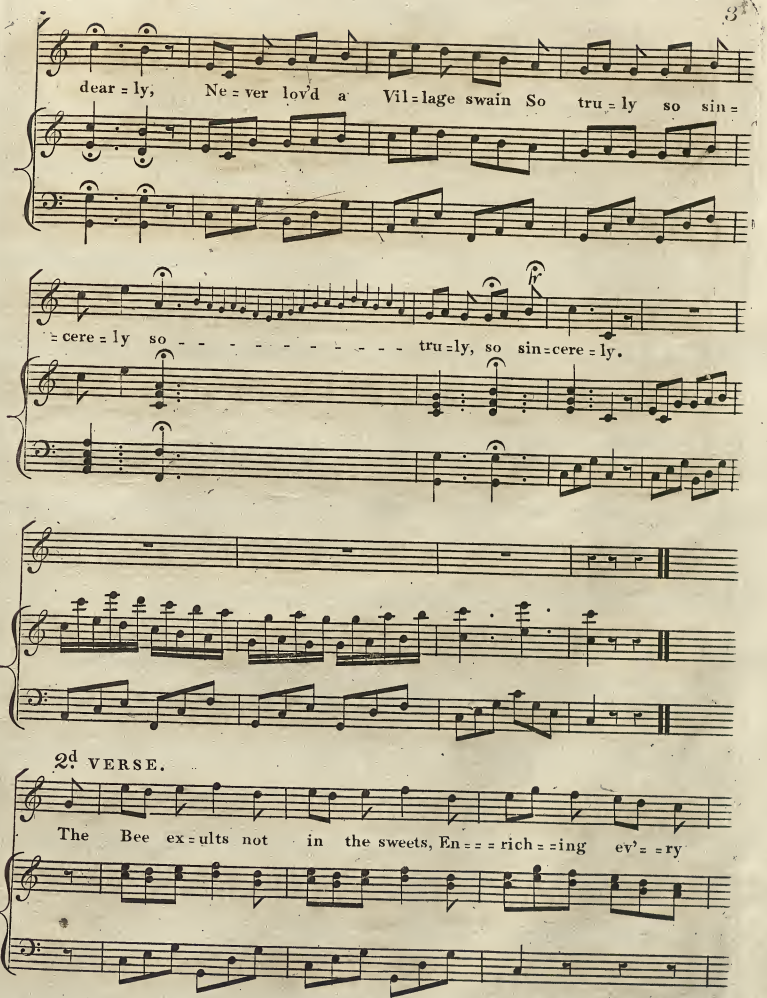
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The Music by MR. BRAHAM.





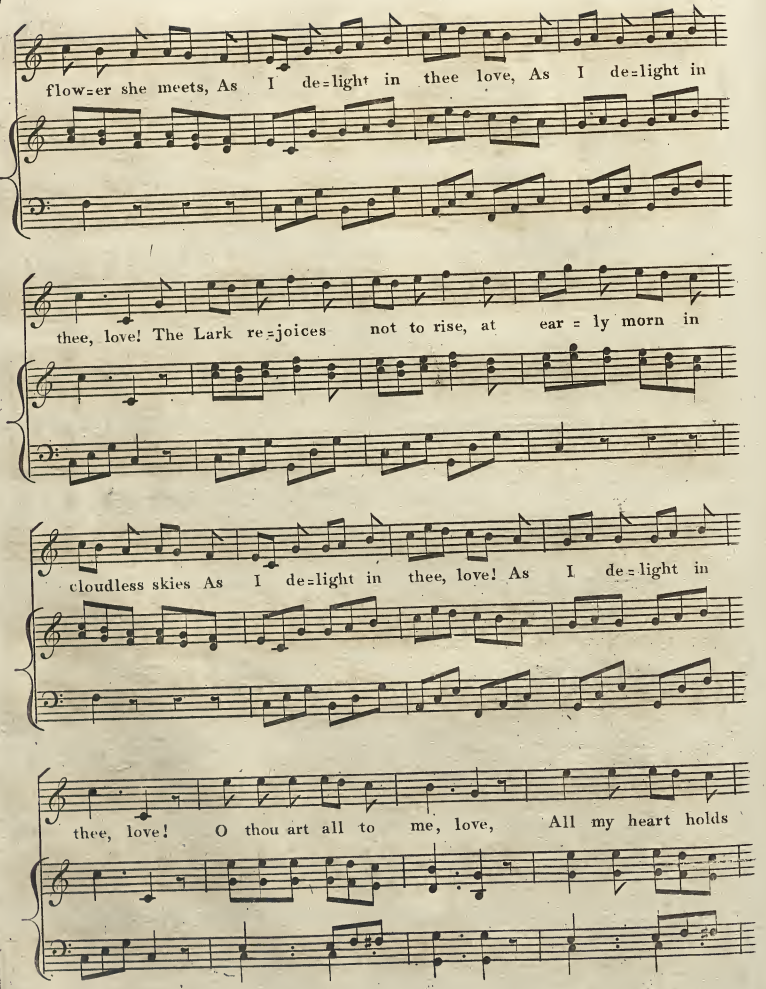
O thou art all &c.



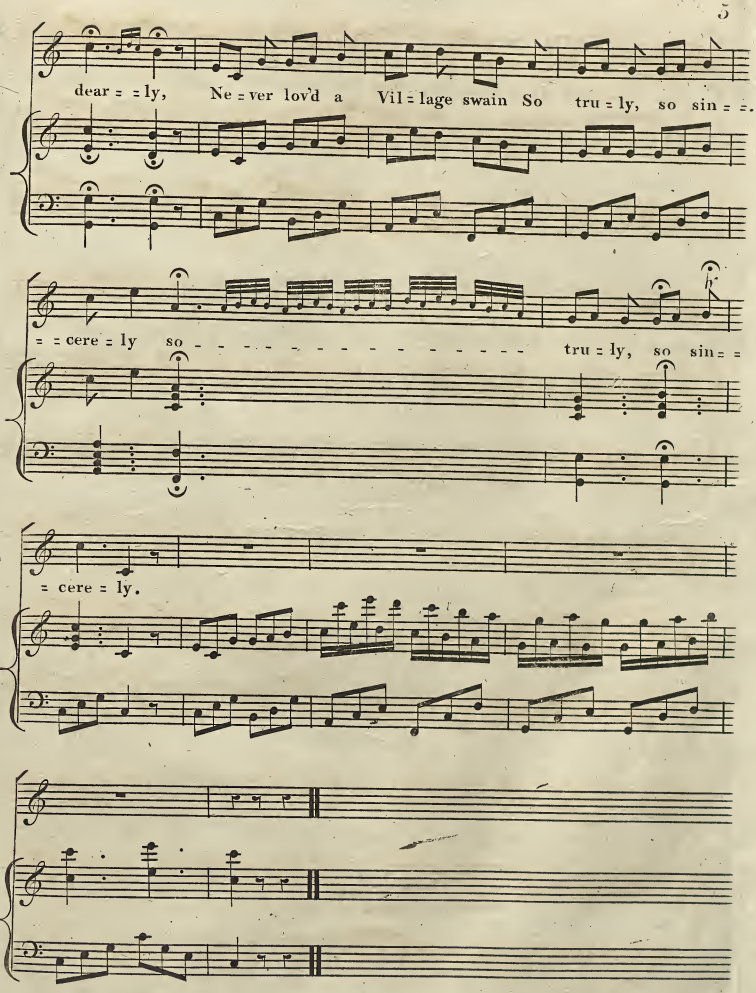
2d VERSE.

The Bee ex = ults not in the sweets, En = = = rich = = ing ev'= = ry

O thou art all &c.



O thou art all &c.



O thou art all &c.

LOVE HAS EYES,

the celebrated Ballad Sung by

Mr. SINCLAIR,

In the Comic Opera

OF

THE FARMERS WIFE.

At the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

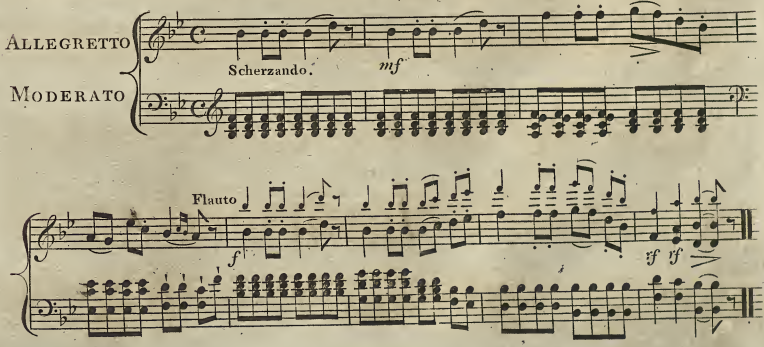
the Words by Composed by C. Dibdin Jun.r Esq.r

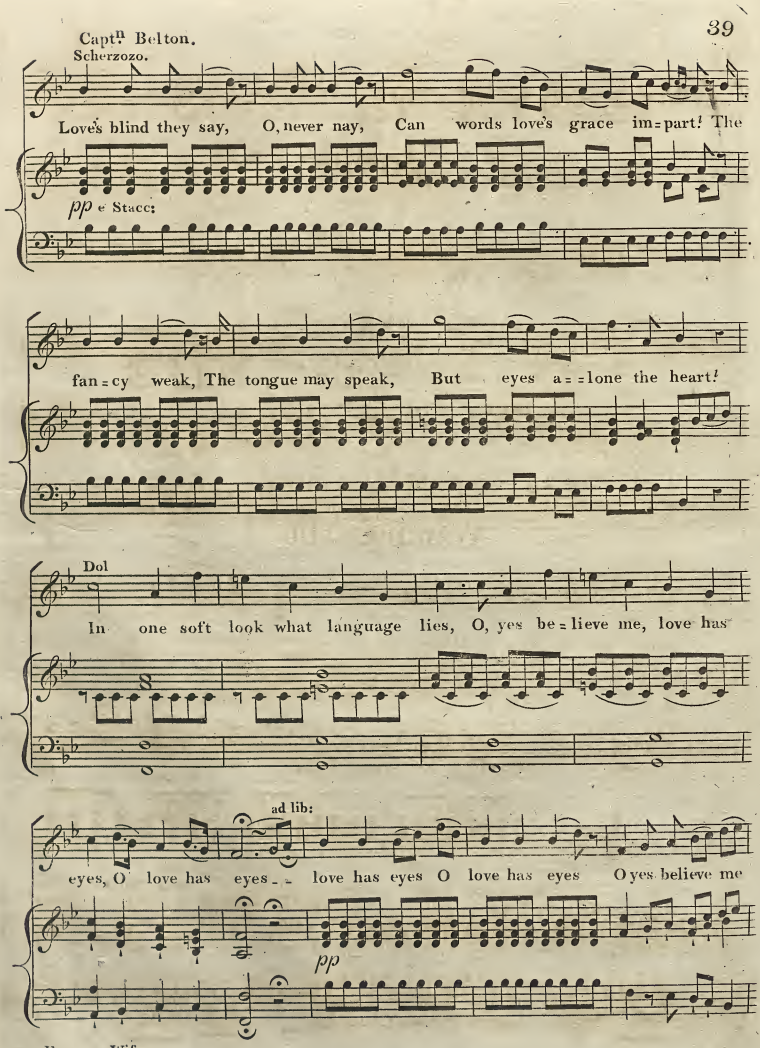
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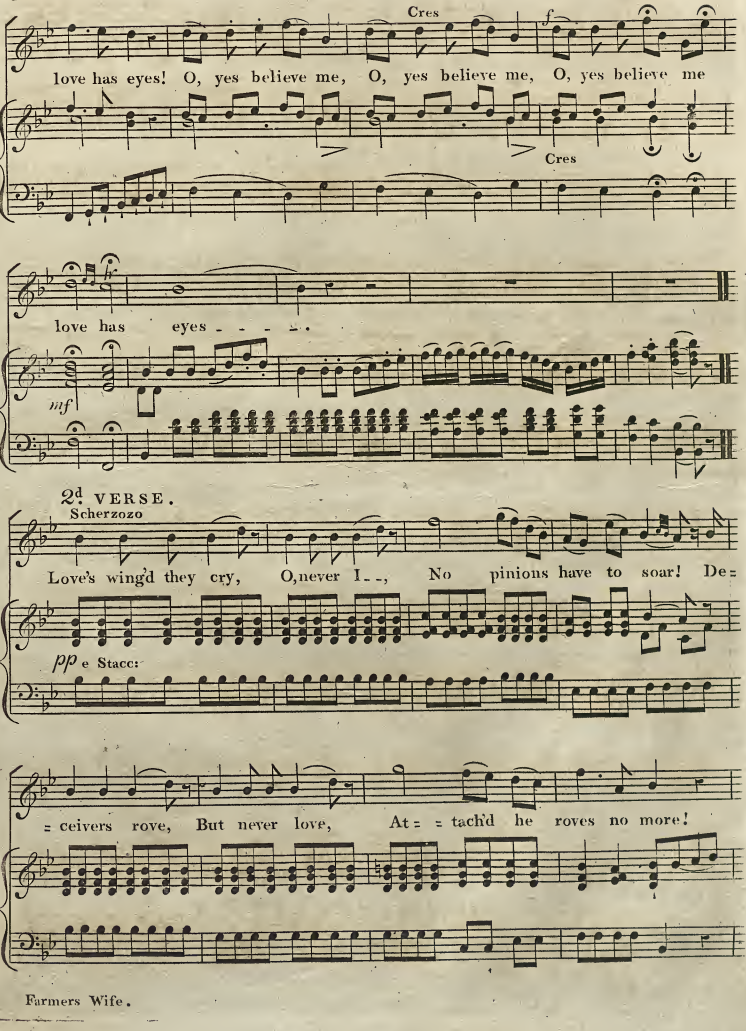
Composer & Director of the Music to the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

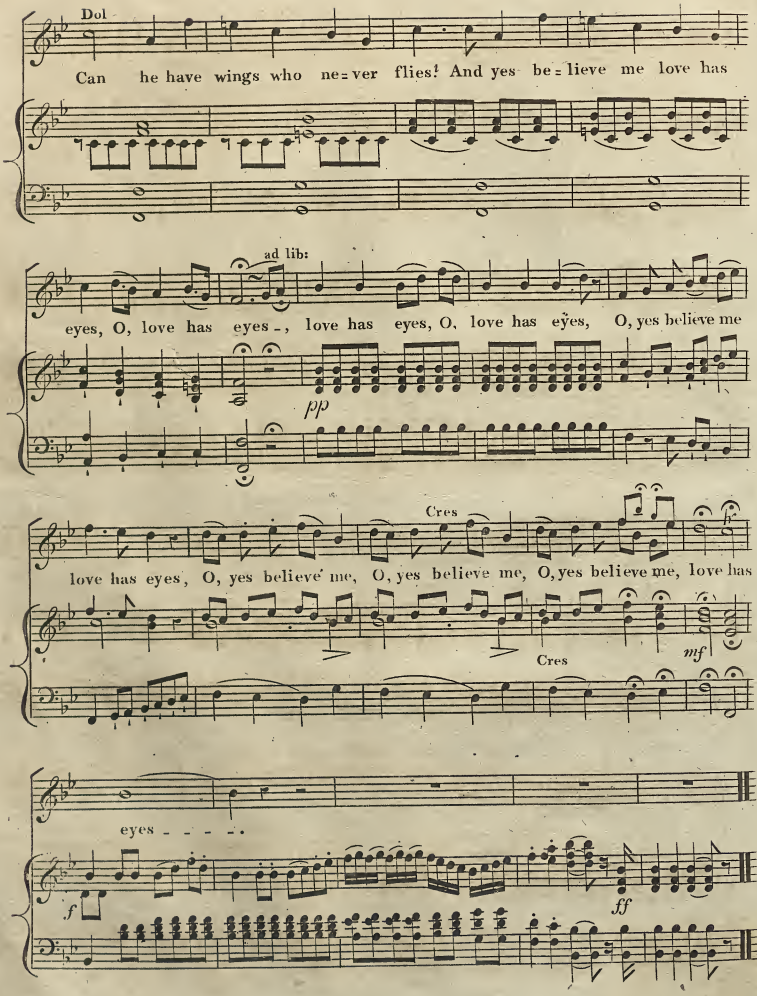
Ent.d at Sta. Hall. Pr. 1/6

London, Printed by Goulding, & Comp.y 20, Soho Square & 7 Westmorland St. Dublin.




Captn Belton.
Scherzozo.
Love's blind they say, O, never nay, Can words love's grace im=part! The
pp e Stacc:
fan=cy weak, The tongue may speak, But eyes a==lone the heart!
Dol
In one soft look what language lies, O, yes be=lieve me, love has
ad lib:
eyes, O love has eyes - - love has eyes O love has eyes O yes believe me
pp
Farmers Wife.


Cres
f
love has eyes! O, yes believe me, O, yes believe me, O, yes believe me
Cres
love has eyes - - - -.
mf
2d. VERSE.
Scherzozo
Love's wing'd they cry, O, never I - -, No pinions have to soar! De=
pp e Stacc:
= ceivers rove, But never love, At= = tach'd he roves no more!
Farmers Wife.


Dol
Can he have wings who ne=ver flies! And yes be=lieve me love has
ad lib:
eyes, O, love has eyes -, love has eyes, O, love has eyes, O, yes believe me
pp
Cres
love has eyes, O, yes believe me, O, yes believe me, O, yes believe me, love has
Cres
mf
eyes - - - -
f
ff

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES,

As sung with the Greatest Applause by

Mr SINCLAIR,

at the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden,

in the Revived Opera of the

LORD of the MANOR,

Written Composed & Inscribed

To his friend John Knight

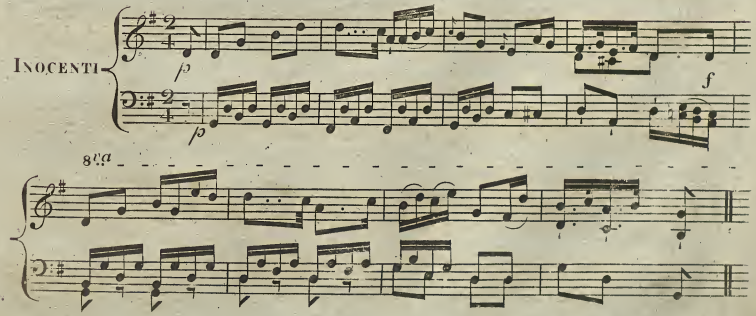
By

John Colson Eagle.

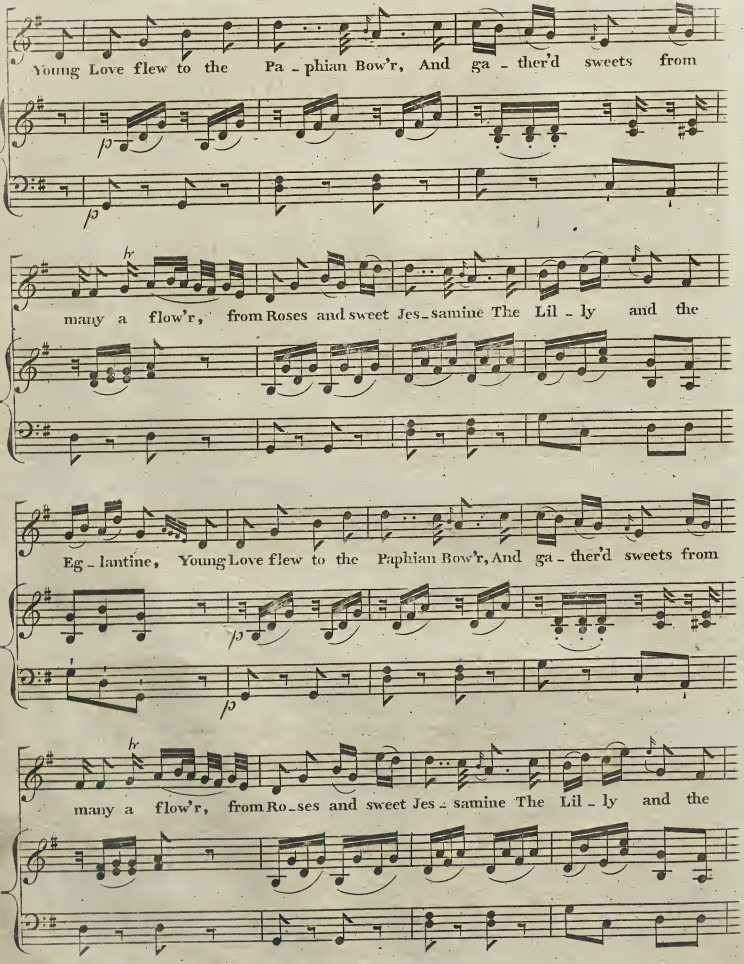
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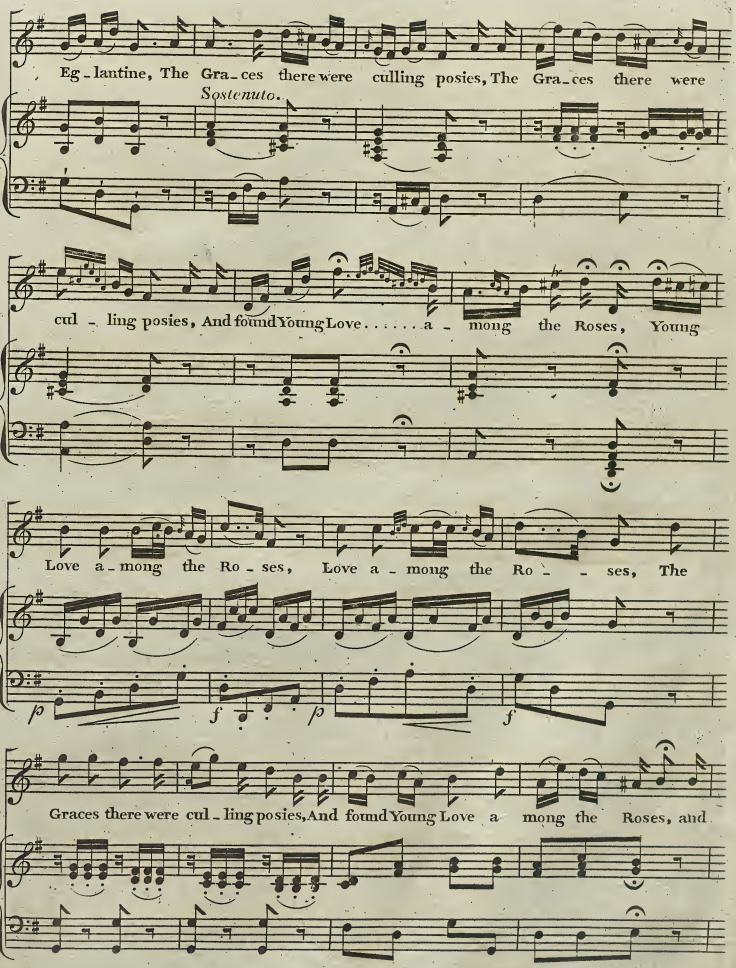
Where may be had the following Songs by the same Author

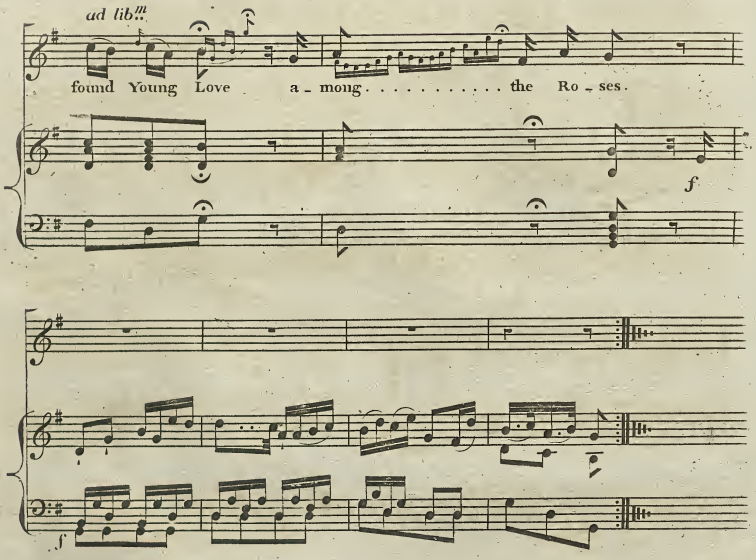
Call the Wild Rose 1..6
The Smile of Affection 1..6
Affair 1..6
Oh never doubt my Love 1..6
The Notes of Love 1..6



F.S.


Young Love flew to the Pa - phian Bow'r, And ga - ther'd sweets from
many a flow'r, from Roses and sweet Jes - samine The Lil - ly and the
Eg - lantine, Young Love flew to the Paphian Bow'r, And ga - ther'd sweets from
many a flow'r, from Ro - ses and sweet Jes - samine The Lil - ly and the


Eg - lantine, The Gra - ces there were culling posies, The Gra - ces there were
Sostenuto.
cul - ling posies, And found Young Love a - mong the Roses, Young
Love a - mong the Ro - ses, Love a - mong the Ro - - ses, The
p
f
p
f
Graces there were cul - ling posies, And found Young Love a mong the Roses, and



2

O happy day, Oh! joyous hour,
Compose a wreath of ev'ry flow'r
Let's bind him to us ne'er to sever,
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever;
Eternal Spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the Roses;
Young Love among the Roses, &c.

THE BLUSH & THE TEAR,

Written by the

Revd. L. Blakeney.

The Music

Composed with an Accompaniment for the

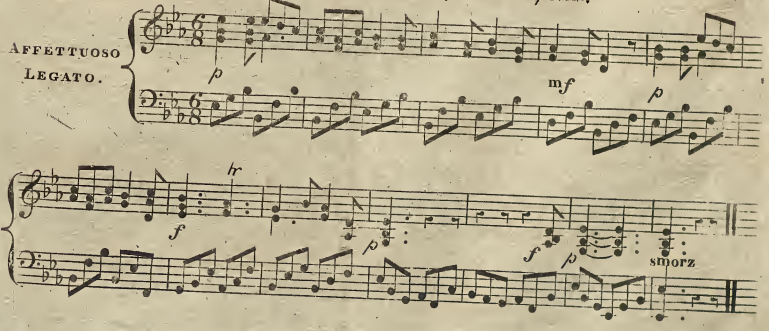
PIANO FORTE,

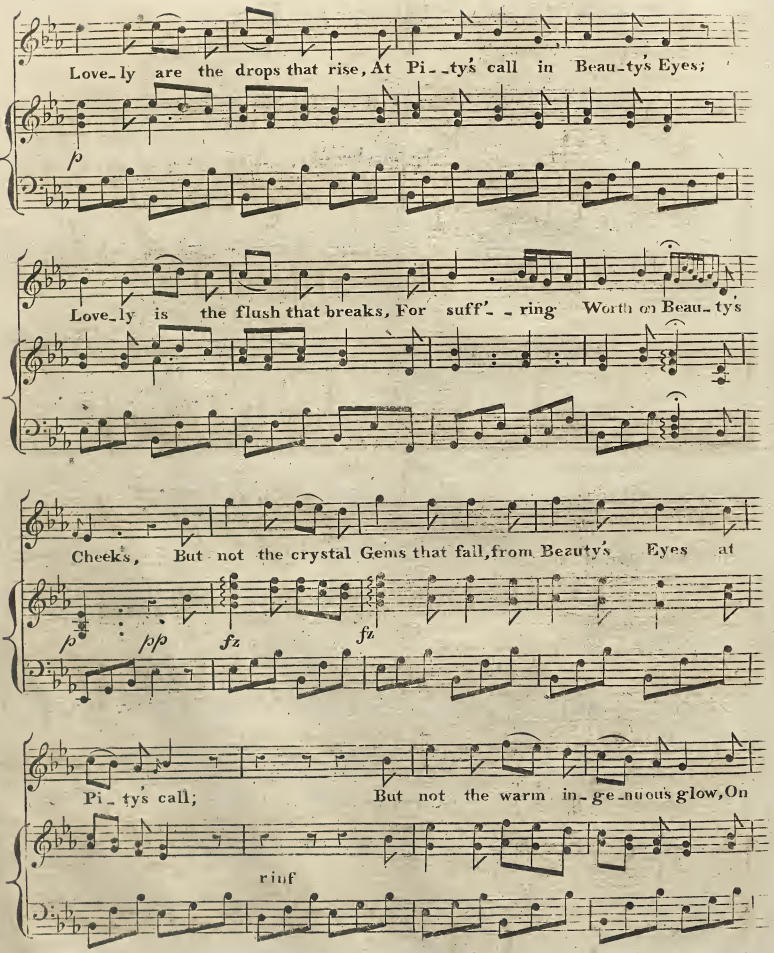
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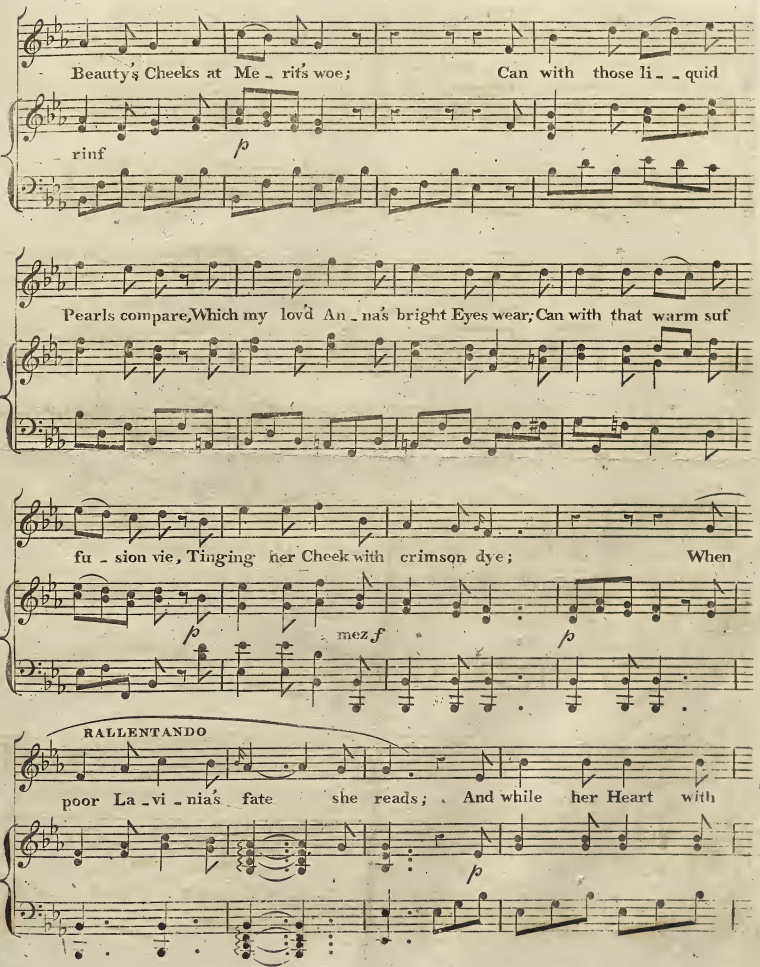
Eliza Cave.

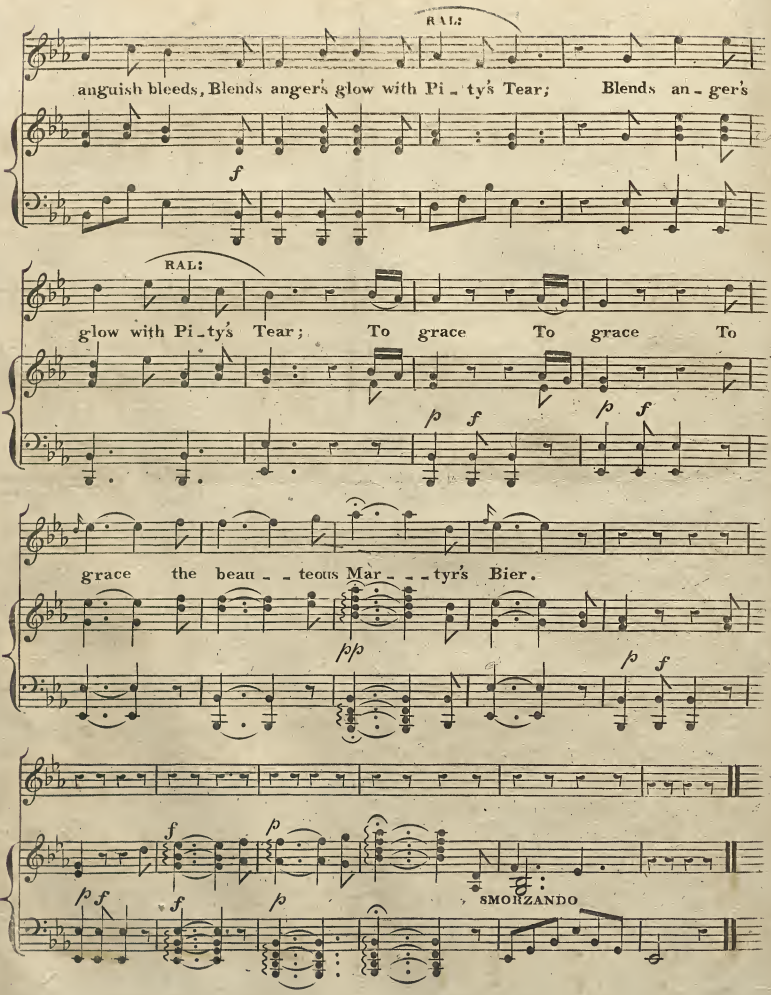
But Sta Hall.

London Printed by Clementi & Compy. 26. Cheapside. 1816.




Love_ly are the drops that rise, At Pi_ty's call in Beau_ty's Eyes;
p
Love_ly is the flush that breaks, For suff'_ring Worth on Beau_ty's
Cheeks, But not the crystal Gems that fall, from Beauty's Eyes at
p pp fz fz
Pi_ty's call; But not the warm in_ge_nuous glow, On
rinf


Beauty's Cheeks at Me - rit's woe; Can with those li - - quid
- rinf
p
Pearls compare, Which my lov'd An - na's bright Eyes wear; Can with that warm suf
fu - sion vie, Tinging her Cheek with crimson dye; When
p
mez f
p
RALLENTANDO
poor La - vi - nia's fate she reads; And while her Heart with
p


RAL:
anguish bleeds, Blends anger's glow with Pi_ty's Tear; Blends an_ger's
f
RAL:
glow with Pi_ty's Tear; To grace To grace To
p f p f
grace the beau_ _teous Mar_ _ _tyr's Bier.
pp
p f
f p
p f f p
SMORZANDO

FAITHLESS EMMA,

Sung with Great Applause by

Mr. Spray, Mr. Vaughan, & Mrs. Ashe,

at the

LONDON, BATH & LIVERPOOL

Concerts,

The Music Composed by

SIR I. A. STEVENSON Mus. Doct.

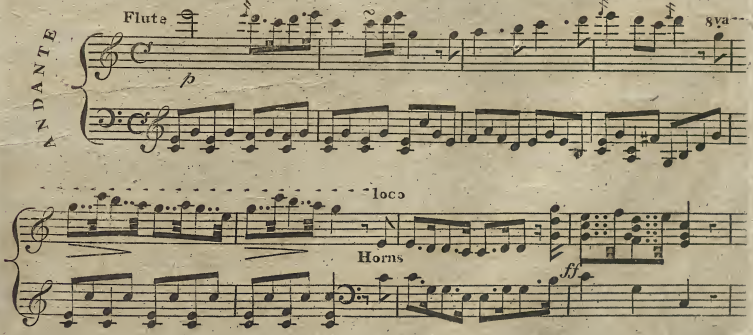
The Words by G. A. Esqr. of Dublin.

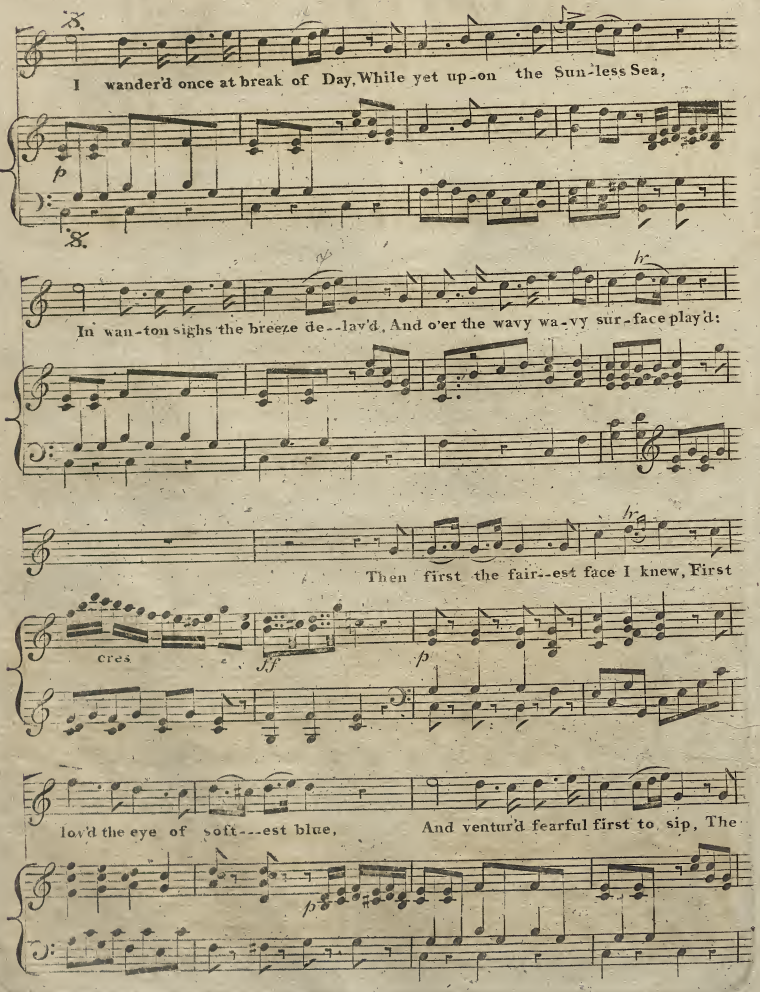
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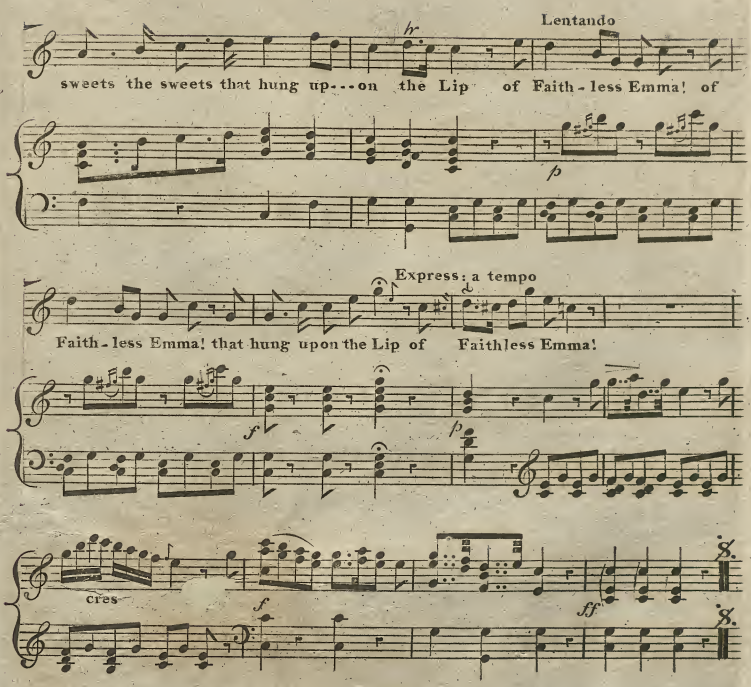
Ent. at Sta. Hall. Price 1/6

Liverpool, Printed by Hime & Son, 53, Castle Street & 28, Church Street,

& may be had of all the Principal Music Sellers in London.




I wander'd once at break of Day, While yet up-on the Sun-less Sea,
In wan-ton sighs the breeze de--lay'd, And o'er the wavy wa-vy sur-face play'd:
Then first the fair--est face I knew, First
cres
ff
p
lov'd the eye of soft---est blue,
And ventur'd fearful first to sip, The
p



(2)

So mix'd the Rose and Lily's white,
That nature seem'd uncertain quite,
To deck her Cheek, what Flower she'd chose,
The Lily, or the blushing Rose!
I wish I ne'er had seen her Eye,
Ne'er seen her cheek of doubtful dye
And never, never, dared to sip,
The sweets that hung upon her Lip
Of Faithless Emma!

(3)

For tho' from rosy dawn of Day
I rove along, and anxious stray,
Till night with curtain dark descend,
And Day no more its gleamings lend:
Yet still like her's no Cheek I find,
Like her's no Eye, save in my mind,
While still I fancy that I sip
The sweets that hung upon the Lip,
Of Faithless Emma!

The Sailor's Adieu.

A BALLAD,

Sung by Mr. Bartleman

at the VOCAL & OTHER CONCERTS;

The Music Composed and inscribed to

Miss Bird

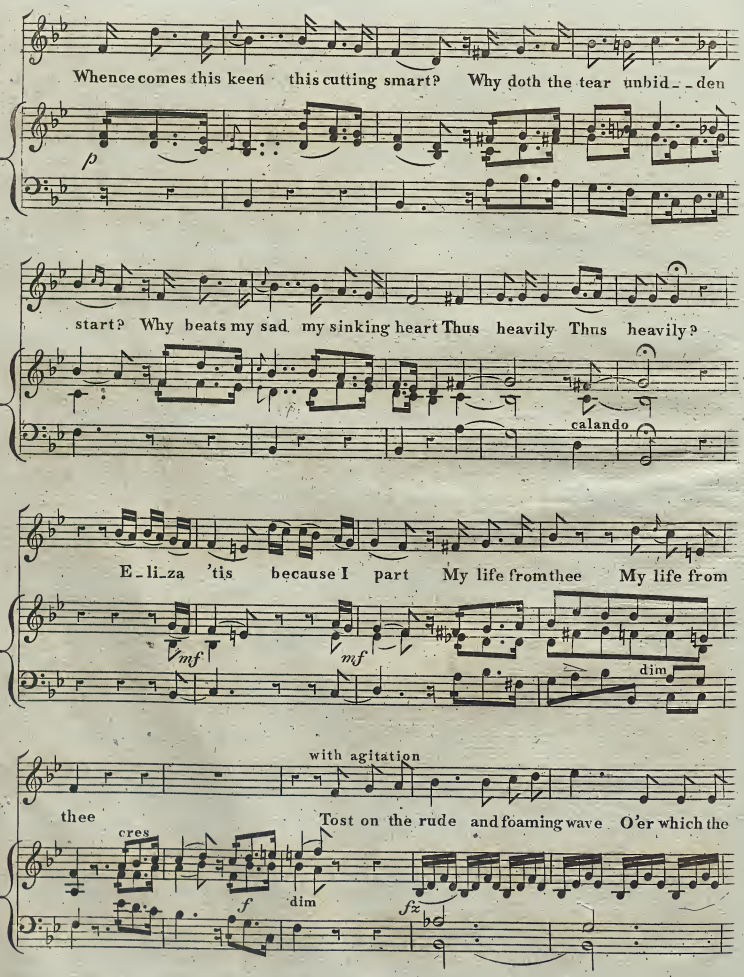
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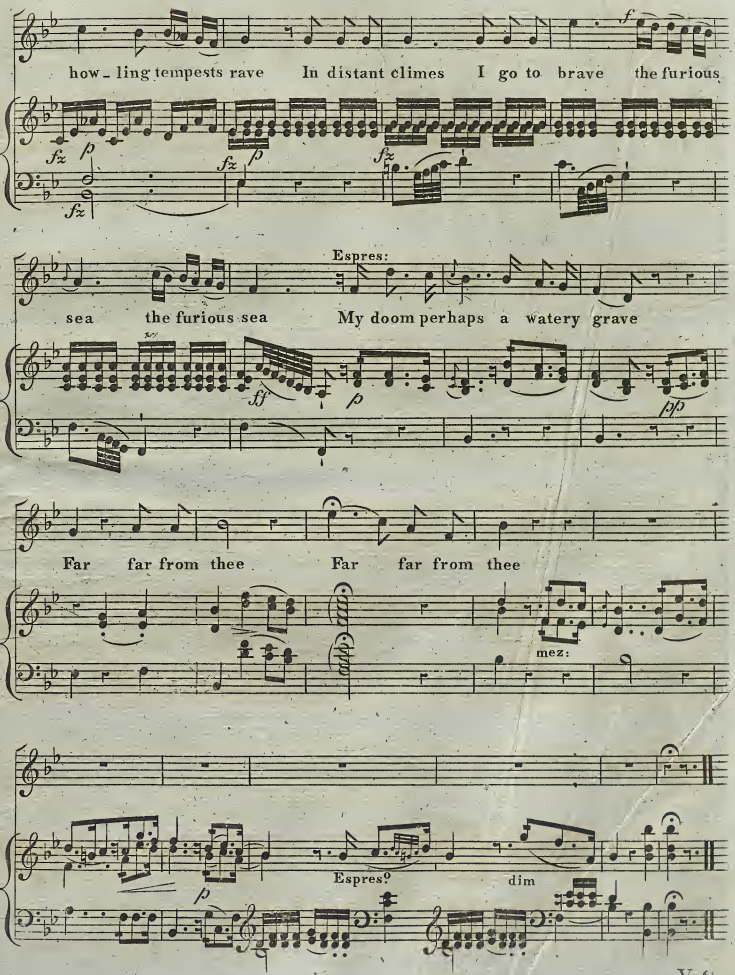
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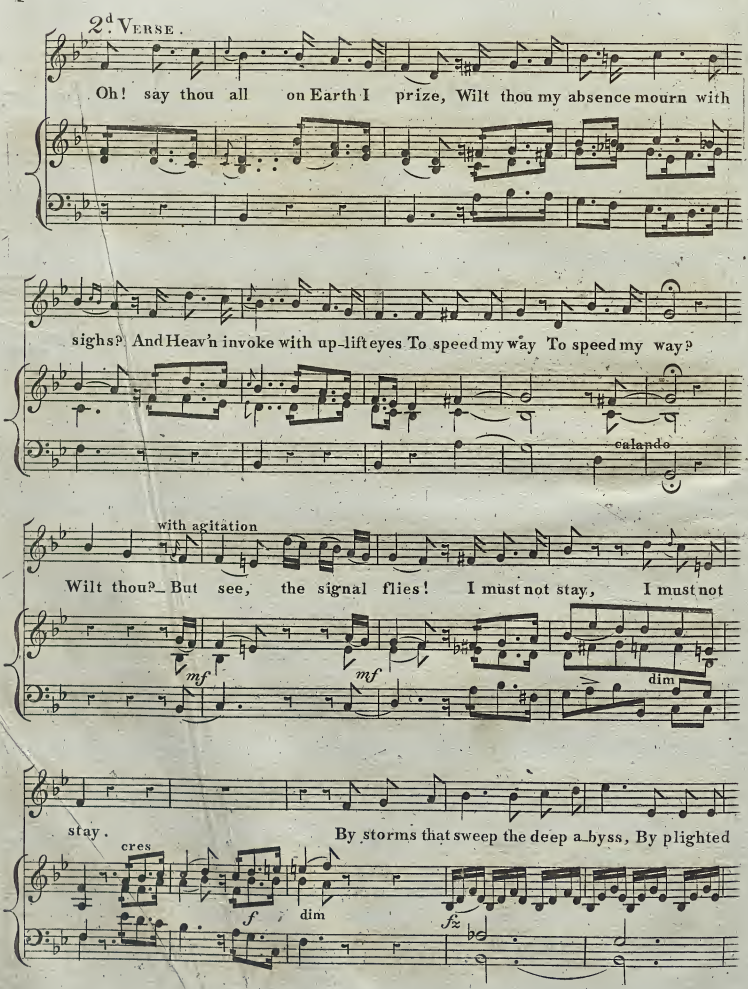
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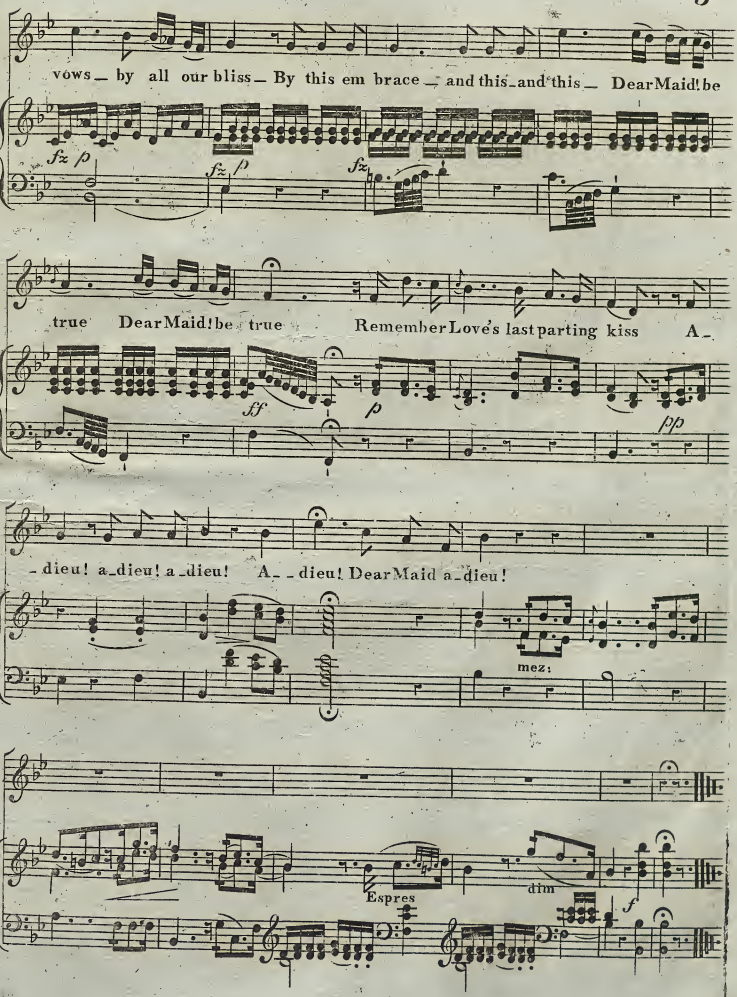
London Printed & Sold by Chappell & Co. Music & Musical Instrument Sellers, No. 124 New Bond Street.




Whence comes this keen this cutting smart? Why doth the tear unbid_ _den
p
start? Why beats my sad my sinking heart Thus heavily Thus heavily?
calando
E_li_za 'tis because I part My life from thee My life from
mf
mf
dim
with agitation
thee Tost on the rude and foaming wave O'er which the
cres
f
dim
fz


how-ling tempests rave In distant climes I go to brave the furious
sea the furious sea
Espres:
My doom perhaps a watery grave
Far far from thee
Far far from thee
mez:
Espres:
dim


2d. Verse.
Oh! say thou all on Earth I prize, Wilt thou my absence mourn with
sighs? And Heav'n invoke with up-lift eyes To speed my way To speed my way?
calando
with agitation
Wilt thou? But see, the signal flies! I must not stay, I must not
mf
mf
dim
stay.
By storms that sweep the deep a-byss, By plighted
cres
f
dim
fz


vows_ by all our bliss_ By this em brace_ and this_and this_ DearMaid!be
fz p
fz p
fz
true DearMaid!be true RememberLove's last parting kiss A_
ff
p
pp
_dieu! a_dieu! a_dieu! A_ _dieu! DearMaid a_dieu!
mez:
Espres
dim
f

3d Edition.

JESSIE THE FLOW'R O' DUMBLANE,

A Favorite Scottish Song.

Written by

R. Gaunahill,

Composed, & Dedicated to his Friend

James M.c Farlan

LONDON;

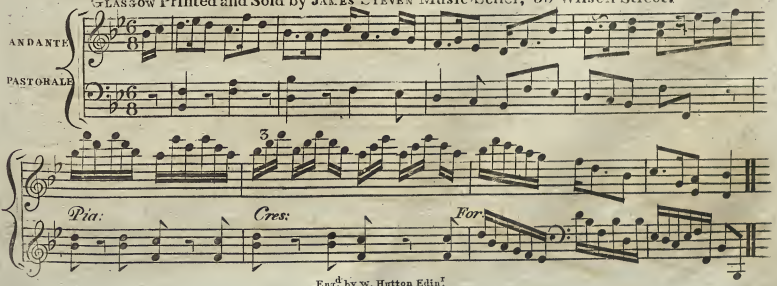
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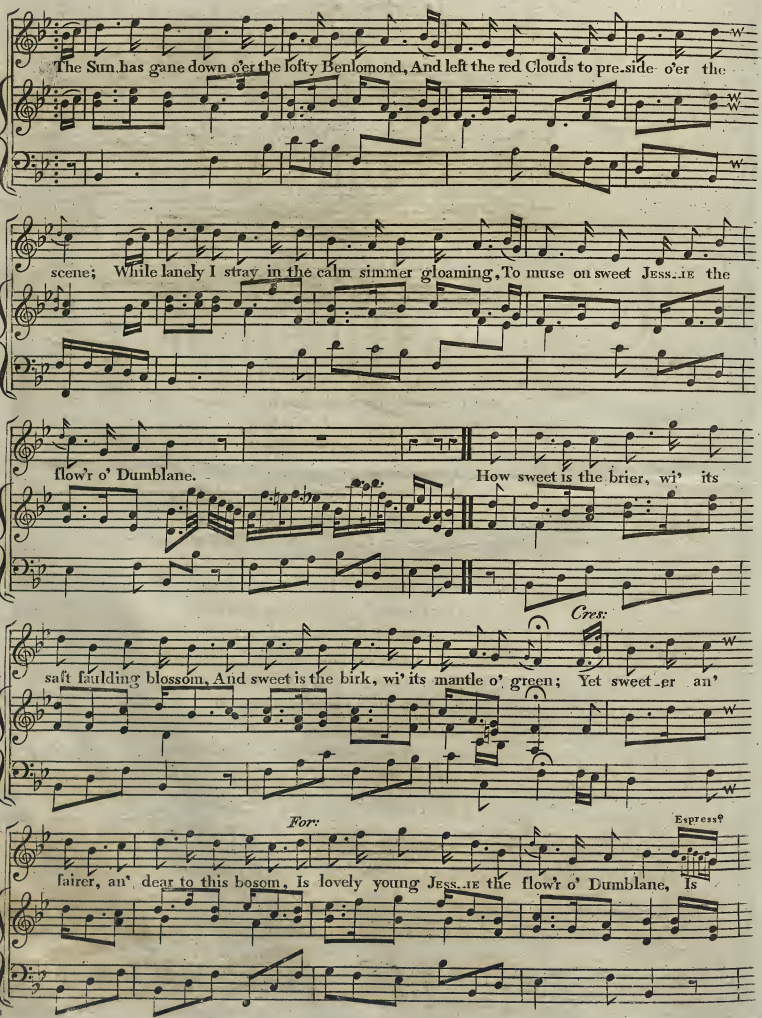
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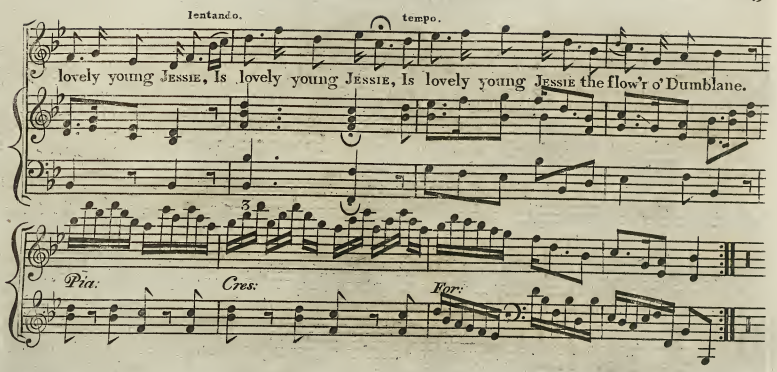
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Glasgow Printed and Sold by James Steven Music Seller, 35 Wilson Street.



Engd by W. Hutton Edin.r


The Sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond, And left the red Clouds to pre-side o'er the
scene; While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming, To muse on sweet Jess-ie the
flow'r o' Dumblane. How sweet is the brier, wi' its
Cres:
saft faulding blossom, And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green; Yet sweet-er an'
For:
Espress?
fairer, an' dear to this bosom, Is lovely young Jess-ie the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is



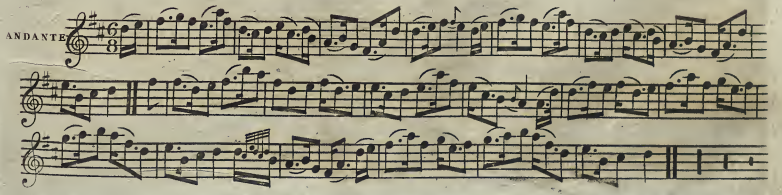
2

She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom, the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.
Sing on thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calder—wood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

3

How lost were my days, 'till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station, o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion, I'd languish in pain:
An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE.



THE OYSTER CROSS'D IN LOVE

the Popular Duett

sung with the greatest applause by

MESSRS. DURUSET & GRIMALDI,

at the Theatre Royal Covent Gardin,

in the new Pantomime of

HARLEQUIN and the SWANS

or the Bath of Beauty,

Composed & Adapted for the

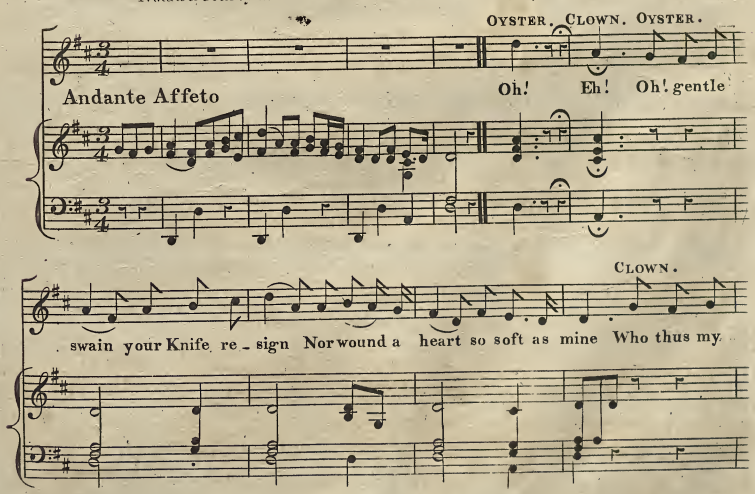
PIANO FORTE,

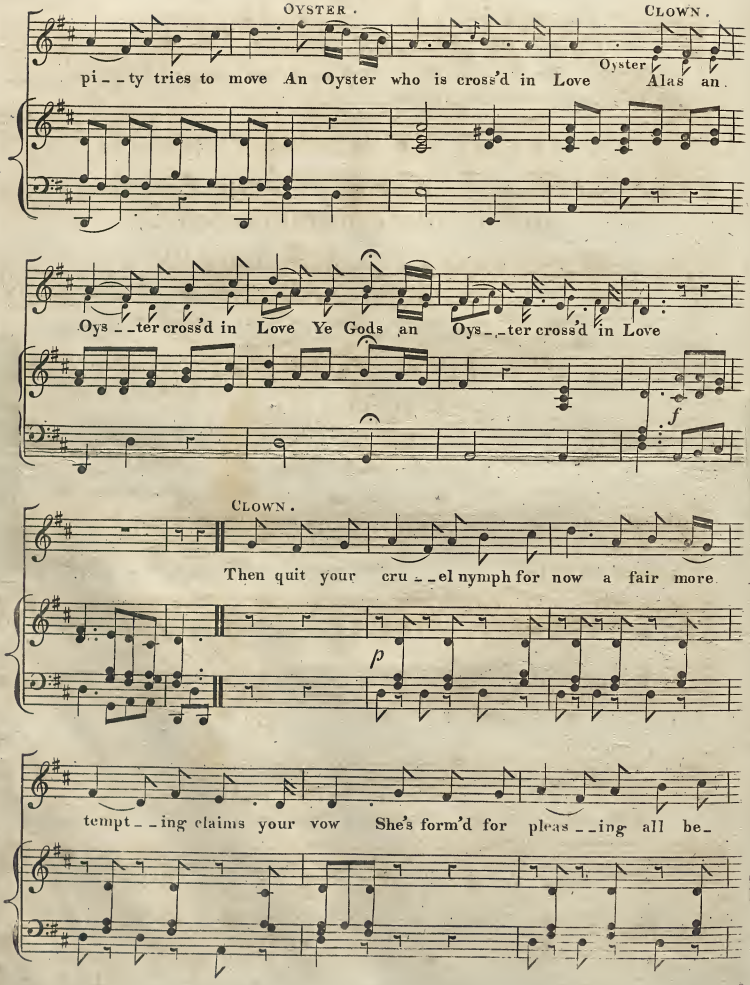
by W. H. WARE.

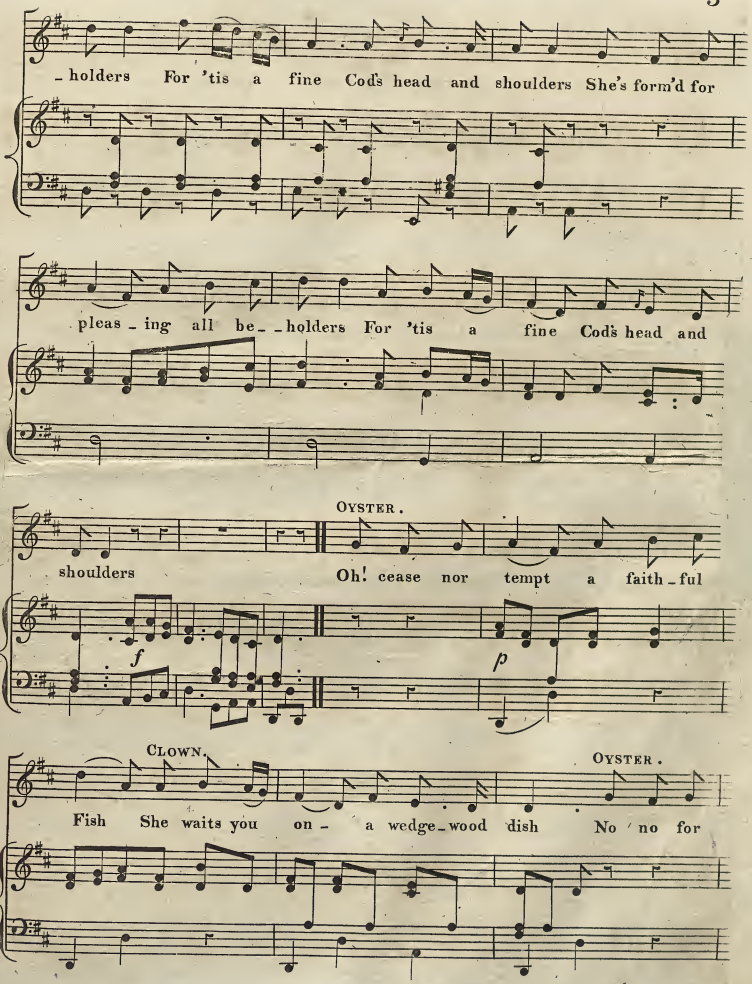
Ent.d at Sta.rs Hall — The Words by M. Lewis Esq. — Price 1/6

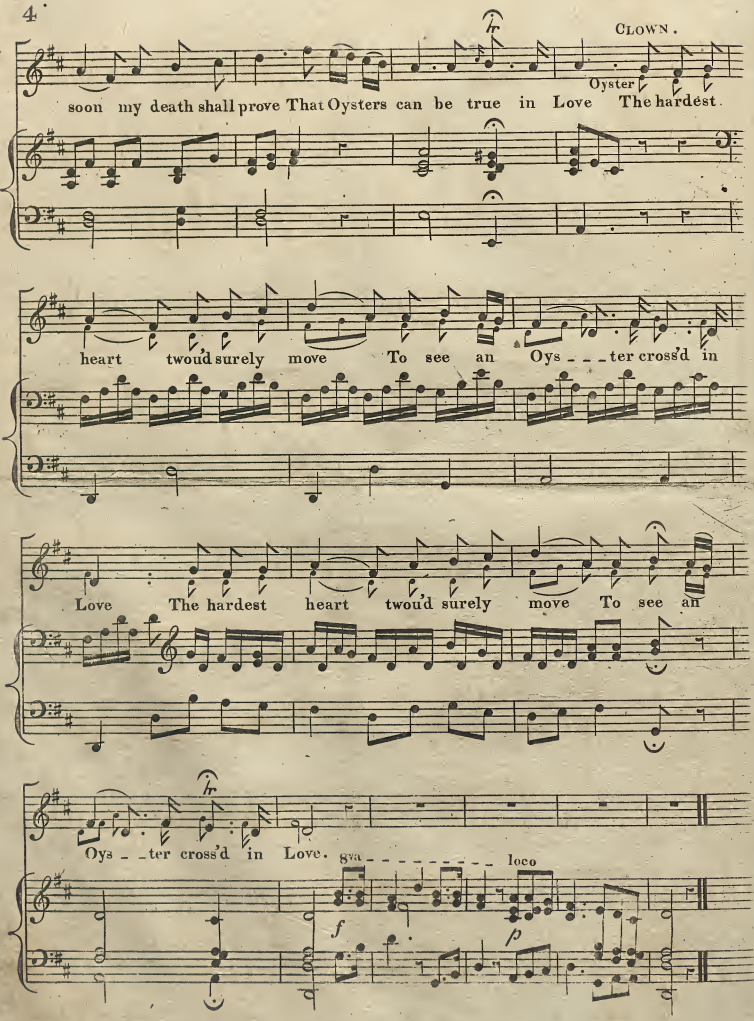
LONDON

Printed & Sold by W. Hodsoll at his Music Warehouse 45 High Holborn.




OYSTER.
CLOWN.
pi - - ty tries to move An Oyster who is cross'd in Love
Oyster
Alas an
Oys - - ter cross'd in Love Ye Gods an Oys - - ter cross'd in Love
f
CLOWN.
Then quit your cru - - el nymph for now a fair more
p
tempt - - ing claims your vow She's form'd for pleas - - ing all be-


holders For 'tis a fine Cods head and shoulders She's form'd for
pleas ing all be holders For 'tis a fine Cods head and
OYSTER.
shoulders Oh! cease nor tempt a faith ful
f
p
CLOWN.
OYSTER.
Fish She waits you on a wedge wood dish No no for


CLOWN.
Oyster
soon my death shall prove That Oysters can be true in Love The hardest
heart twoud surely move To see an Oys - - - ter cross'd in
Love The hardest heart twoud surely move To see an
Oya - - ter cross'd in Love.
8va - - - - - - - - - loco
f
p

Poor Fanny,

A favorite Ballad, sung by

Mrs. BLAND,

at the

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,

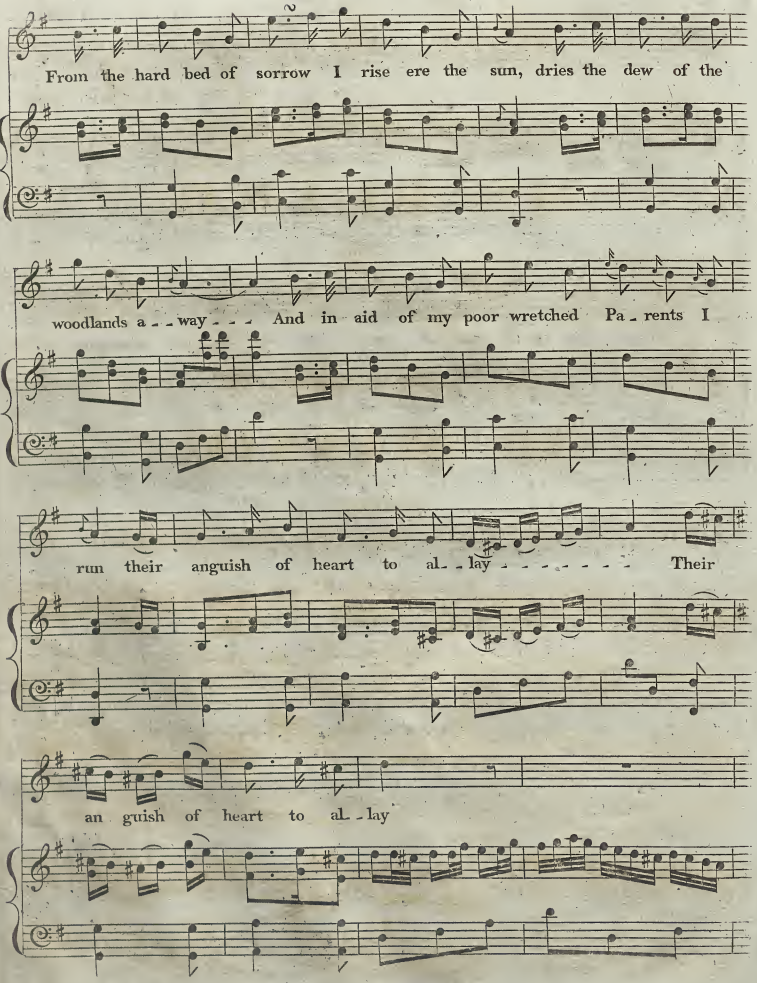
The Words & Melody by

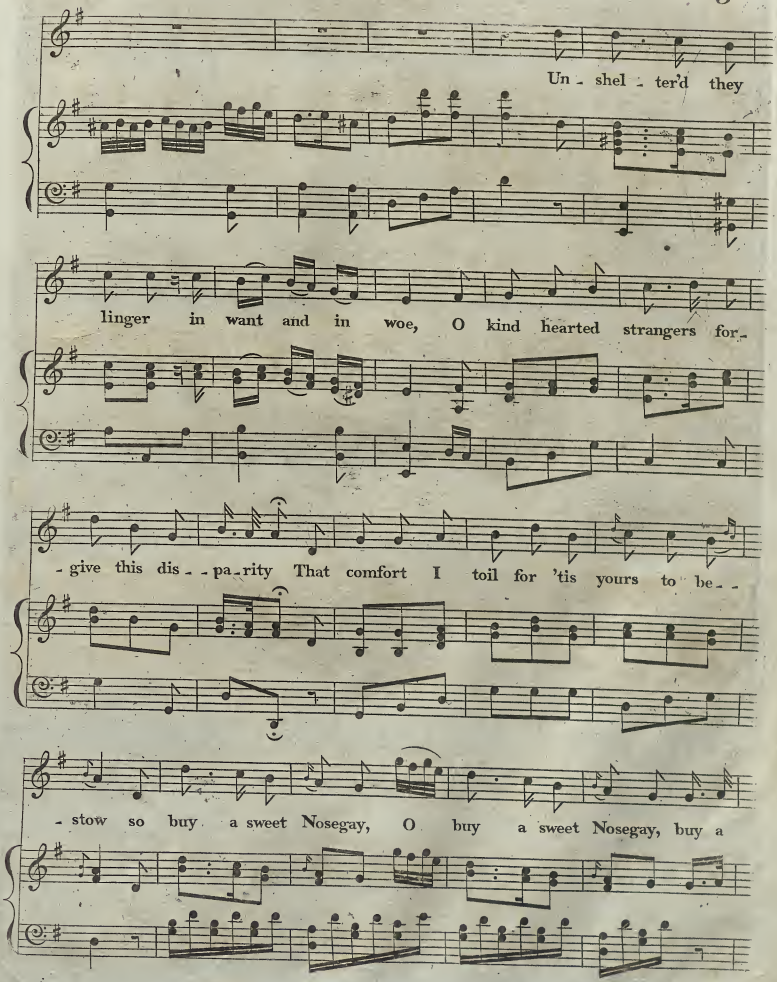
Mr. RANNIE.

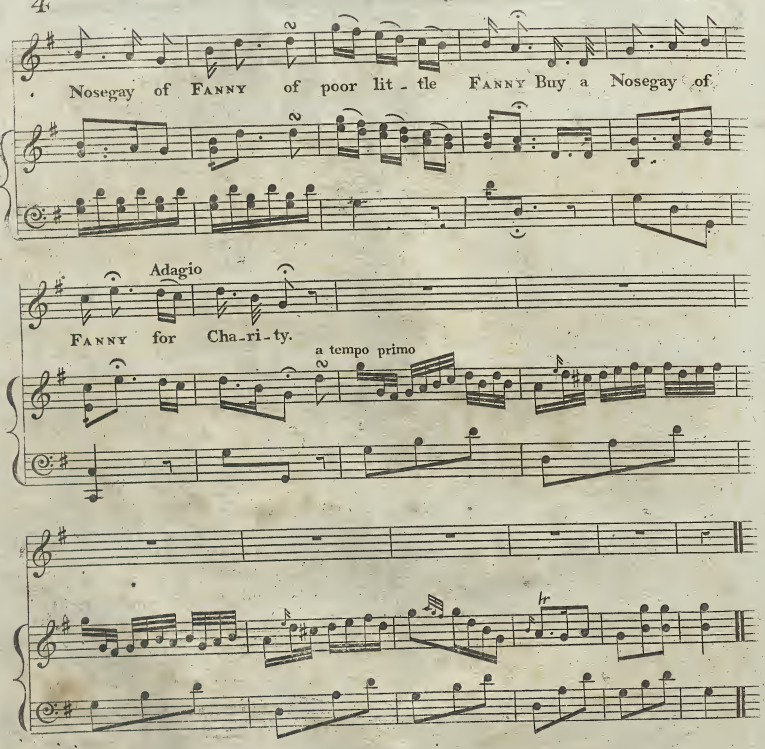
Entd at Sta. Hall. LONDON, Price 1s

Printed by Clementi, Banger, Hyde, Collard & Davis, 26, Cheapside.




From the hard bed of sorrow I rise ere the sun, dries the dew of the
woodlands a - - way - - - And in aid of my poor wretched Pa - rents I
run their anguish of heart to al - - lay - - - - - - - - Their
an guish of heart to al - lay


Un - shel - ter'd they
linger in want and in woe, O kind hearted strangers for-
- give this dis - - pa - rity That comfort I toil for 'tis yours to be - -
- stow so buy a sweet Nosegay, O buy a sweet Nosegay, buy a



2

I sorrow and sigh till their wants are supply'd,
(And the wants of the aged are great)
But swiftly I fly, with fond pleasure and pride,
When I've means that can lighten their fate.
Heaven grants you, fair strangers, the gift to bestow
A cure for their sufferings — excuse this disparity —
They are helpleſs and aged — in want and in woe —
So buy a sweet Nosegay of Fanny for Charity!

THE FAREWELL,

Sung by Mr. Bartleman, at the VOCAL & OTHER CONCERTS,

with universal applause

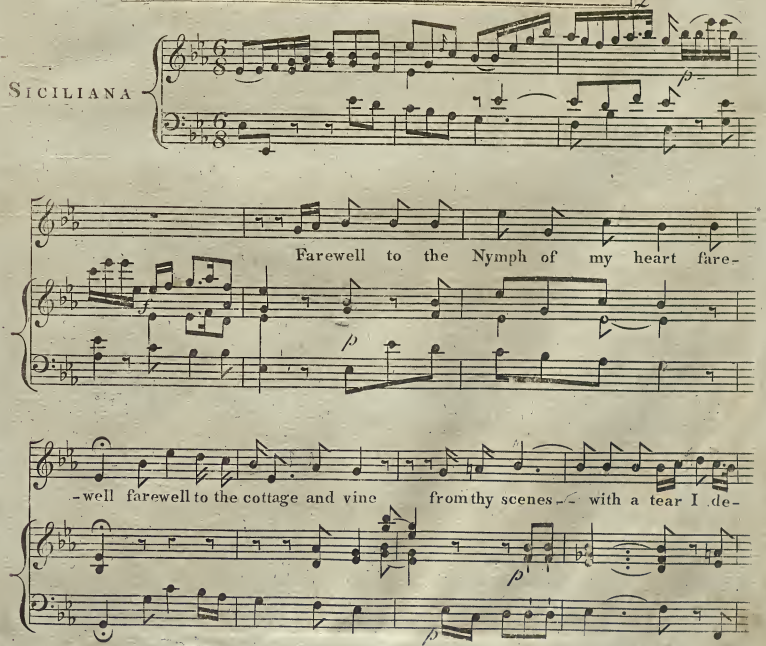
COMPOSED BY

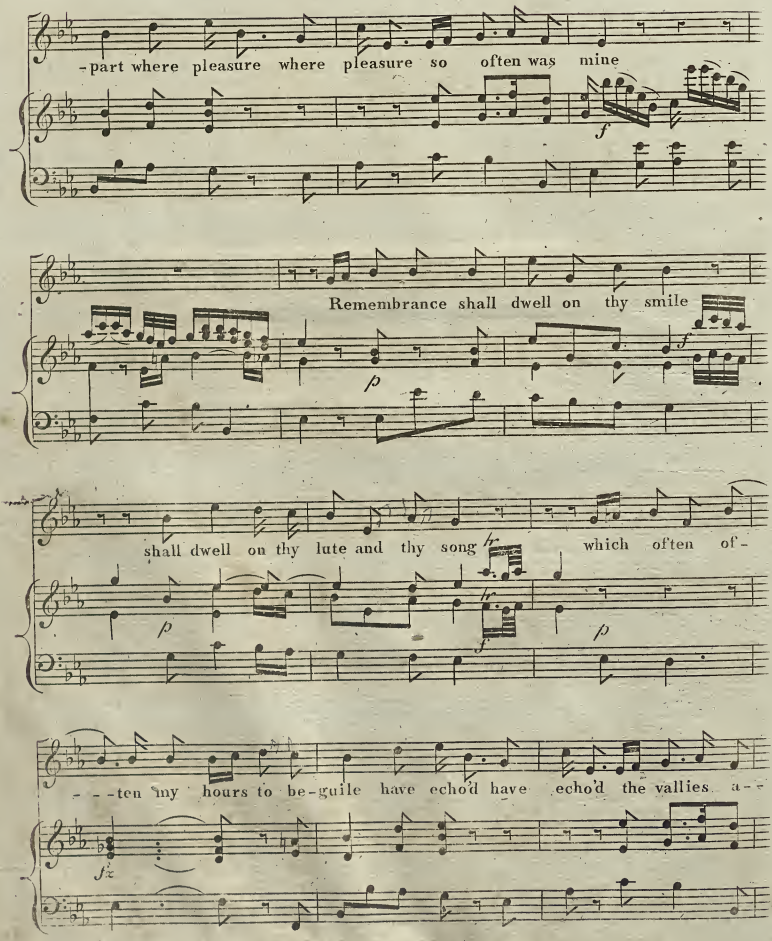
Robert Cooke

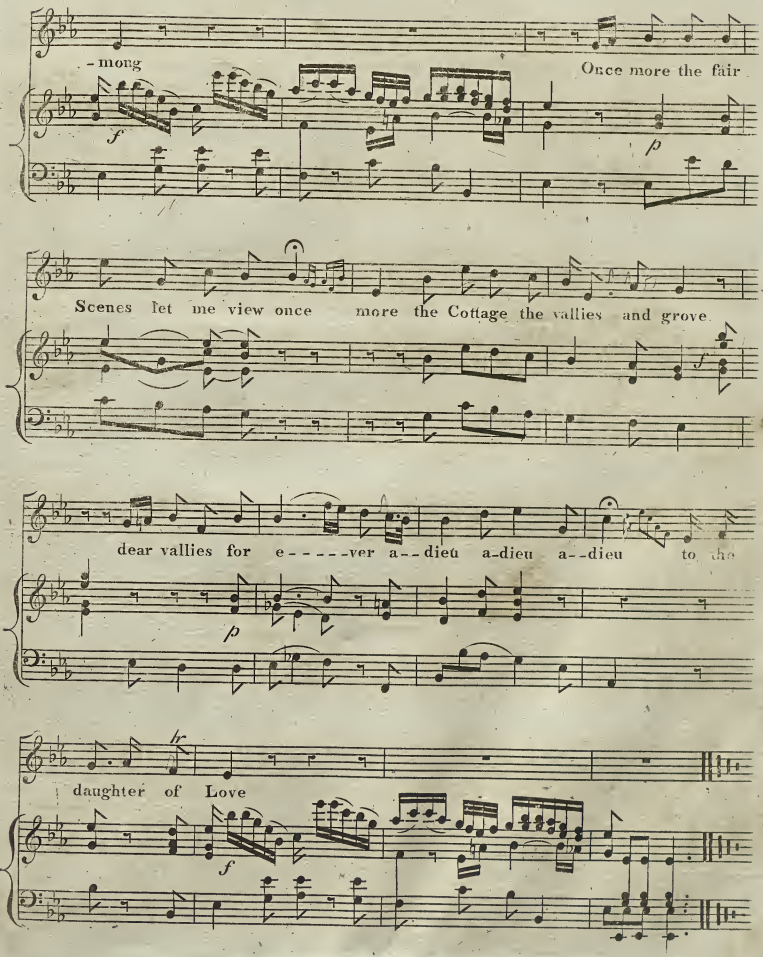
Entd at Stn Hall.

Sold at MITCHELL'S Musical Library & Instrument Warehouse, 159, New Bond Street, opposite Clifford Street.

Price 1/6




-part where pleasure where pleasure so often was mine
Remembrance shall dwell on thy smile
shall dwell on thy lute and thy song which often of-
- - -ten my hours to be-guile have echo'd have echo'd the vallies a- -


-mong
Once more the fair
Scenes let me view once more the Cottage the vallies and grove
dear vallies for e-----ver a--dieu a-dieu a--dieu to the
daughter of Love

Cruel Love, art thou dead?

A DUET,

with an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte,

Composed & Dedicated to his Friend

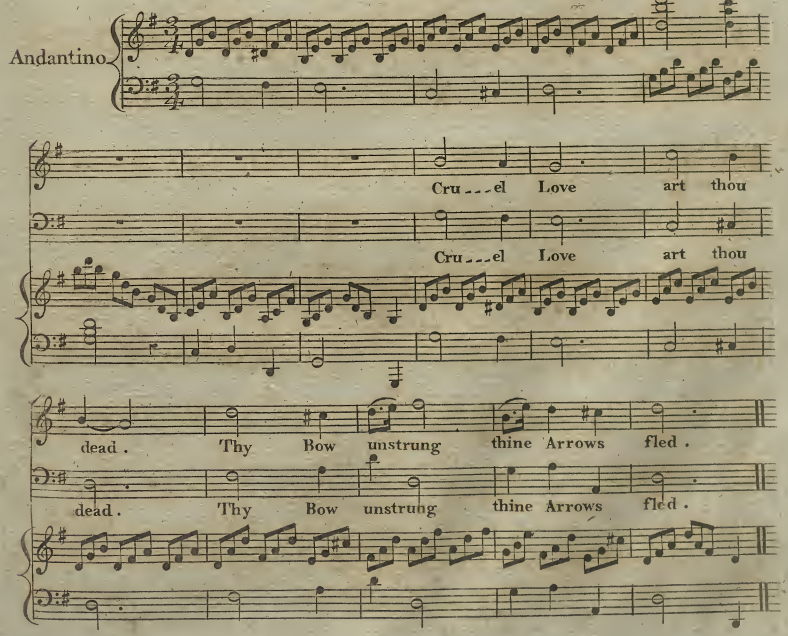
CHARLES EVE ESQR.

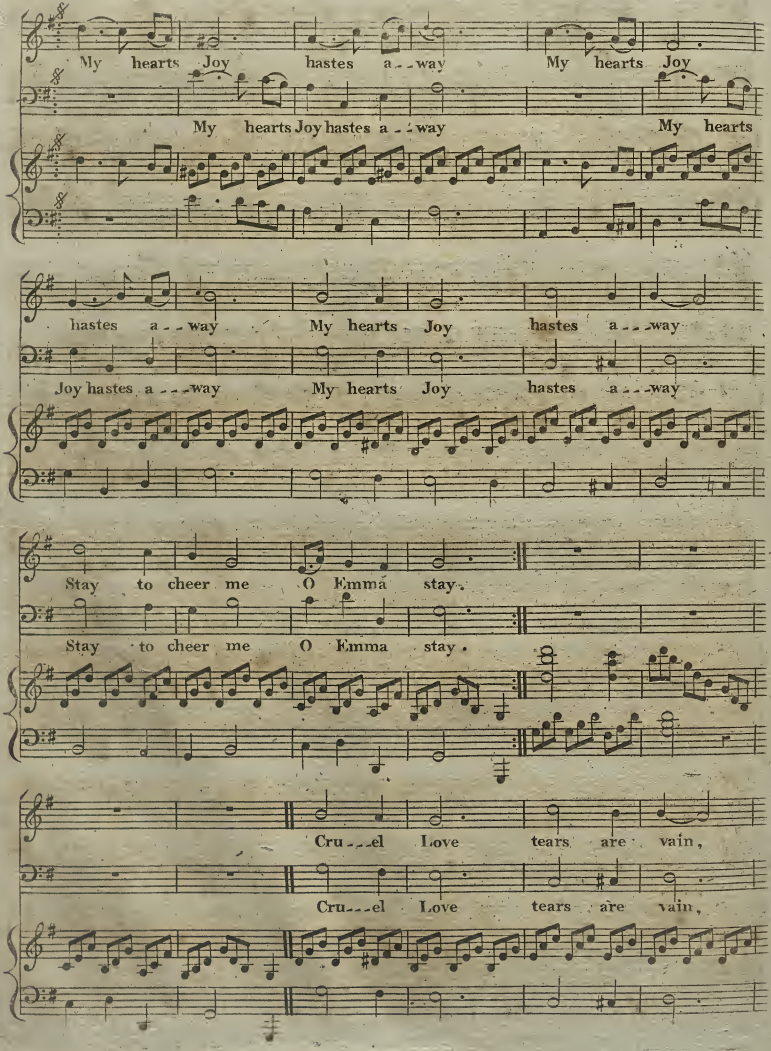
BY

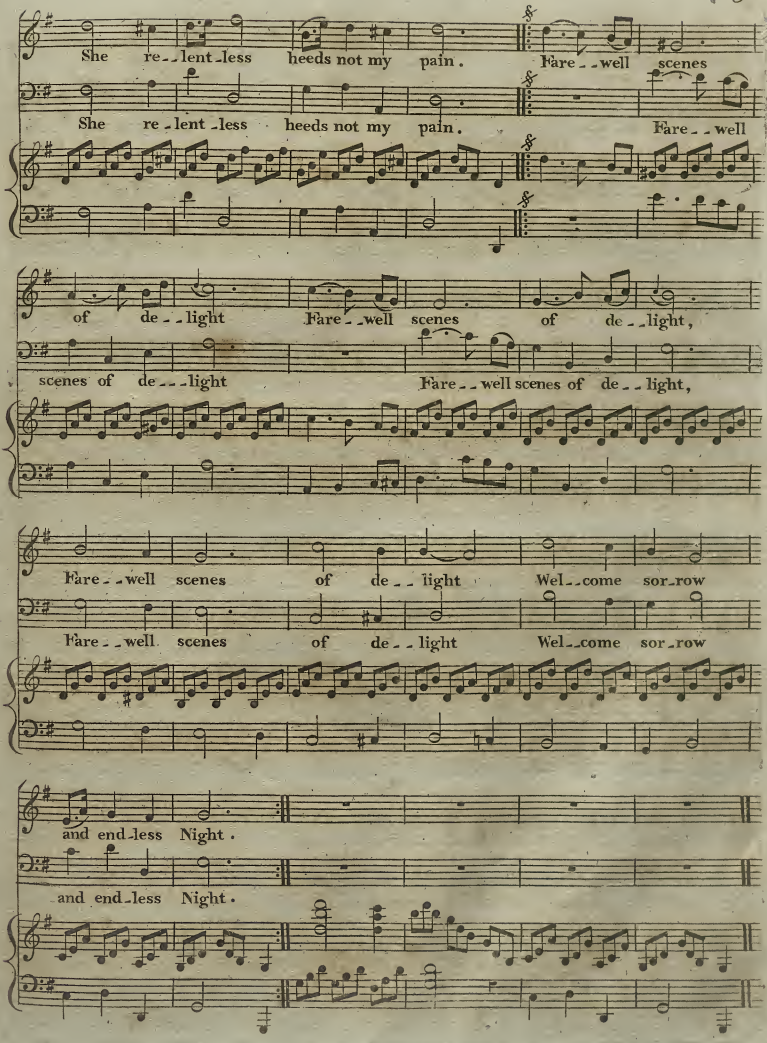
Joseph Major.

Price 1/6

London, Printed & Sold by C. Mitchell, Music Seller, 31, Southampton Row, Russell Square, for the Author, 251, Tottenham Court Road, Bedford Square.




My hearts Joy hastes a - - way My hearts Joy
My hearts Joy hastes a - - way My hearts
hastes a - - way My hearts Joy hastes a - - way
Joy hastes a - - way My hearts Joy hastes a - - way
Stay to cheer me O Emma stay.
Stay to cheer me O Emma stay.
Cru - - el Love tears are vain,
Cru - - el Love tears are vain,


She re--lent-less heeds not my pain. Fare--well scenes
She re-lent-less heeds not my pain. Fare--well
of de--light Fare--well scenes of de--light,
scenes of de---light Fare--well scenes of de--light,
Fare--well scenes of de--light Wel--come sor-row
Fare--well scenes of de--light Wel--come sor-row
and end-less Night.
and end-less Night.

2

Pray Goody, please to moderate

as sung by

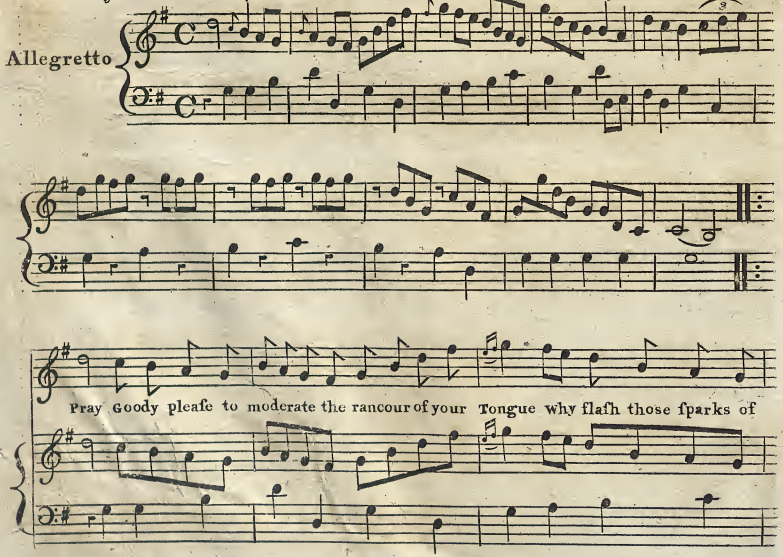
Mr. Sinclaire

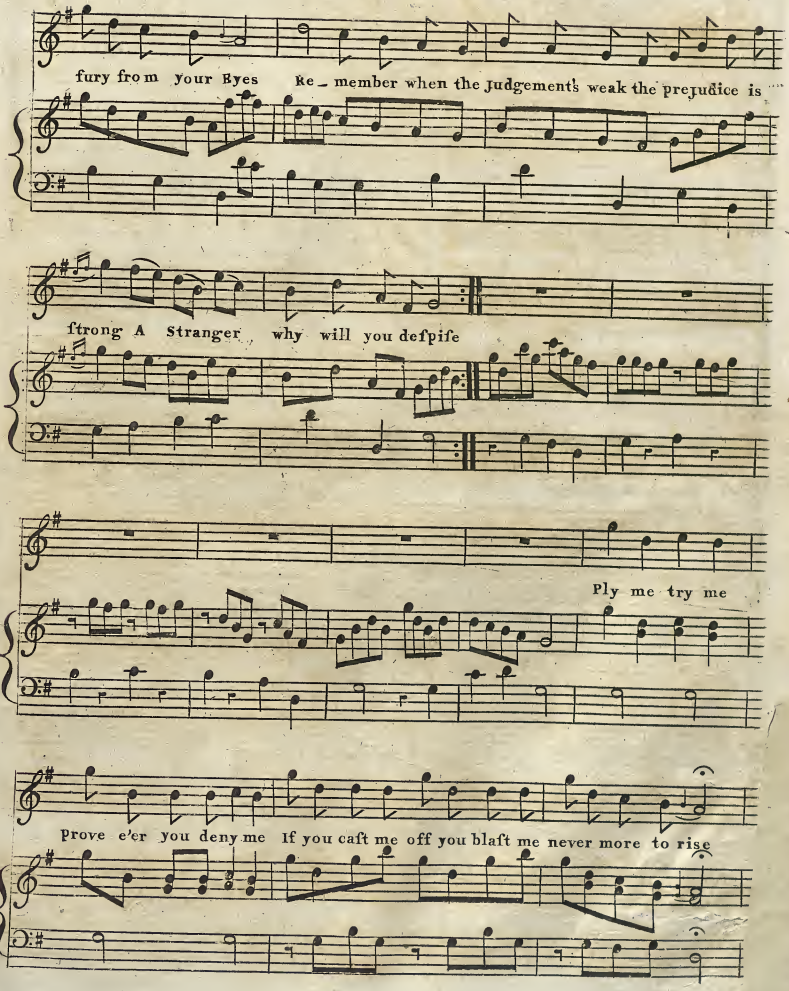
In the Burletta of

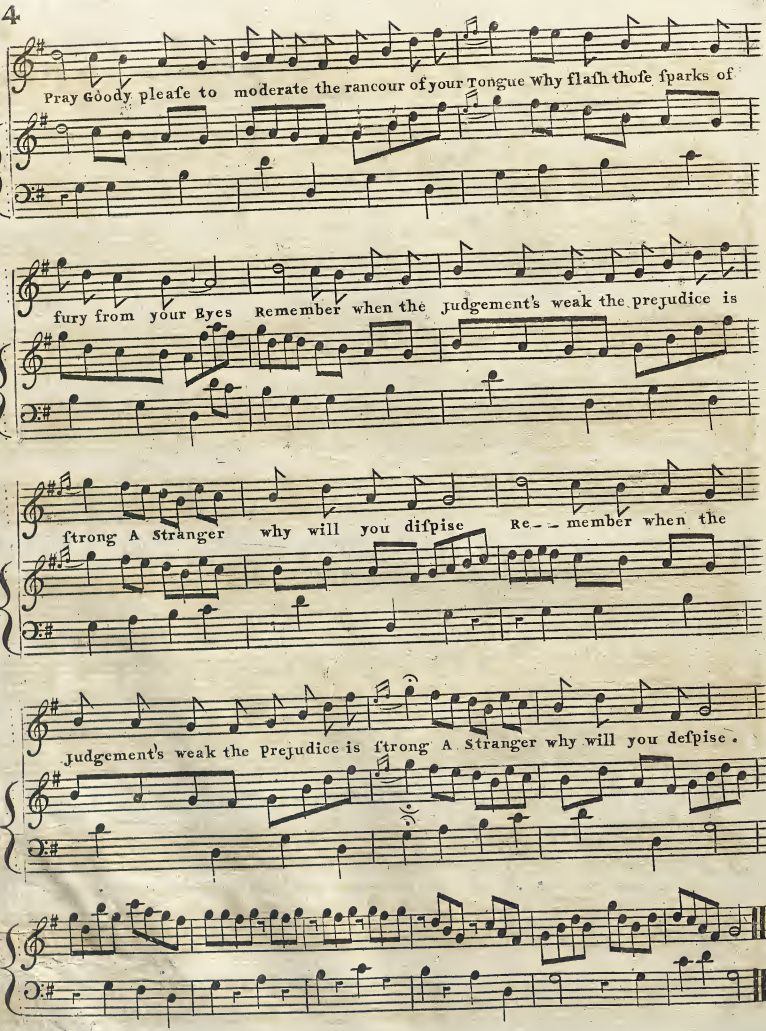
MIDAS.

Price 1s/-

London Printed for J. Dale, at his Warehouses 151 New Bond Street, facing Clifford Street: The corner of Holles Street, Oxford Street, & N.o 19 Cornhill, opposite the Royal Exchange.




fury from your Eyes Re_member when the Judgement's weak the prejudice is
ftrong A Stranger why will you defpiſe
Ply me try me
Prove e'er you deny me If you caſt me off you blaſt me never more to riſe


Pray Goody pleaſe to moderate the rancour of your Tongue why flaſh thoſe ſparks of
fury from your Eyes Remember when the Judgement's weak the prejudice is
ſtrong A Stranger why will you diſpiſe Re-- member when the
Judgement's weak the Prejudice is ſtrong A Stranger why will you deſpiſe.

SONG, The Deserter's Meditations

A favorite Irish Air,

with an Accompaniment for the

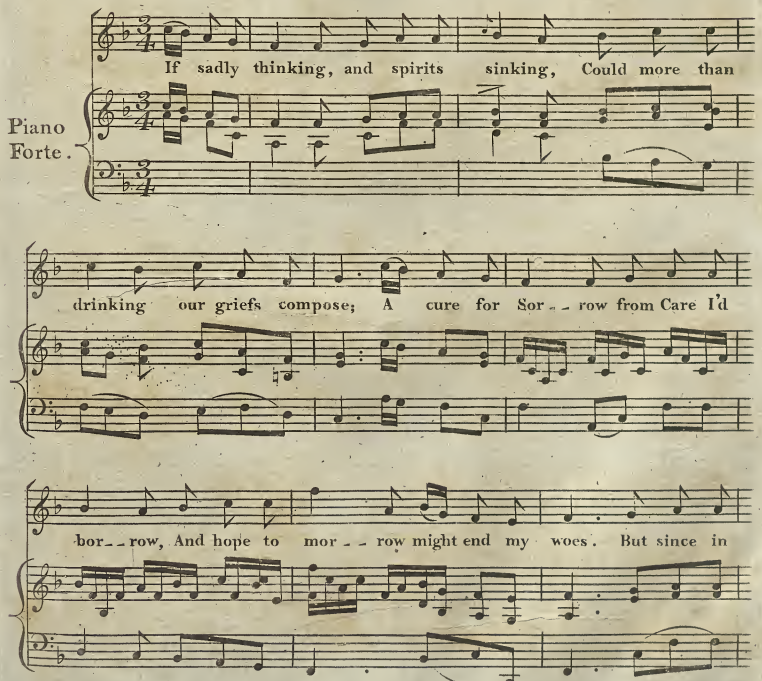
HARP or PIANO FORTE, by

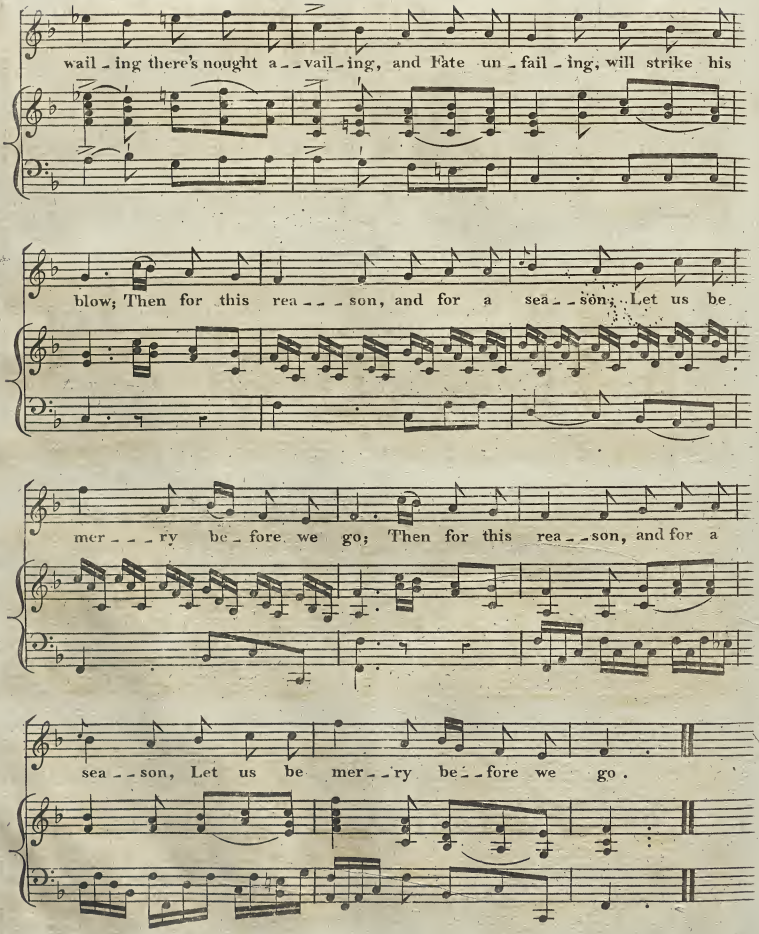
Mr. Harrison.

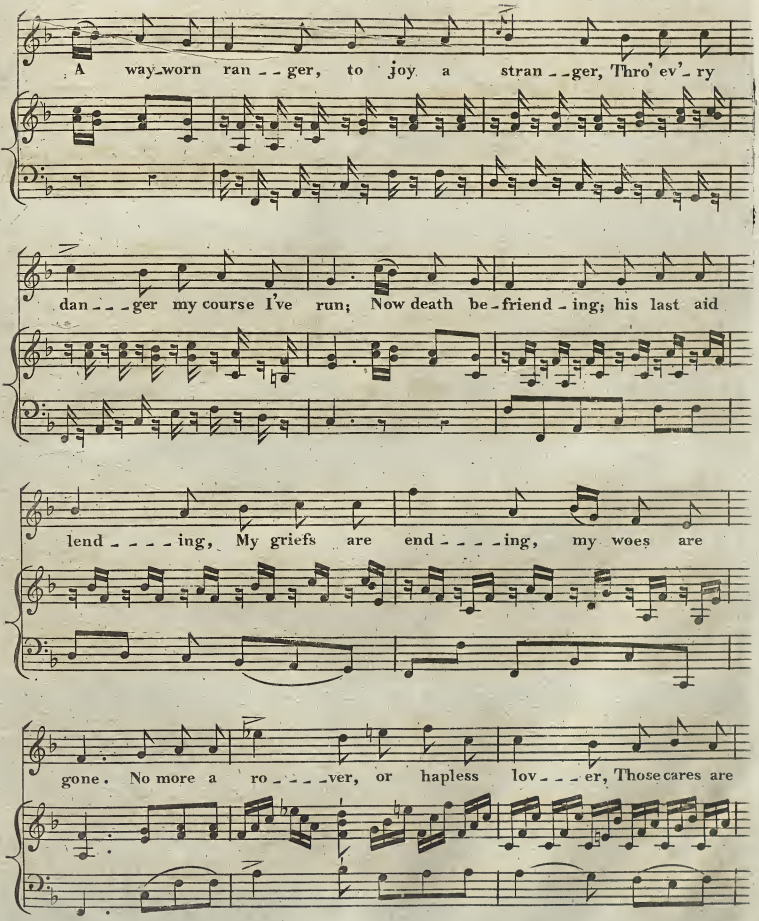
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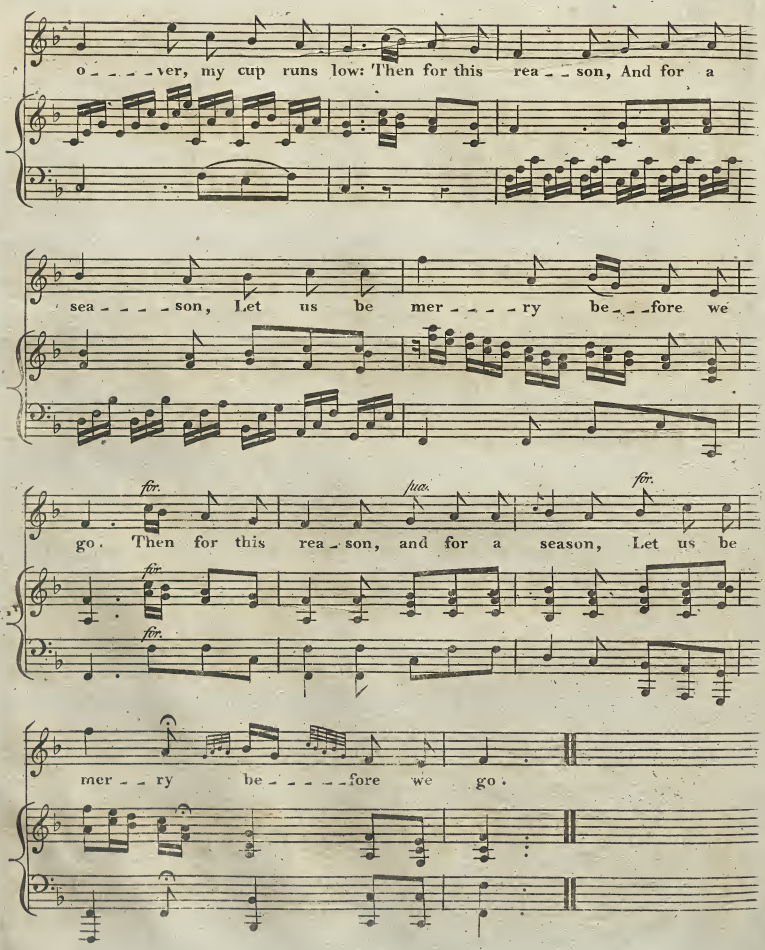
London, Printed & Sold by R.t Birchall, N.o133 New Bond Street.

Sold by Cole Greenwich.




wail - ing there's nought a - - vail - ing, and Fate un - fail - ing, will strike his
blow; Then for this rea - - - son, and for a sea - - son; Let us be
mer - - - ry be - fore we go; Then for this rea - - son, and for a
sea - - son, Let us be mer - - ry be - - fore we go.


A way-worn ran - - ger, to joy a stran - - ger, Thro' ev'- ry
dan - - - ger my course I've run; Now death be-friend - ing; his last aid
lend - - - - ing, My griefs are end - - - - ing, my woes are
gone. No more a ro - - - - ver, or hapless lov - - - er, Those cares are


o - - - - ver, my cup runs low: Then for this rea - - son, And for a
sea - - - - son, Let us be mer - - - - ry be - - - fore we
for.
fur.
for.
go. Then for this rea - son, and for a season, Let us be
for.
for.
mer - - ry be - - - - - fore we go.

The Girl that he Loves,

Sung by Mr. Broadhurst,

IN THE POPULAR FARCE

OF

Love, Law, & Physic,

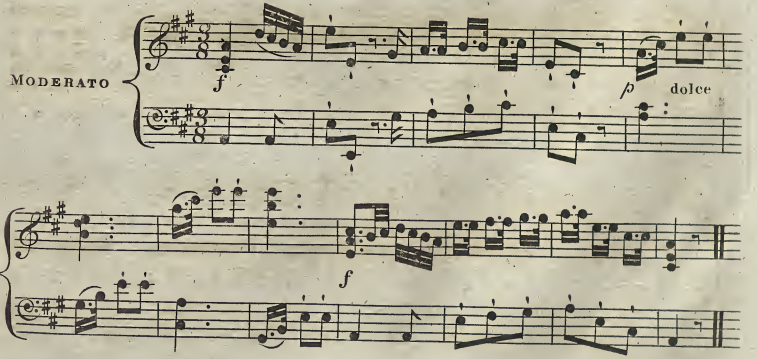
Written by James Kenny, Esqr

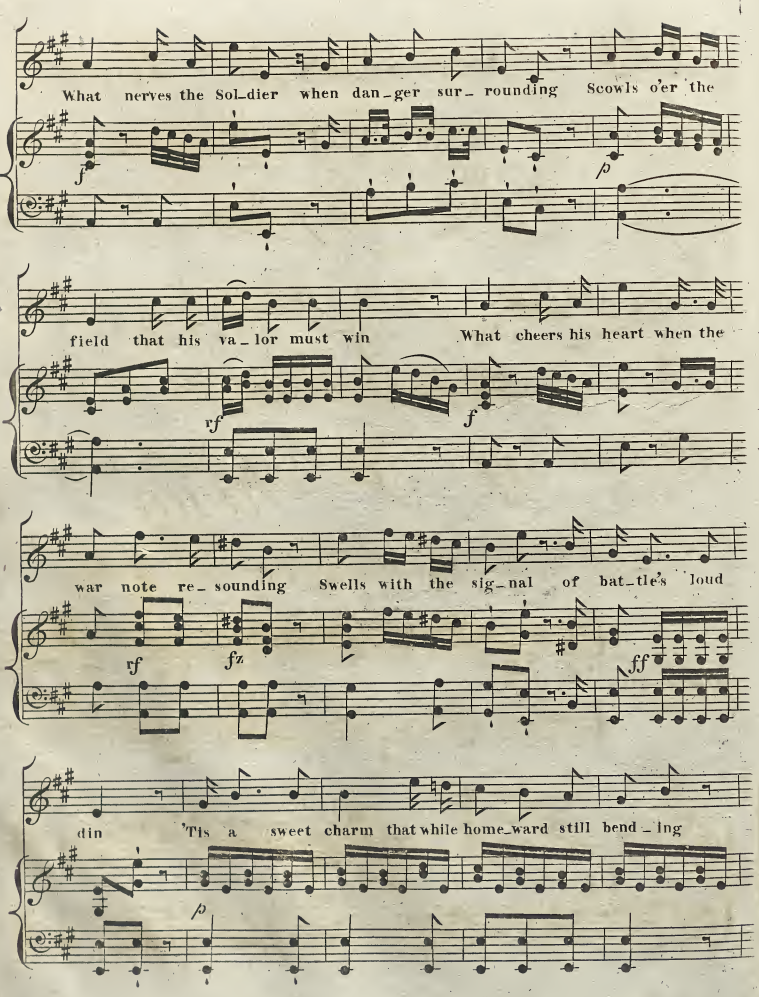
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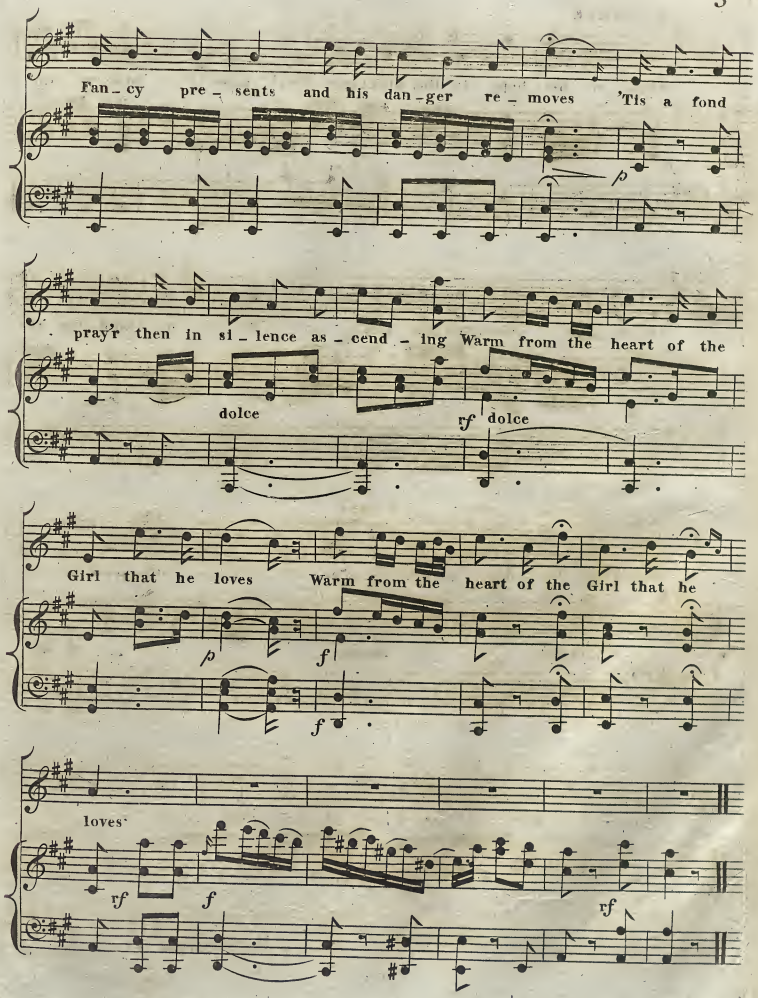
M. P. King.

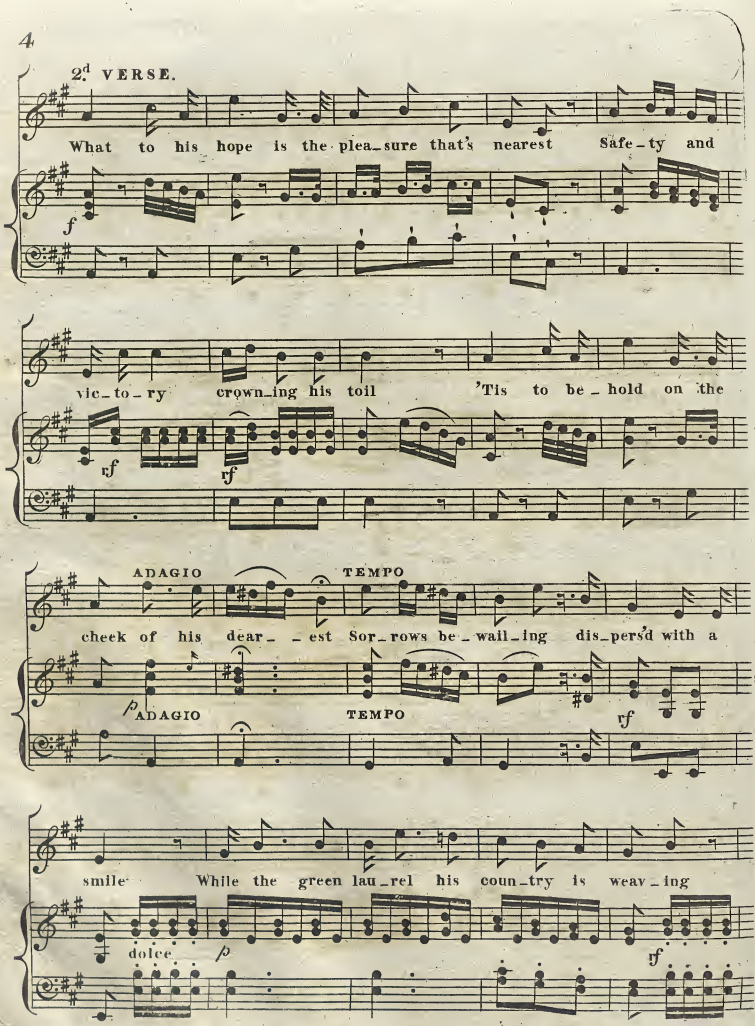
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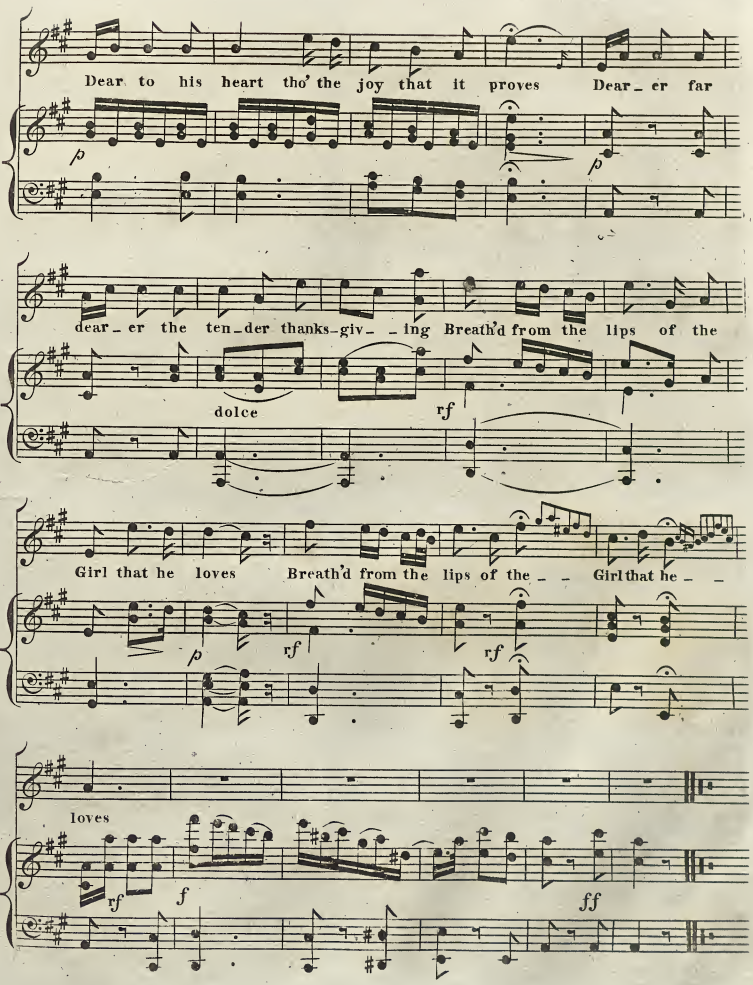
f 1.6




What nerves the Sol_dier when dan_ger sur_ rounding Scowls o'er the
f
p
field that his va_lor must win What cheers his heart when the
rf
f
war note re_ sounding Swells with the sig_nal of bat_tle's loud
rf
fz
ff
din 'Tis a sweet charm that while home_ward still bend_ing
p


Fan_cy pre_sents and his dan_ger re_moves 'Tis a fond
p
pray'r then in si_lence as_cend_ing Warm from the heart of the
dolce
rf dolce
Girl that he loves Warm from the heart of the Girl that he
p
f
f
loves
rf
f
rf


2d VERSE.
What to his hope is the plea_sure that's nearest Safe_ty and
f
vic_to_ry crown_ing his toil 'Tis to be_hold on the
rf
rf
ADAGIO
TEMPO
cheek of his dear_ _est Sor_rows be_wail_ing dis_pers'd with a
p
ADAGIO
TEMPO
rf
smile While the green lau_rel his coun_try is weav_ing
dolce
p
tf


Dear to his heart tho' the joy that it proves Dear - er far
p
p
dear - er the ten - der thanks - giv - - ing Breath'd from the lips of the
dolce
rf
Girl that he loves Breath'd from the lips of the - - Girl that he - -
p
rf
rf
loves
rf
f
ff

"CEASE SWEET GIRL."

A

Canzonet

Composed by

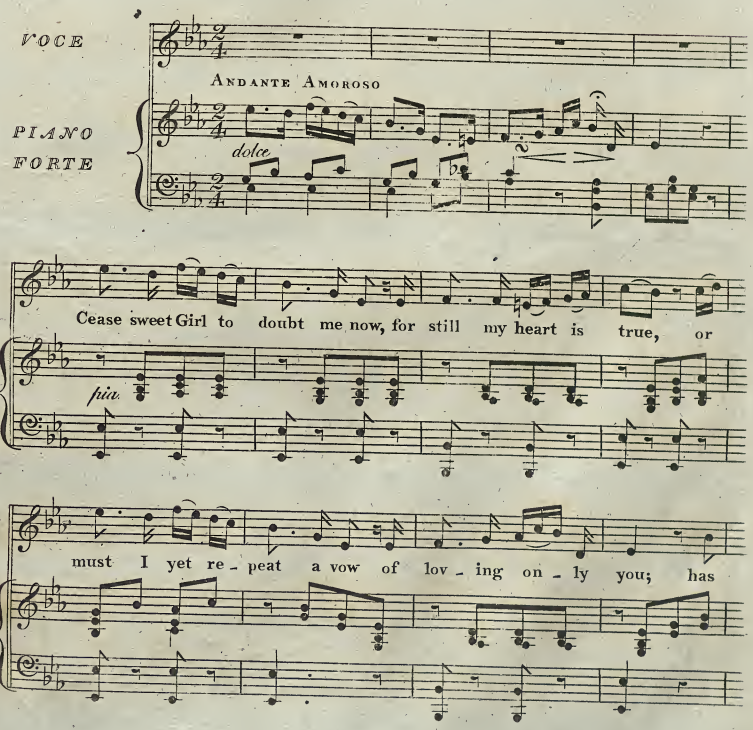
D. D. ROCHE.

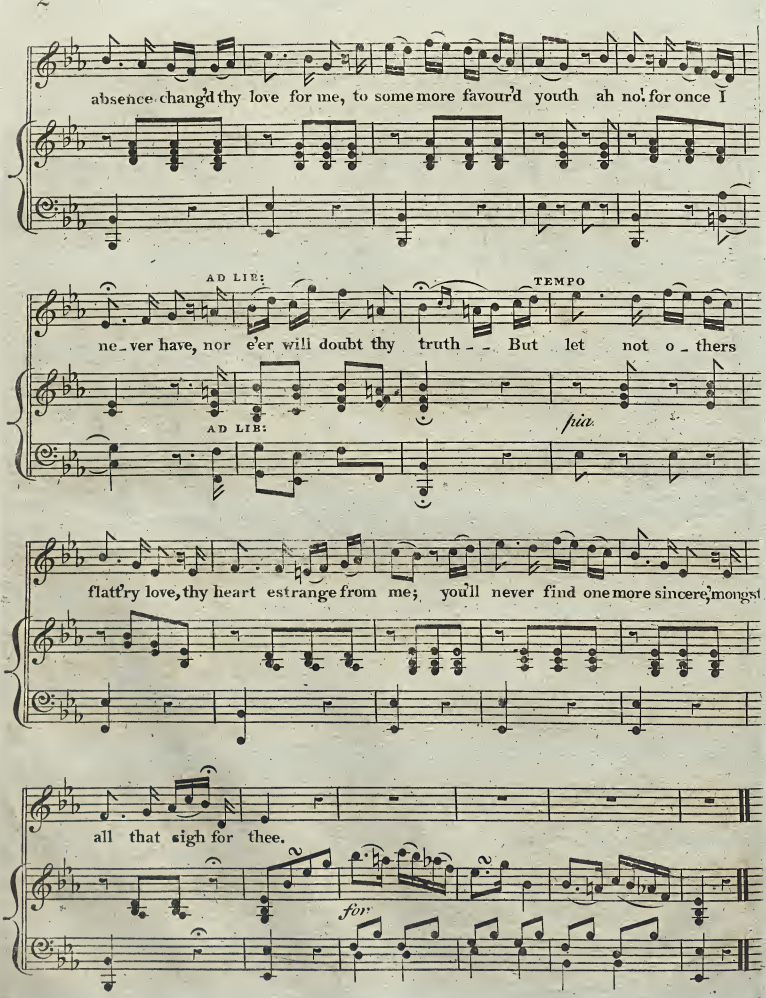
London Printed by Clementi & Co.

— 1.6 —

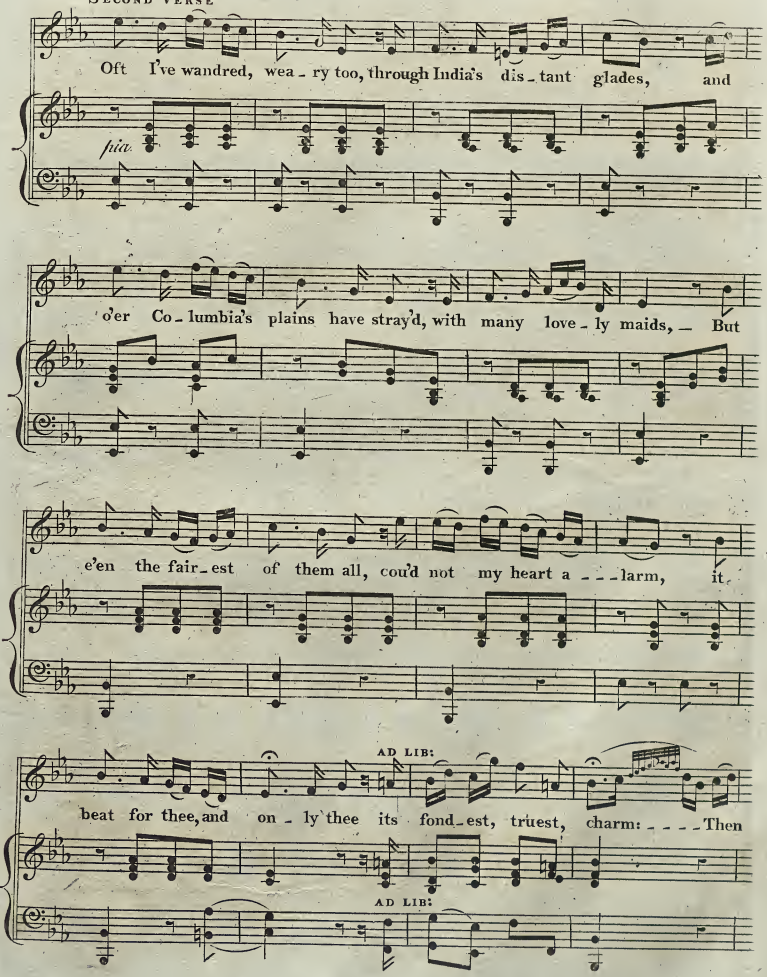
CEASE SWEET GIRL.

Composed by ——— *D. D. Roche?*

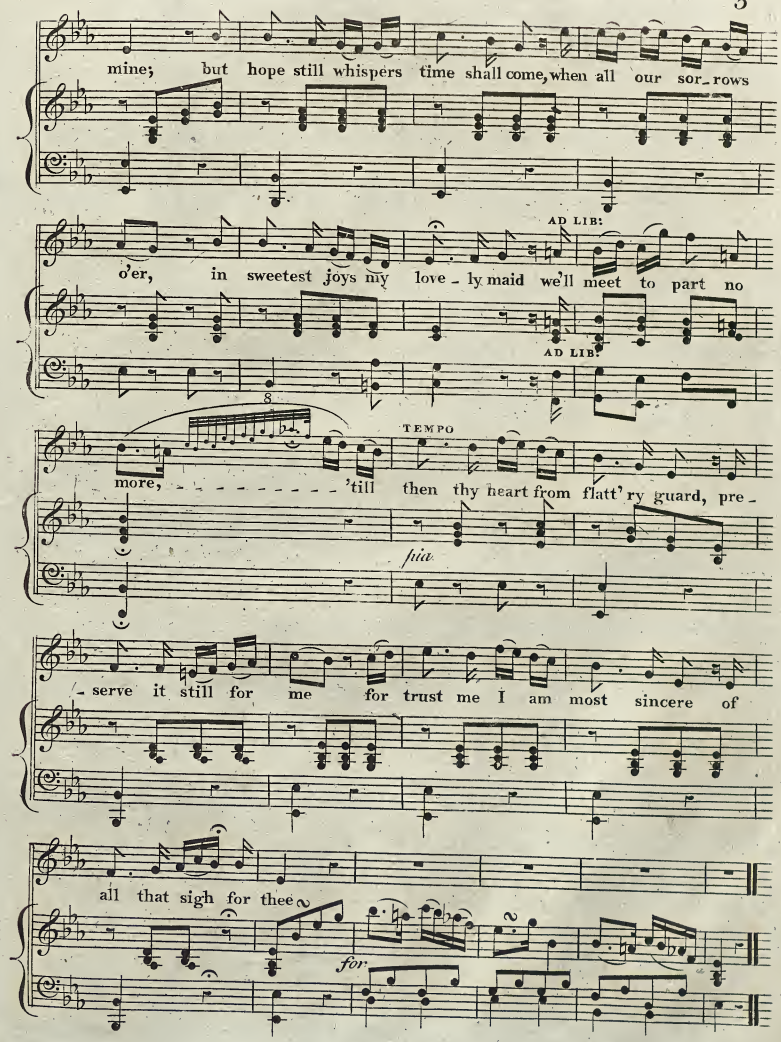



absence chang'd thy love for me, to some more favour'd youth ah no! for once I
AD LIB:
TEMPO
ne_ver have, nor e'er will doubt thy truth _ _ But let not o_thers
AD LIB:
pia
flatt'ry love, thy heart estrange from me; you'll never find one more sincere, mongst
all that sigh for thee.
for

SECOND VERSE




Tempo primo
let not o-thers flatt'ry love, thy heart es-trange from me; you'll
pia.
ne - - ver find one more sincere, mong'st all that sigh for
thee
for
Third Verse
Years have pass'd, since with a blush, you sigh'd dear youth I'm thine, or
pia.
since my cir - - - cling arms have press'd, thy rap - tur'd heart to


mine; but hope still whispers time shall come, when all our sor_rows
AD LIB:
o'er, in sweetest joys my love_ly maid we'll meet to part no
AD LIB:
8
more, 'till then thy heart from flatt'ry guard, pre_
TEMPO
pia
_serve it still for me for trust me I am most sincere of
all that sigh for thee
for

ALL'S WELL,

The favorite Duett,

Sung by Mr. Incledon & Mr. Braham,

in the Comic Opera of

THE ENGLISH FLEET,

Composed by Mr. Braham,

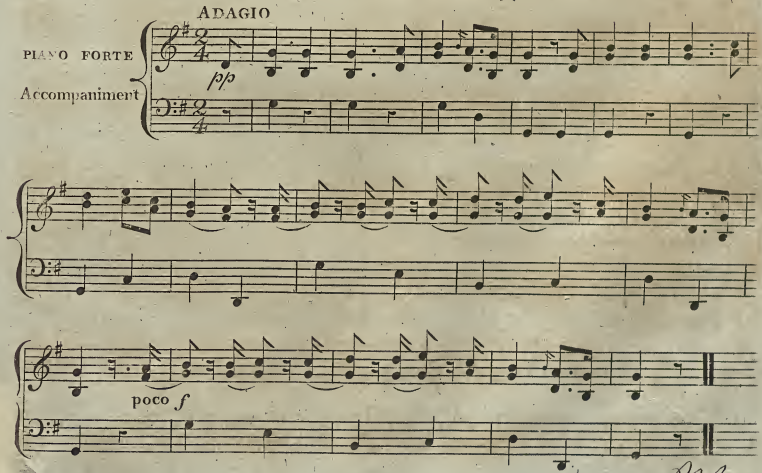
The Words by T. Dibdin,

ARRANGED for the PIANO FORTE,

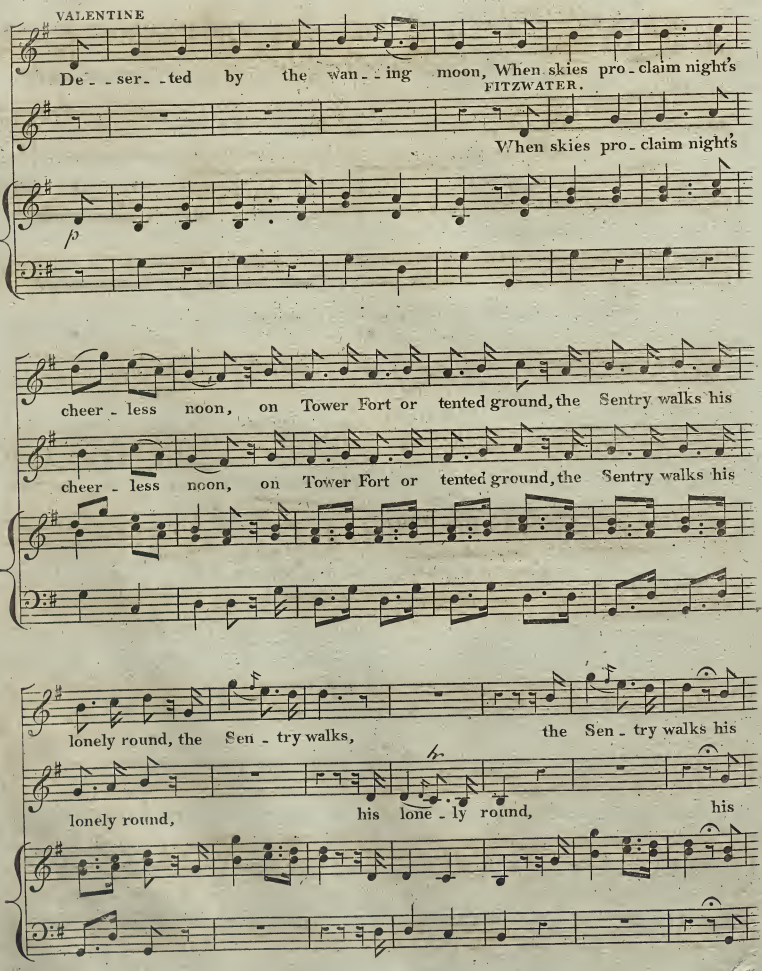
by D. Corri.

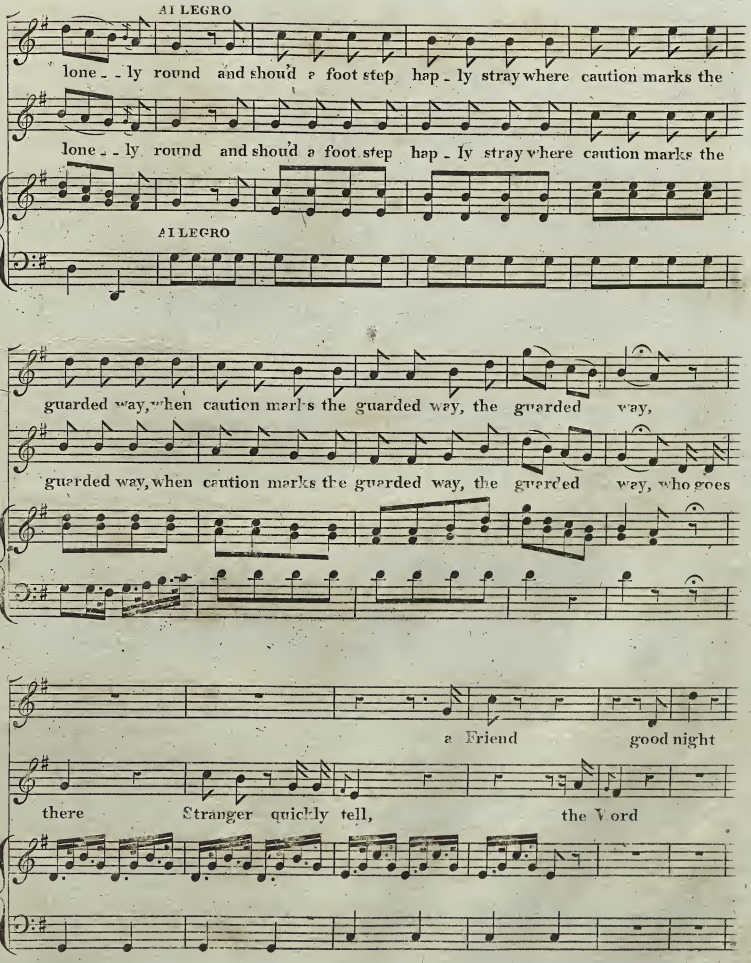
Ent. at Sta. Hall. *Price 2/6*

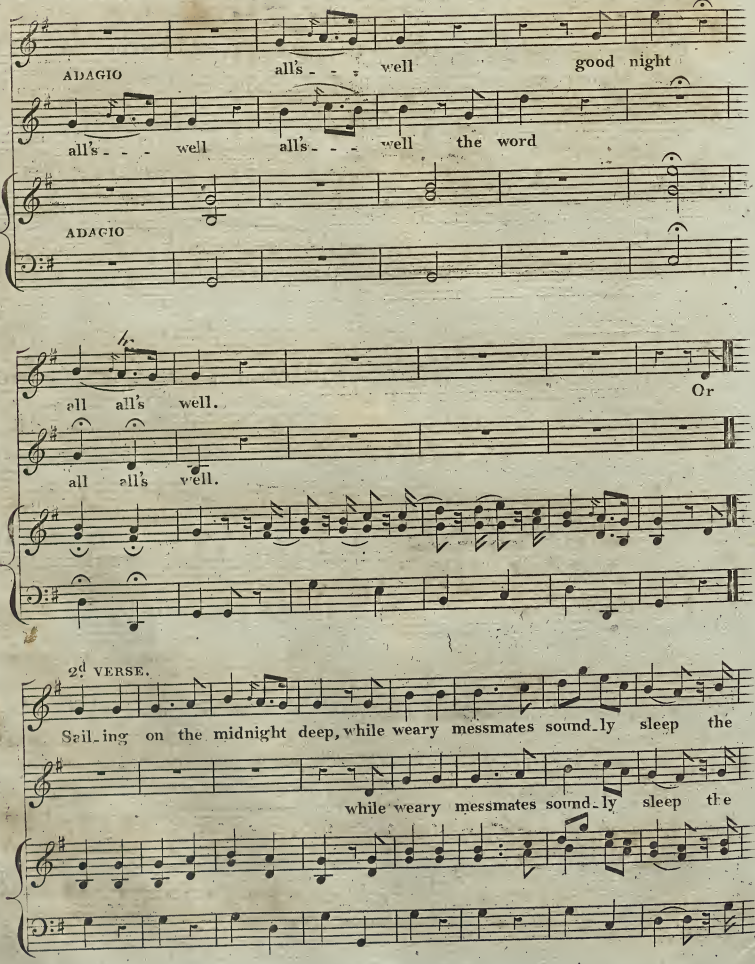
Sold at Preston's Music Warehouse, 97, Strand.

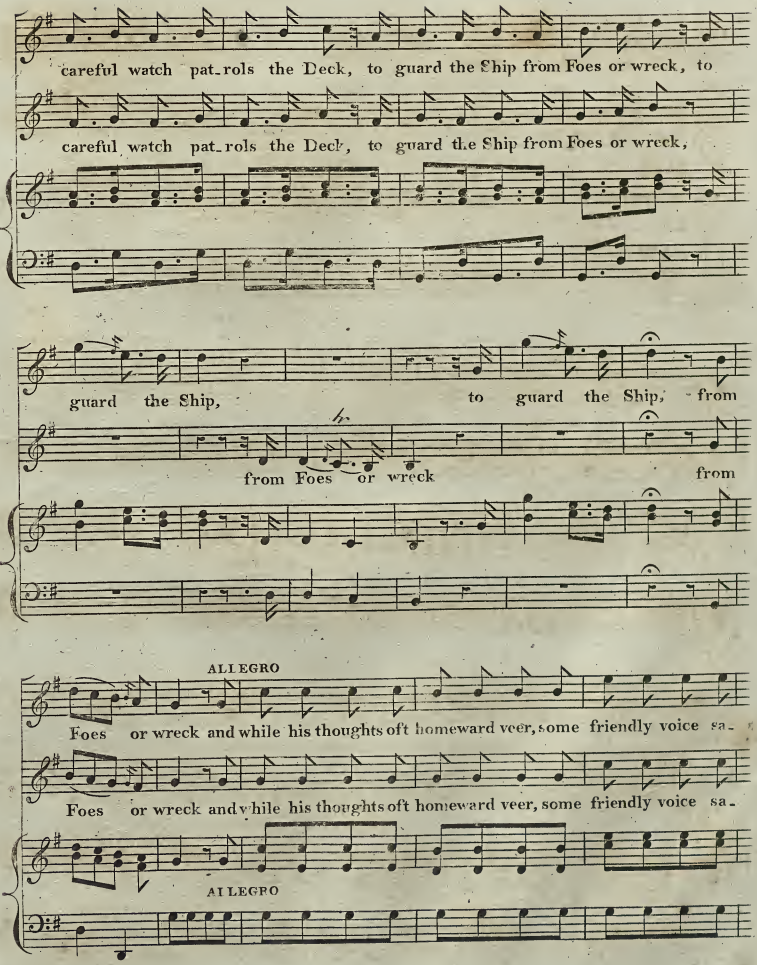


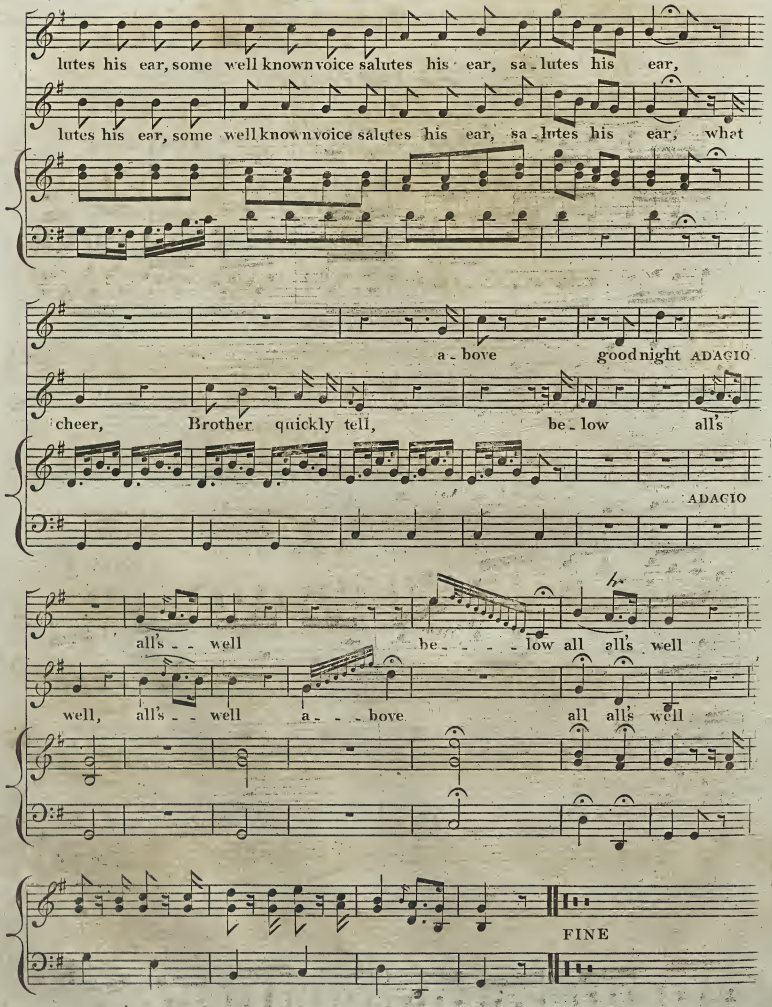
Hill


VALENTINE
De - ser - ted by the wan - ing moon, When skies pro - claim night's
FITZWATER.
When skies pro - claim night's
p
cheer - less noon, on Tower Fort or tented ground, the Sentry walks his
cheer - less noon, on Tower Fort or tented ground, the Sentry walks his
lonely round, the Sen - try walks,
the Sen - try walks his
lonely round,
his lone - ly round,
his


ALLEGRO
lone - - ly round and should a foot step hap - ly stray where caution marks the
lone - - ly round and should a foot step hap - ly stray where caution marks the
ALLEGRO
guarded way, when caution marks the guarded way, the guarded way,
guarded way, when caution marks the guarded way, the guarded way, who goes
a Friend good night
there Stranger quickly tell, the Word


ADAGIO
all's - - - well
good night
all's - - - well
all's - - - well
the word
ADAGIO
all all's well.
Or
all all's well.
2d VERSE.
Sail-ing on the midnight deep, while weary messmates sound-ly sleep the
while weary messmates sound-ly sleep the


careful watch pat_rols the Deck, to guard the Ship from Foes or wreck, to
careful watch pat_rols the Deck, to guard the Ship from Foes or wreck,
guard the Ship, to guard the Ship, from
from Foes or wreck from
ALLEGRO
Foes or wreck and while his thoughts oft homeward veer, some friendly voice sa-
Foes or wreck and while his thoughts oft homeward veer, some friendly voice sa-
ALLEGRO


lutes his ear, some well known voice salutes his ear, sa - lutes his ear,
lutes his ear, some well known voice salutes his ear, sa - lutes his ear, what
a - bove good night
ADAGIO
cheer, Brother quickly tell, be - low all's
ADAGIO
all's - - well be - - - - low all all's well
well, all's - - well a - - - bove all all's well
FINE

IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOV'D,

the Celebrated Ballad, Sung by

Mr. Braham,

with Universal Applause in the

Favourite Operatic Romance of the

DEVIL'S BRIDGE,

as Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM,

Composed & Arranged with an

Accompaniment for the

PIANO FORTE,

BY Mr. Braham,

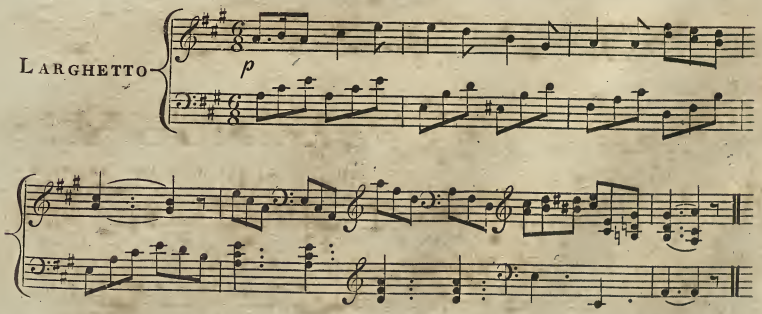
The Words by

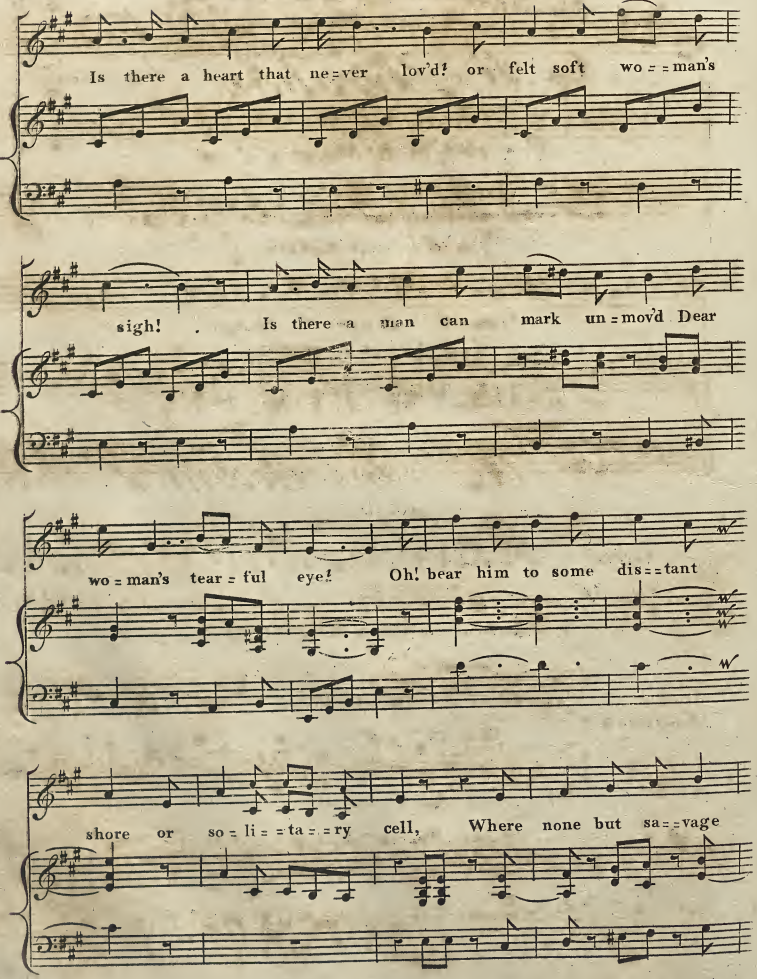
S. J. ARNOLD ESQ.R

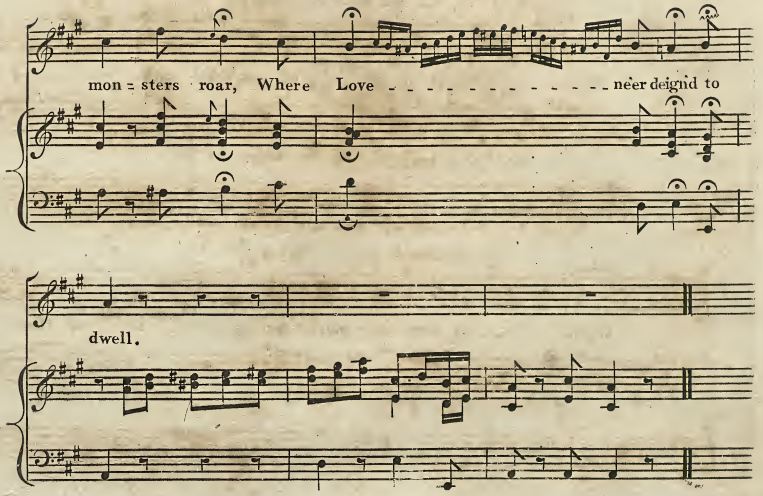
Entd at Stas Hall. Price 2/0

London. Printed by Goulding, D'Almaine, Potter & Co.

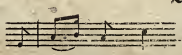
20, Soho Square & 7, Westmorland St. Dublin.




Is there a heart that ne=ver lov'd! or felt soft wo = = man's
sigh! Is there a man can mark un = mov'd Dear
wo = man's tear = ful eye! Oh! bear him to some dis = = tant
shore or so = li = = ta = = ry cell, Where none but sa = = vage



2

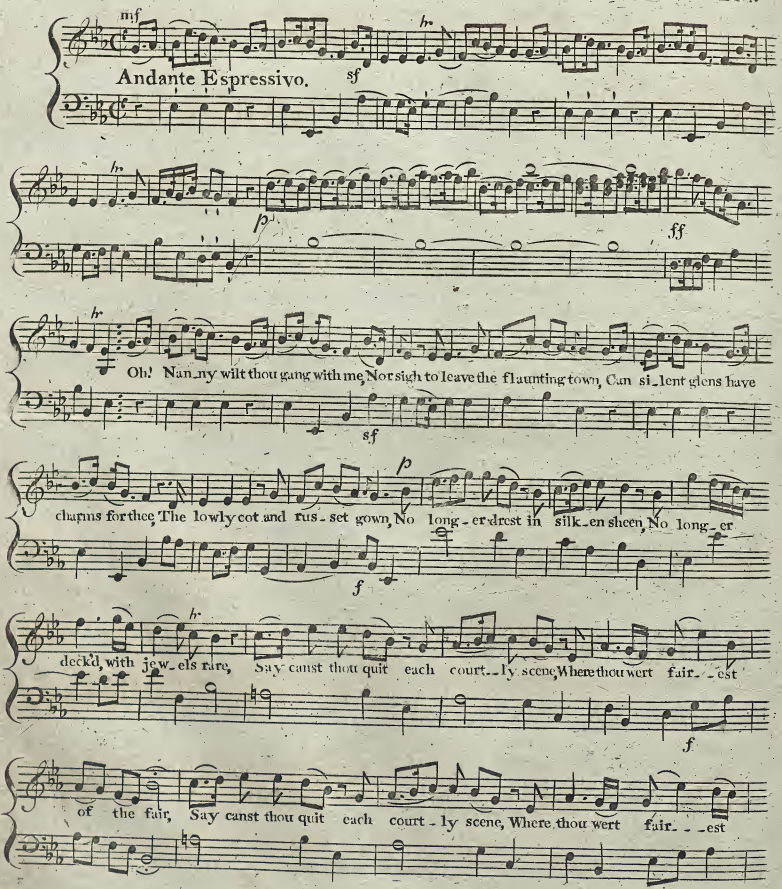


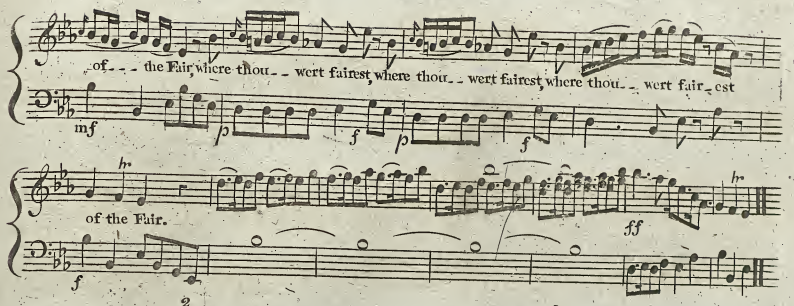
For there's a charm in woman's eye,
A language in her tear,
A spell in every sacred sigh,
To man — to virtue dear.
And he who can resist her smiles,
With Brutes alone should live,
Nor taste that joy which care beguiles,
That joy her virtues give.

Oh Nanny

Composed by T. Carter

Pr.1s





2

O! Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a Wish behind,
Say canst thou face the parching Ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry Wind;
O! can that soft that gentle Mien,
Extremes of hardships learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly Scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

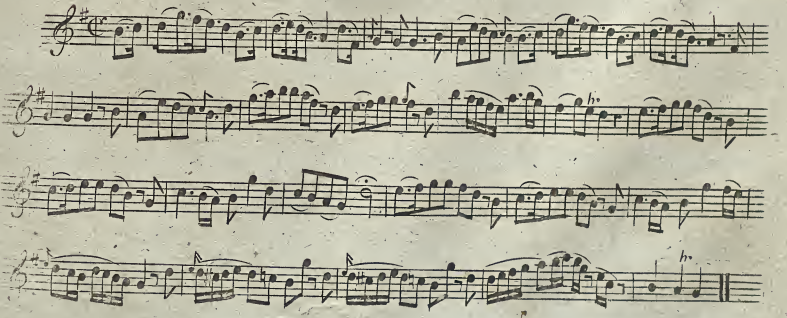
3

O! Nanny canst thou Love so true,
Thro' Perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy Swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of Woe;
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the Nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay Scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

4

And when at last thy Love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting Breath,
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with Smiles the bed of Death;
And wilt thou o'er his breathless Clay,
Strew Flow'rs and drop the tender Tear,
Nor then regret those Scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

For the German Flute.



THE BRIDAL MORN.

The Words

taken from the celebrated Poem of the

LORD OF THE ISLES,

Written by Walter Scott, Esq.r

THE MUSIC BY

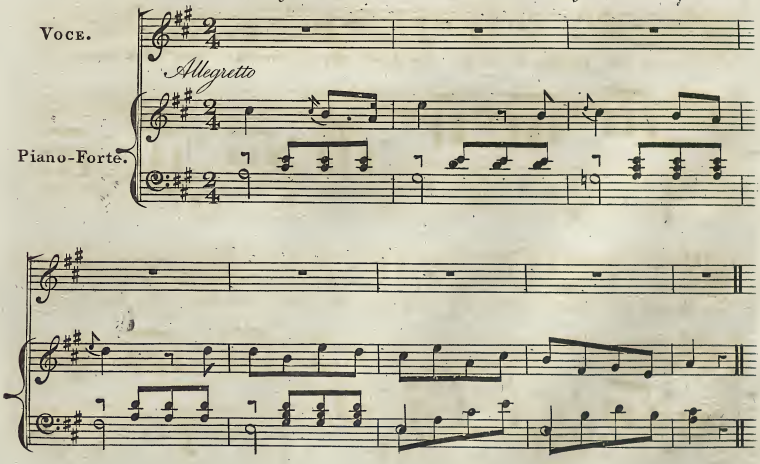
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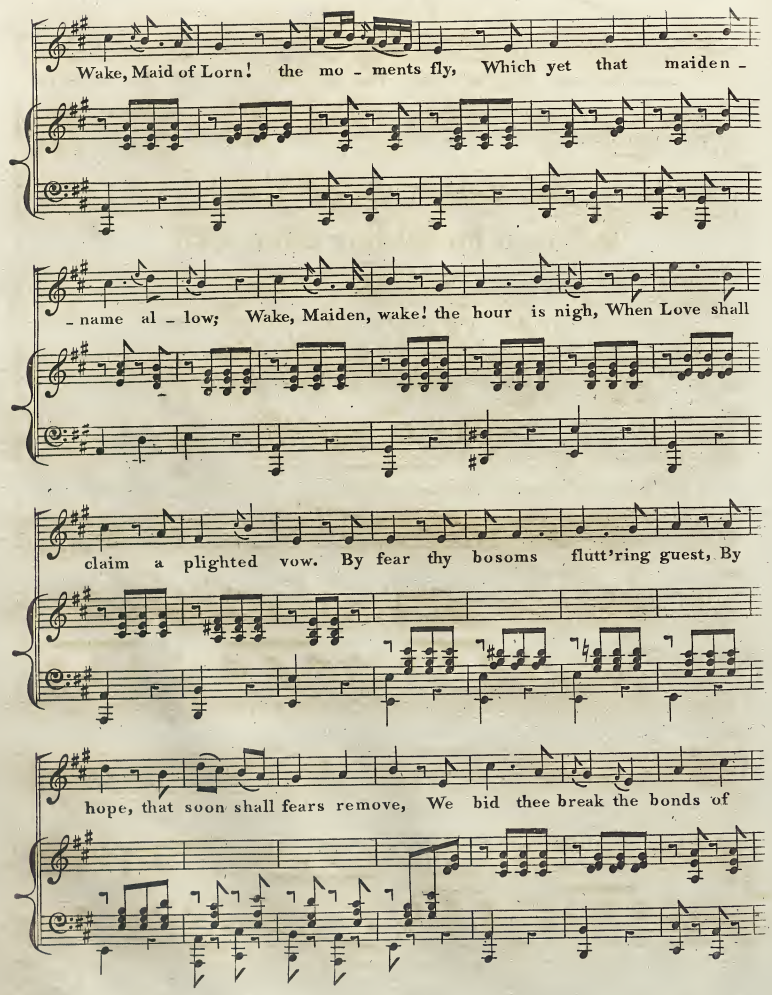
& inscribed with the greatest respect to

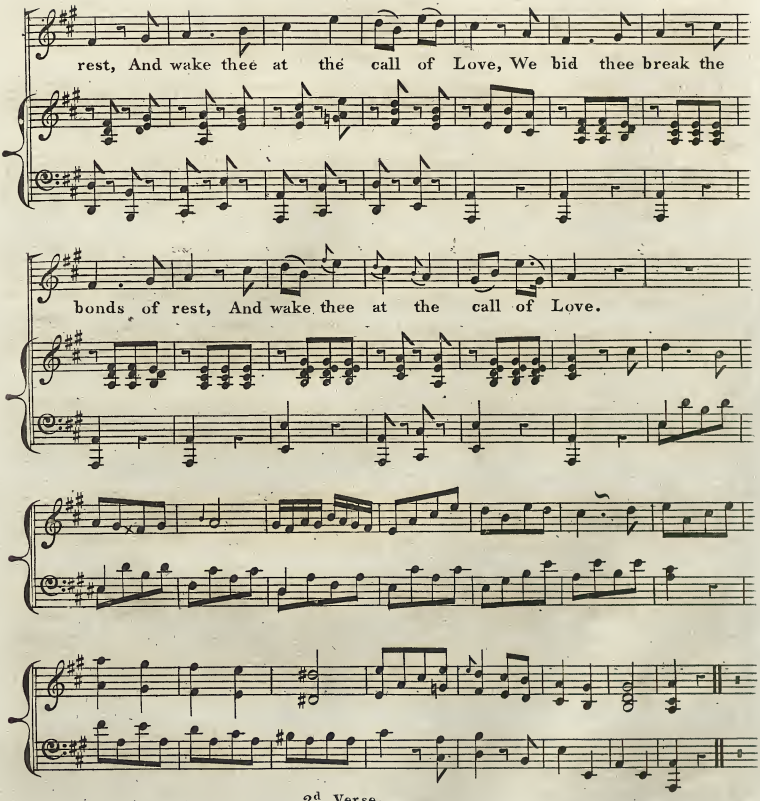
MISS F. MOORE.

Ent. Sta. Hall. Price 1/6

London, Printed for W.& D Galloway, Publishers of Classical Music, 12 & 13 Pulteney St.t Golden Sq.e




Wake, Maid of Lorn! the mo - ments fly, Which yet that maiden -
- name al - low; Wake, Maiden, wake! the hour is nigh, When Love shall
claim a plighted vow. By fear thy bosoms flutt'ring guest, By
hope, that soon shall fears remove, We bid thee break the bonds of



2d Verse.

Wake, Edith, wake! in yonder bay
Lies many a galley gaily mann'd,
We hear the merry pibrochs play,
We see the streamers silken band.
What Chieftain's praise these pibrochs swell,
What crest is on these banners wove,
The harp, the minstrel, dare not tell—
The riddle must be read by Love.

THE

Cypress Wreath,

from the Poem of

ROKEBY,

Written by

Walter Scott Esqr.

COMPOSED BY

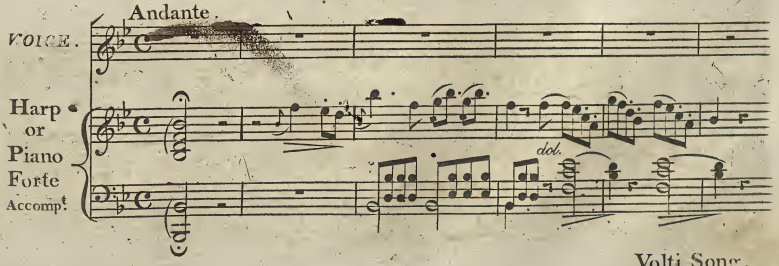
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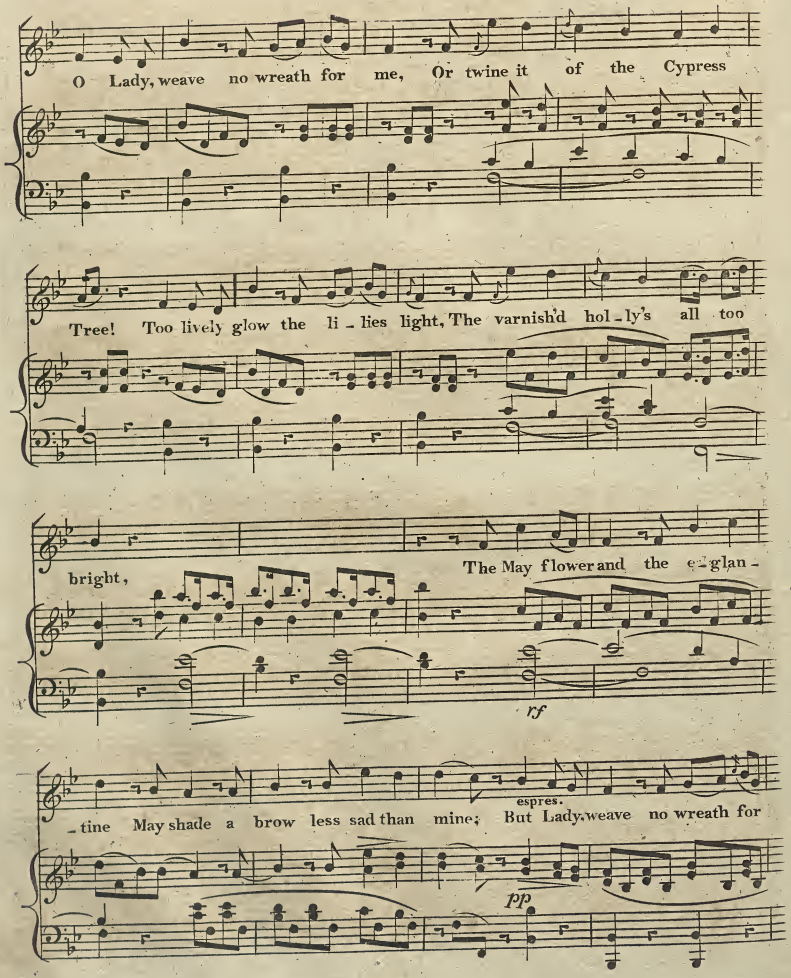
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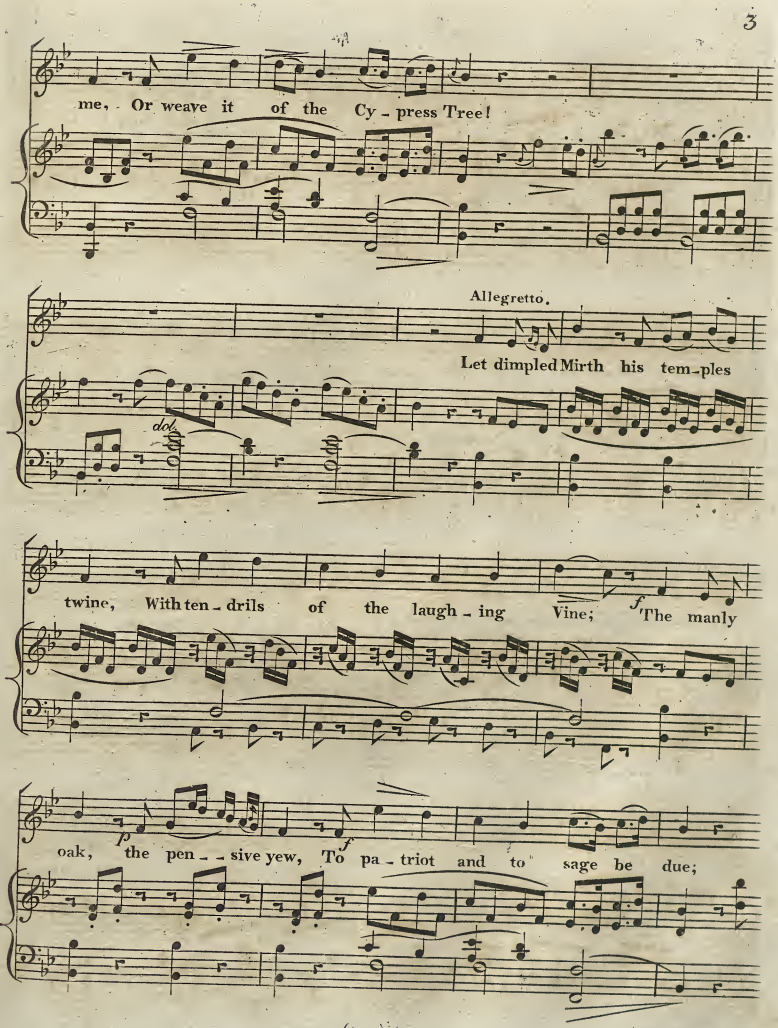
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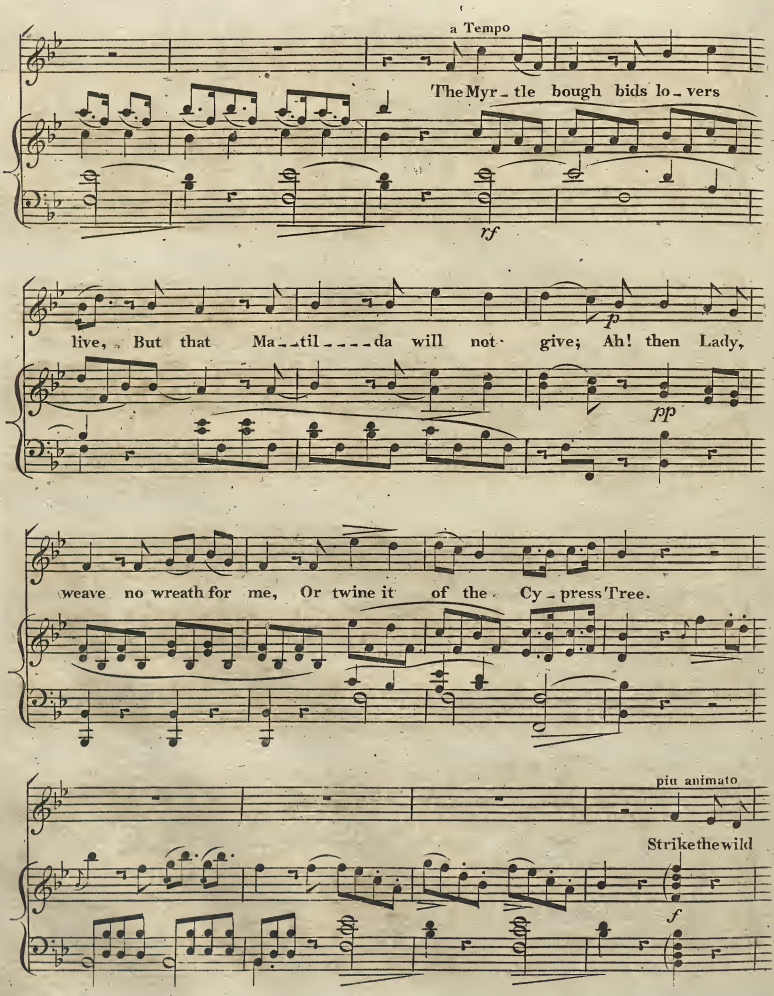
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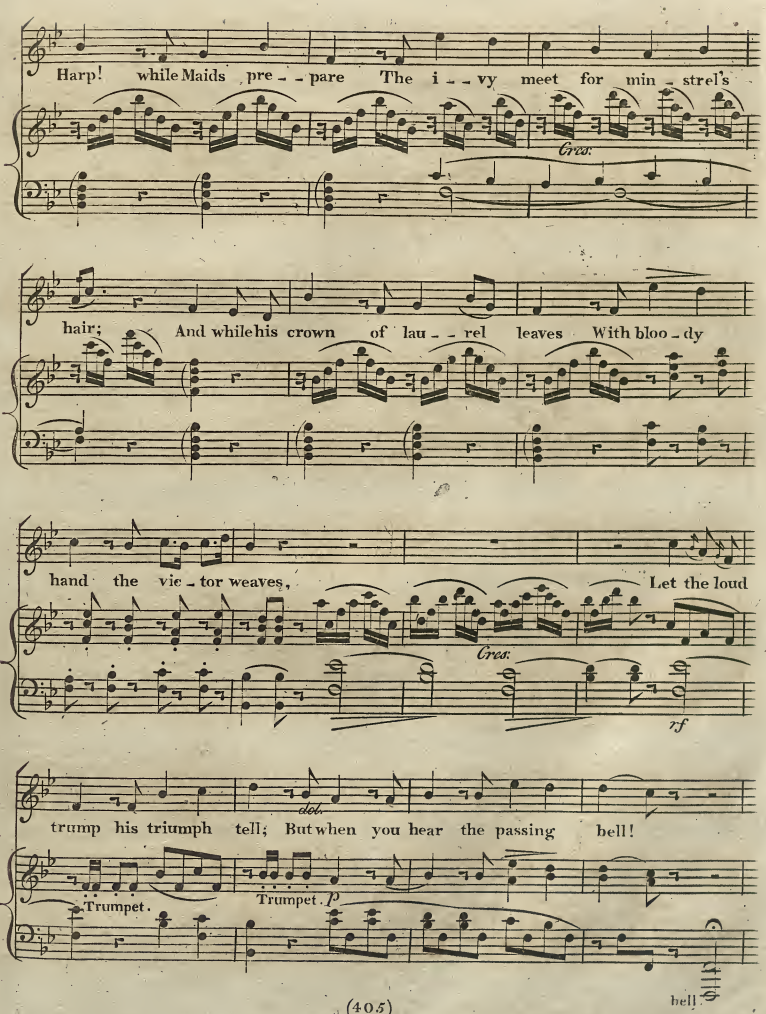
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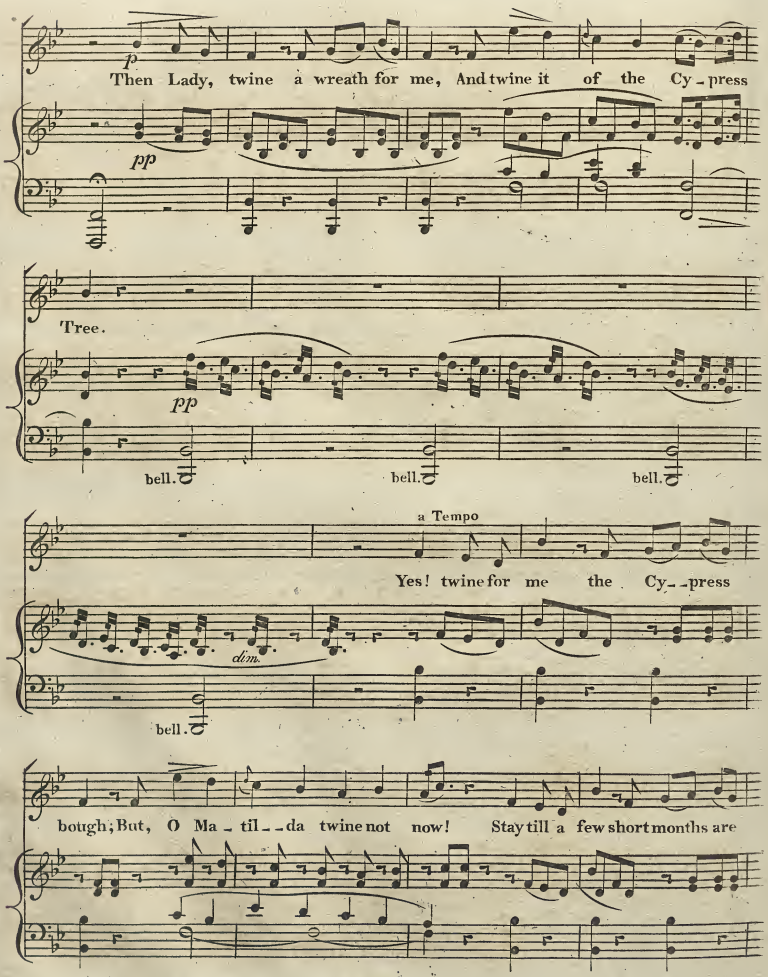


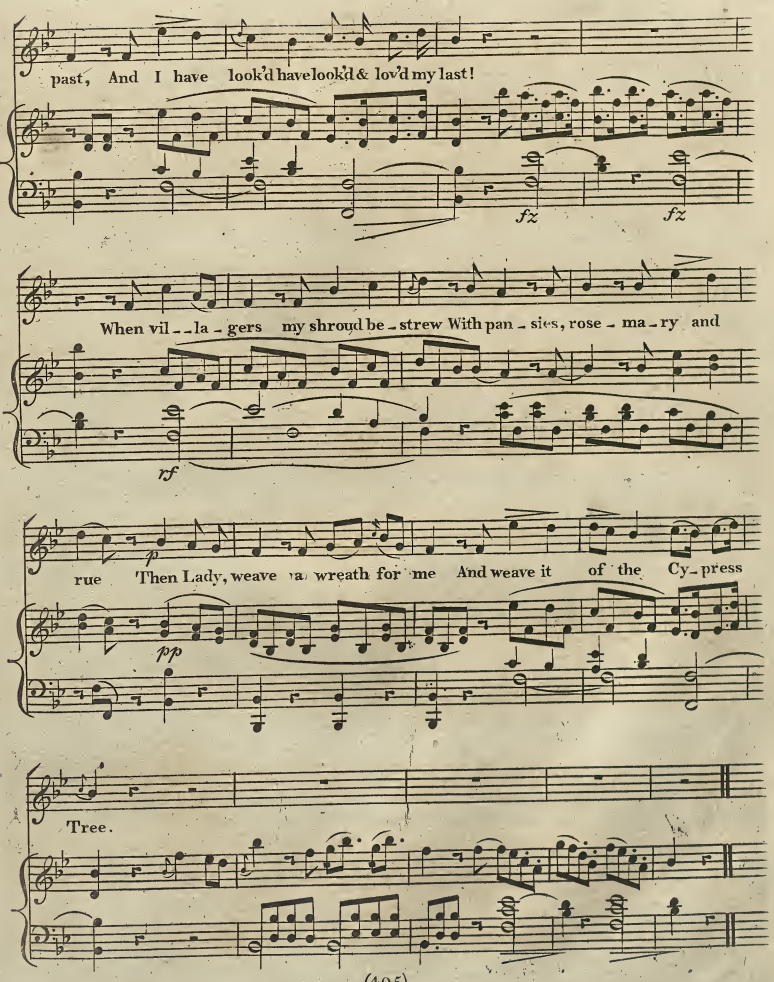

O Lady, weave no wreath for me, Or twine it of the Cypress
Tree! Too lively glow the li - lies light, The varnish'd hol - ly's all too
bright,
The May flower and the e - glan -
rf
espres.
- tine May shade a brow less sad than mine; But Lady, weave no wreath for
pp


me, Or weave it of the Cy - press Tree!
Allegretto.
Let dimpled Mirth his tem-ples
dol.
twine, With ten - drils of the laugh - ing Vine;
f
The manly
p
oak, the pen - - sive yew, To
f
pa - triot and to sage be due;


a Tempo
The Myr_tle bough bids lo_vers
rf
live, But that Ma_ _til_ _ _ _da will not give; Ah! then Lady,
p
pp
weave no wreath for me, Or twine it of the Cy_press Tree.
più animato
Strike the wild
f


Harp! while Maids pre - - pare The i - - vy meet for min - strel's
Cres.
hair; And while his crown of lau - - rel leaves With bloo - dy
hand the vie - tor weaves, Let the loud
Cres.
rf
dol.
trump his triumph tell; But when you hear the passing bell!
Trumpet.
Trumpet. p
bell


p
Then Lady, twine a wreath for me, And twine it of the Cy - press
pp
Tree.
pp
bell.
bell.
bell.
a Tempo
Yes! twine for me the Cy - - press
dim.
bell.
bough; But, O Ma - til - - da twine not now! Stay till a few short months are



(Published at Mitchell's Musical Library and Instrument Warehouse, 159 New Bond Street, opposite Clifford's)

MY HARP ALONE!

The Poetry from
The Celebrated Poem,

ROKEBY,

Written by

Walter Scott, Esqr.

Set to Music with an
Accompaniment for the

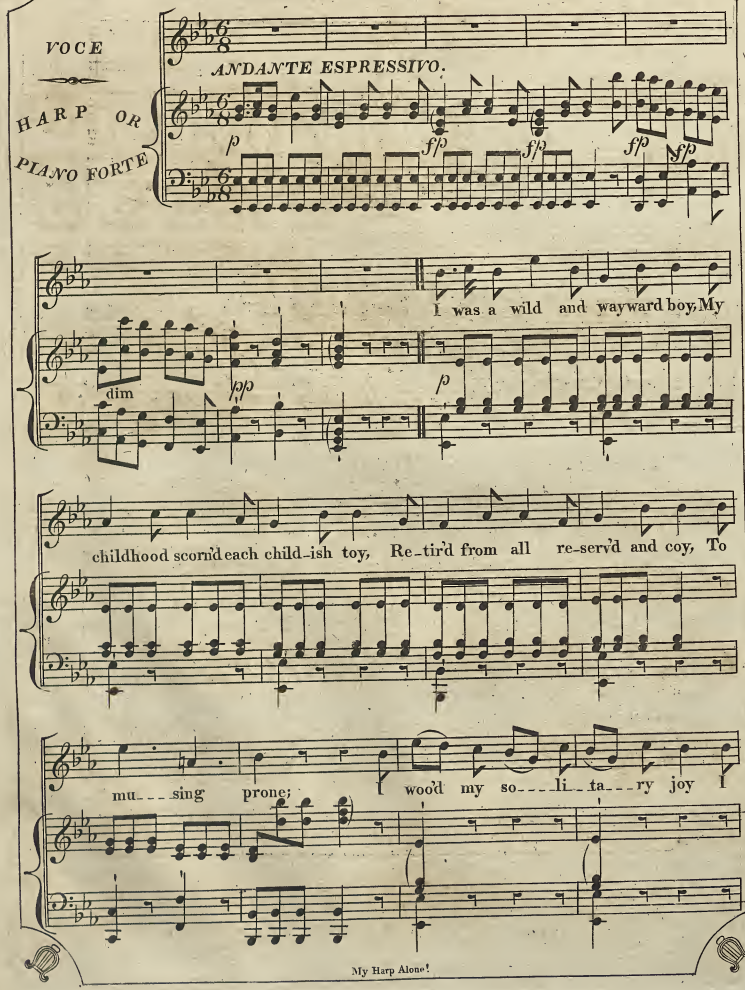
HARP, OR PIANO FORTE,

BY

John Whitaker.

Ent. at Stat. Hall. — LONDON — Price 1/6

Published by BUTTON & WHITAKER, 75 St. Pauls Church Yard.


VOCE
HARP OR PIANO FORTE
ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.
p
f/p
f/p
f/p
f/p
I was a wild and wayward boy, My
dim
pp
p
childhood scorn'd each child-ish toy, Re-tir'd from all re-serv'd and coy, To
mu---sing prone; I woo'd my so---li-ta---ry joy !

WITH EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY.

wood my so_li_ta_ry joy My Harp a____lone! My Harp a____

lone!

ff̄p ff̄p dim p̄p

SECOND VERSE.

My youth, with bold ambi_tions mood, Despis'd the hum_ble stream and wood, where

my poor Father's Cottage stood, To fame unknown What should my soaring views make good! what

WITH EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY.

should my soar_ing views make good? My Harp a___lone! My Harp a___lone!

THIRD VERSE.

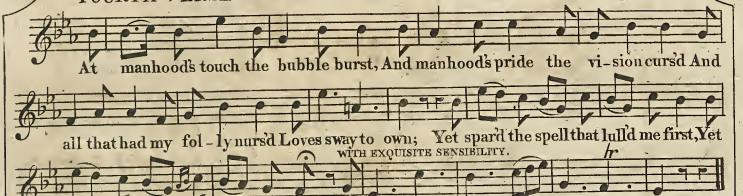
Love came with all his fran_tic fire, and wild romance of vain de_sire; The

Baron's daughter heard my Lyre and prais'd the tone, What could presumptuous hope inspire? What

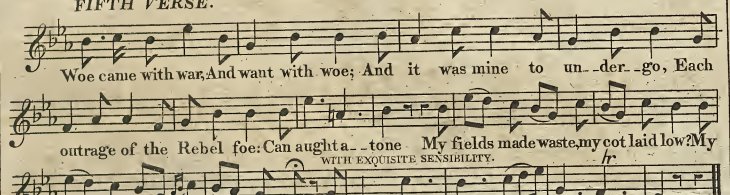
WITH EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY.

could presumptuous hope inspire? My Harp a___lone! My Harp a___lone!

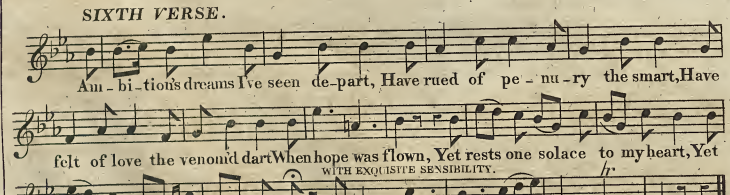
FOURTH VERSE.



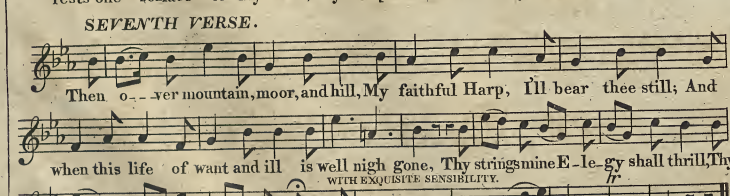
FIFTH VERSE.



SIXTH VERSE.



SEVENTH VERSE.



The Cavalier,

The Poetry from

ROKEBY,

Written by

Walter Scott, Esq.r

Composed

With an Accompaniment, for the

HARP OR PIANO FORTE

And Dedicated to

Miss Bond OF Ditchleys,

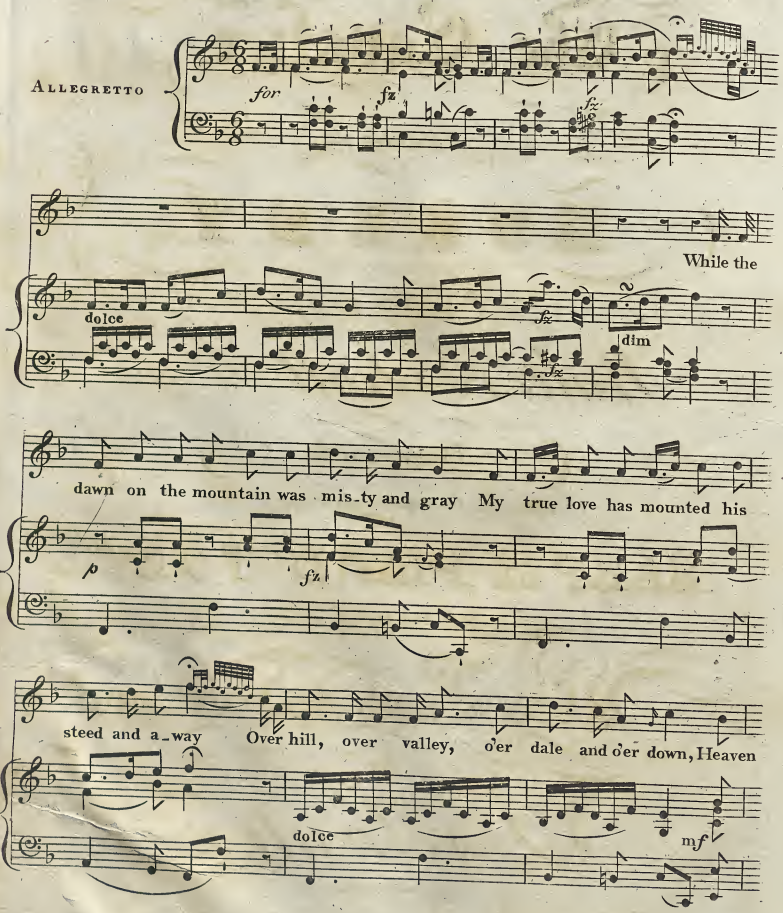
by

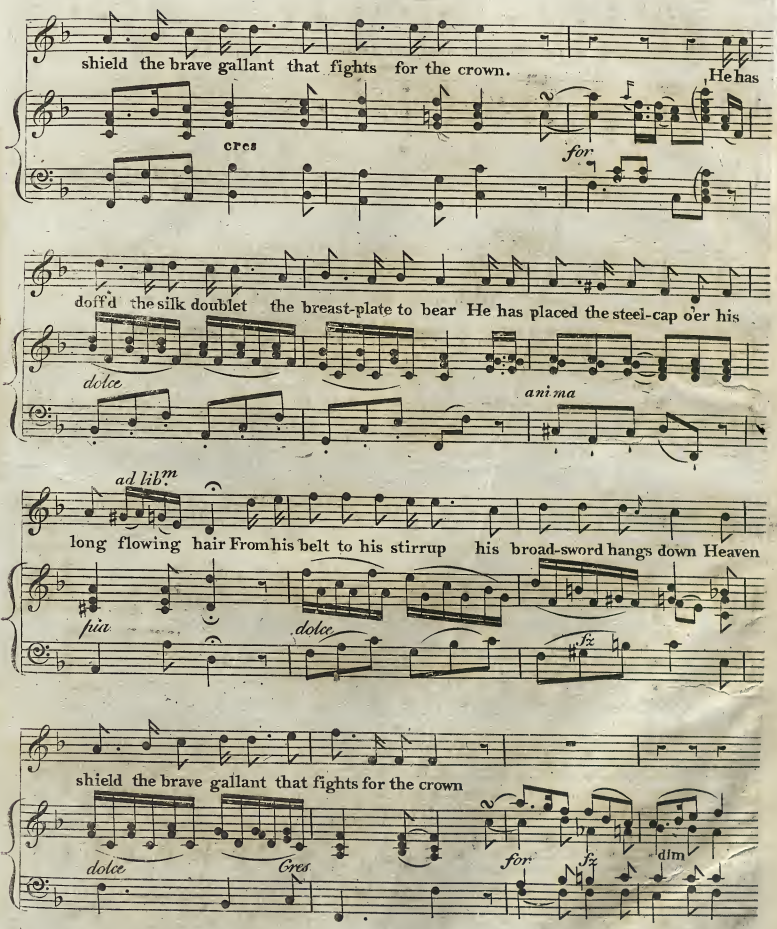
I. Hunter.

1.6d

London, Printed for the Author, by Clementi & Compy 26, Cheapside.

THE CAVALIER




shield the brave gallant that fights for the crown. He has
cres
for
doff'd the silk doublet the breast-plate to bear He has placed the steel-cap o'er his
dolce
anima
ad lib.m
long flowing hair From his belt to his stirrup his broad-sword hangs down Heaven
pia
dolce
fz
shield the brave gallant that fights for the crown
dolce
Cres
for
fz
dim

SECOND VERSE

For the rights of fair England that broad sword he draws His KING is his Leader her

fz

Church is his cause His watchword is honor, his pay is re-nown-God

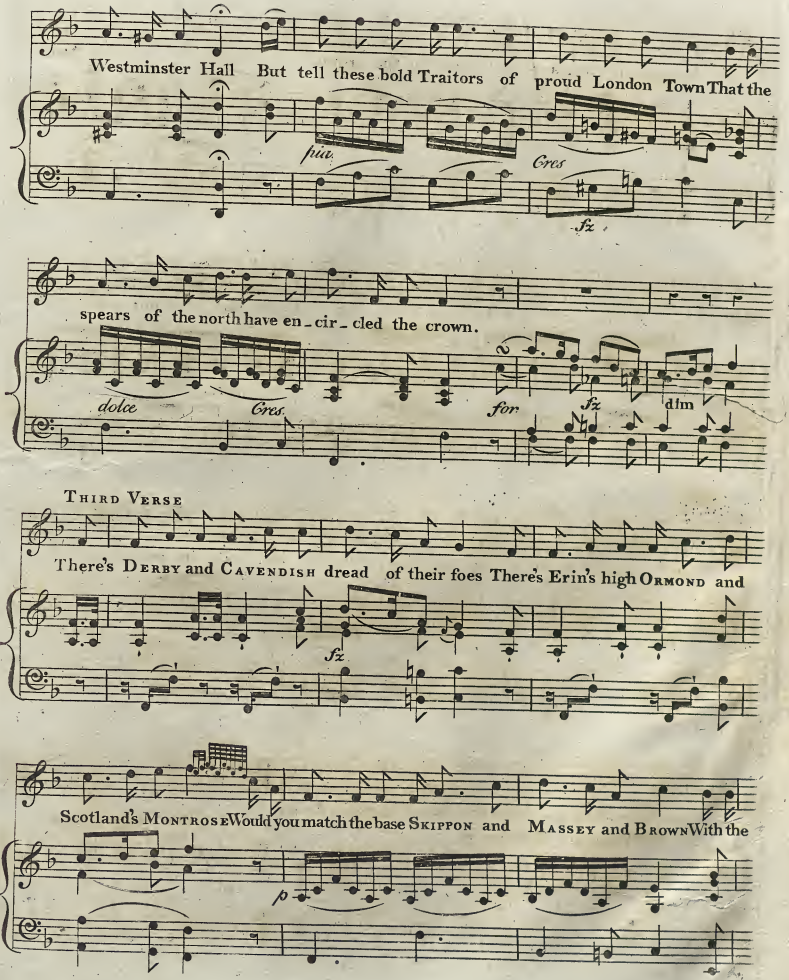
cres p

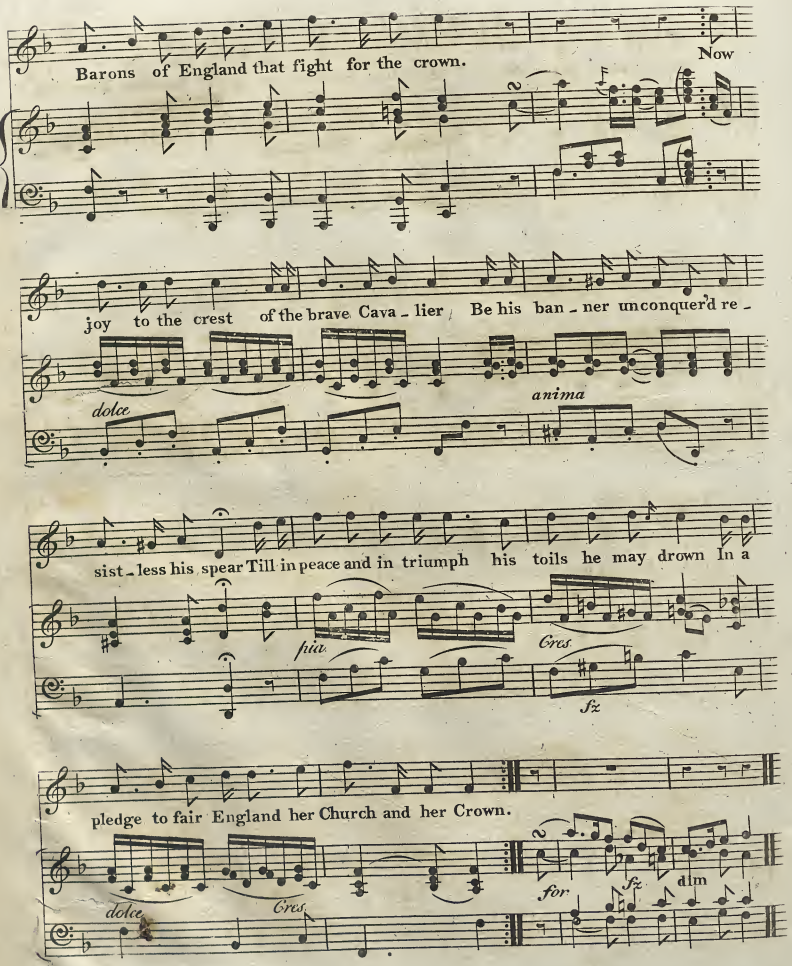
strike with the gallant that strikes for the crown. They may

fz Cres

boast of their FAIRFAX their WALLER's and all The round headed Rebels of

dolce anima


Westminster Hall But tell these bold Traitors of proud London Town That the
piu.
Cres
fz
spears of the north have en-cir-cled the crown.
dolce
Cres.
for
fz
dim
THIRD VERSE
There's DERBY and CAVENDISH dread of their foes There's Erin's high ORMOND and
fz
Scotland's MONTROSE Would you match the base SKIPPON and MASSEY and BROWN With the
p


Barons of England that fight for the crown.
Now
joy to the crest of the brave Cava - lier Be his ban - ner unconquer'd re -
dolce
anima
sist - less his spear Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown In a
pia
Cres
fz
pledge to fair England her Church and her Crown.
dolce
Cres
for
fz
dim

ALLEN-A-DALE,

From the Celebrated Poem,

Rokeby,

Written by

WALTER SCOTT ESQ.R

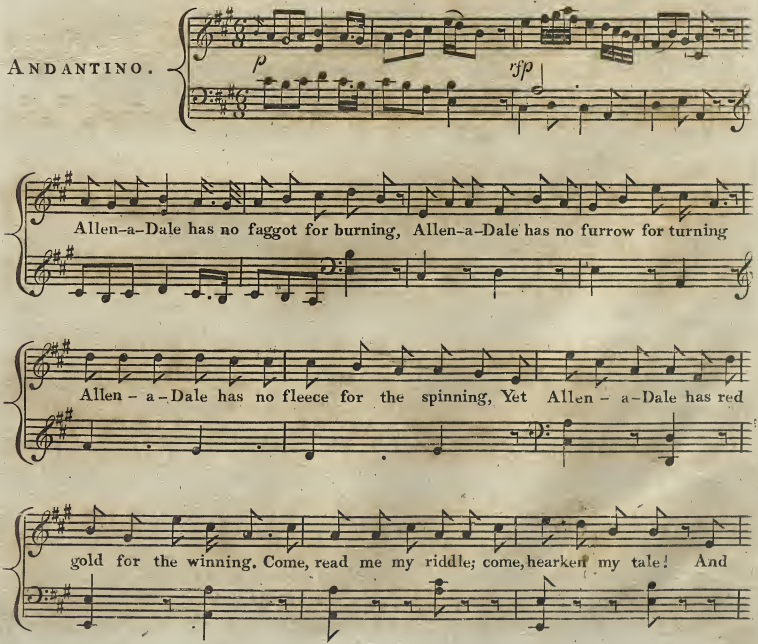
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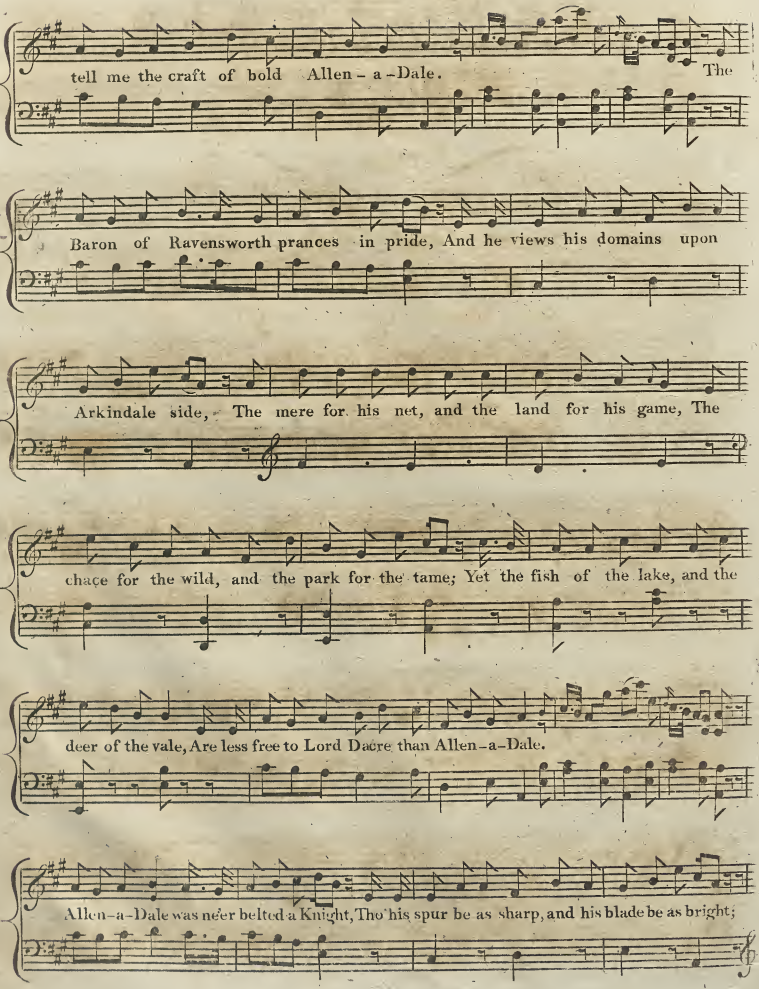
But.r at Stat Hall.

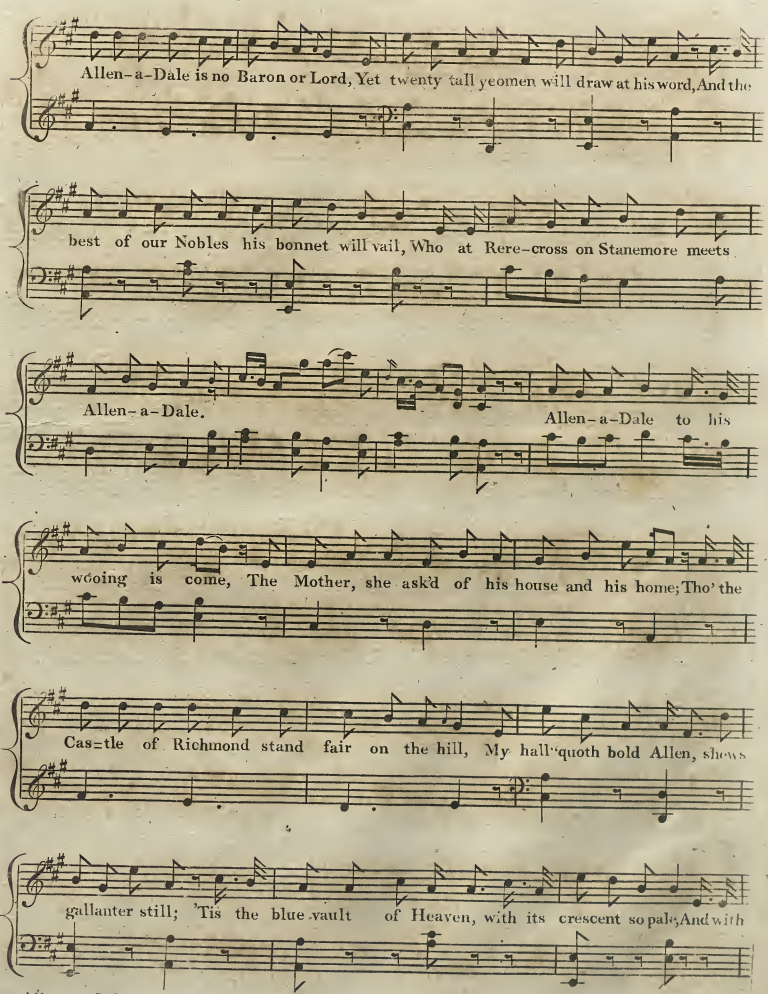
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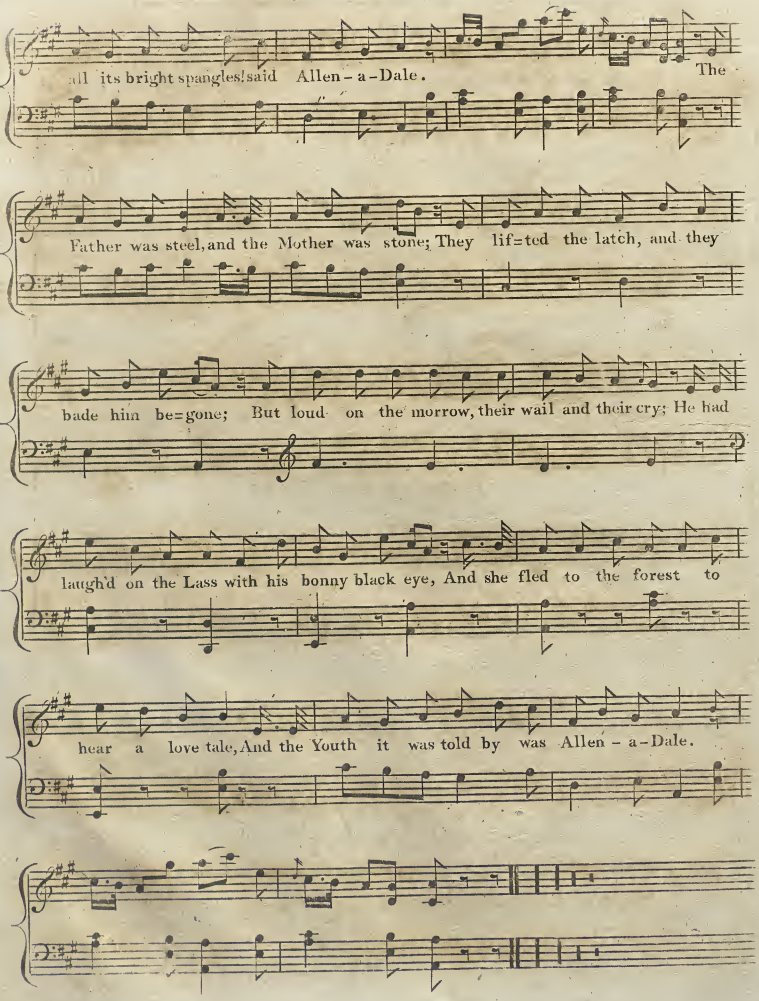
Price 1/6.

London, Printed by Goulding & Co.r 20, Soho Square & 7, Westmorland St. Dublin.




tell me the craft of bold Allen – a-Dale. The
Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride, And he views his domains upon
Arkindale side, The mere for his net, and the land for his game, The
chace for the wild, and the park for the tame; Yet the fish of the lake, and the
deer of the vale, Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.
Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a Knight, Tho' his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;


Allen-a-Dale is no Baron or Lord, Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word, And the
best of our Nobles his bonnet will vail, Who at Rere-cross on Stanemore meets
Allen-a-Dale.
Allen-a-Dale to his
wooing is come, The Mother, she ask'd of his house and his home; Tho' the
Cas=tle of Richmond stand fair on the hill, My hall quoth bold Allen, shews
gallanter still; 'Tis the blue vault of Heaven, with its crescent so pale, And with


all its bright spangles! said Allen-a-Dale. The
Father was steel, and the Mother was stone; They lif=ted the latch, and they
bade him be=gone; But loud on the morrow, their wail and their cry: He had
laugh'd on the Lass with his bonny black eye, And she fled to the forest to
hear a love tale, And the Youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

No. 1.

THE HARPER'S FIRST SONG.

from the

Celebrated Poem

Rokeby

Written by

Walter Scott Esq.r

Composed by

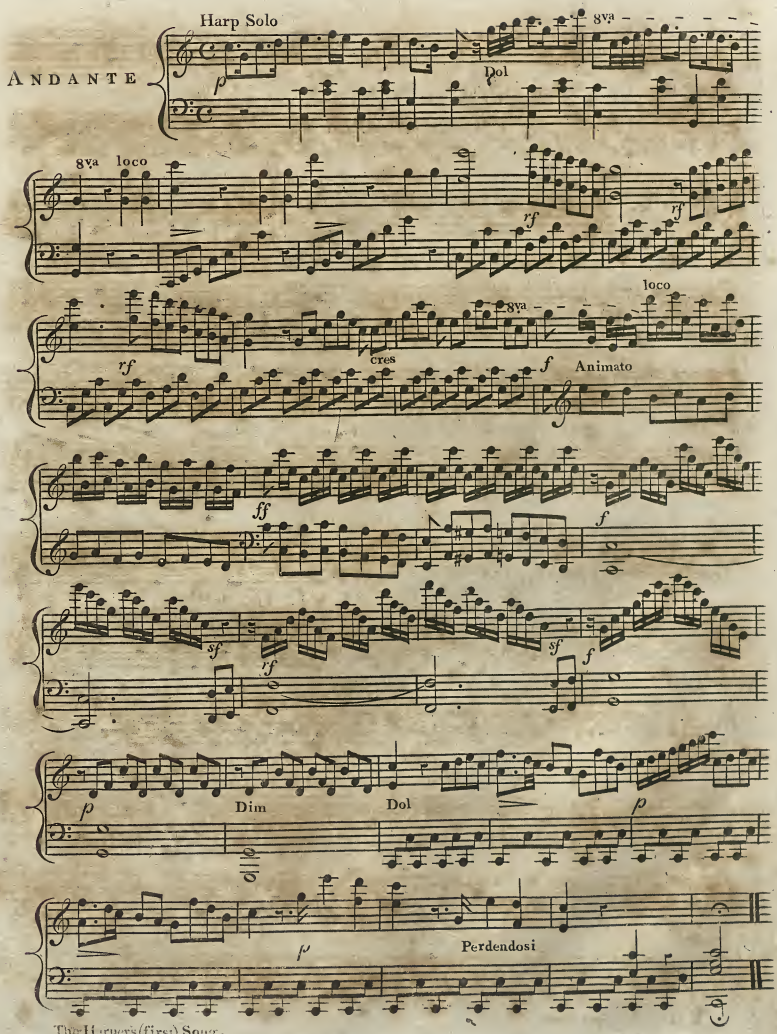
J. MAZZINGHI.

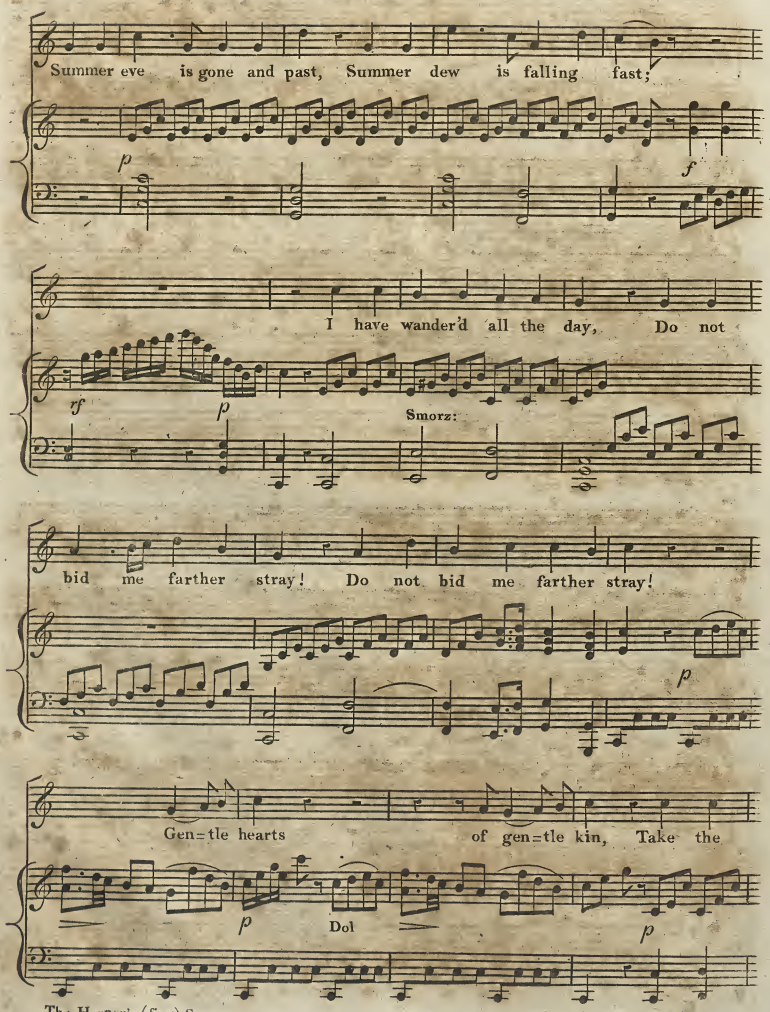
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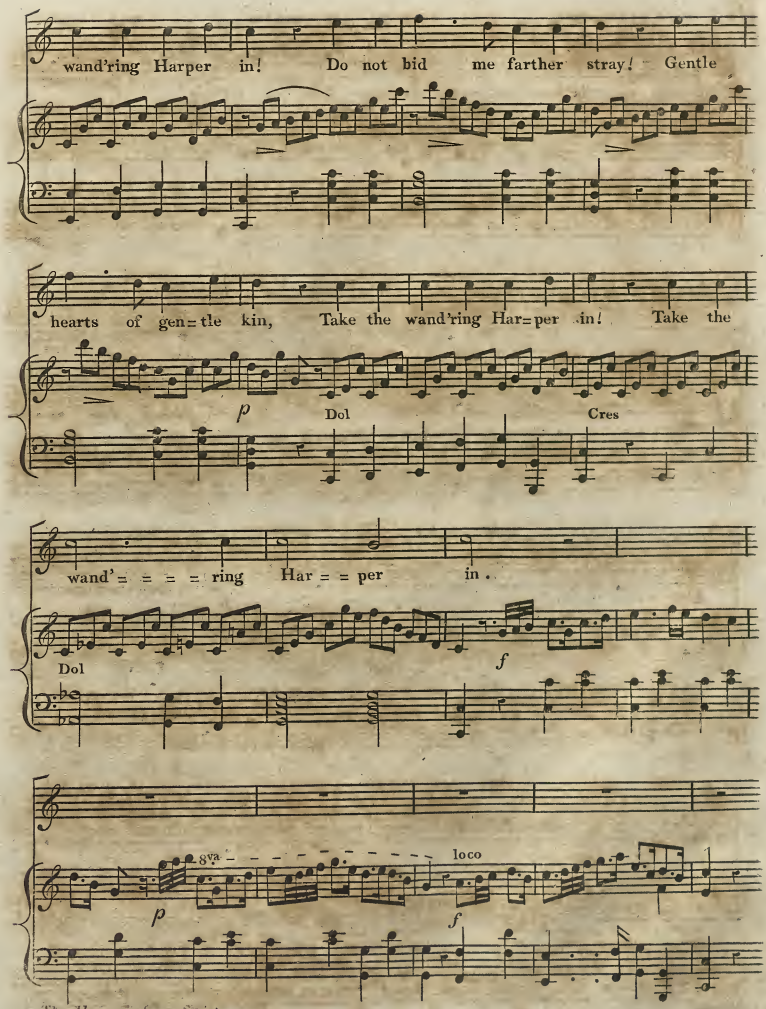


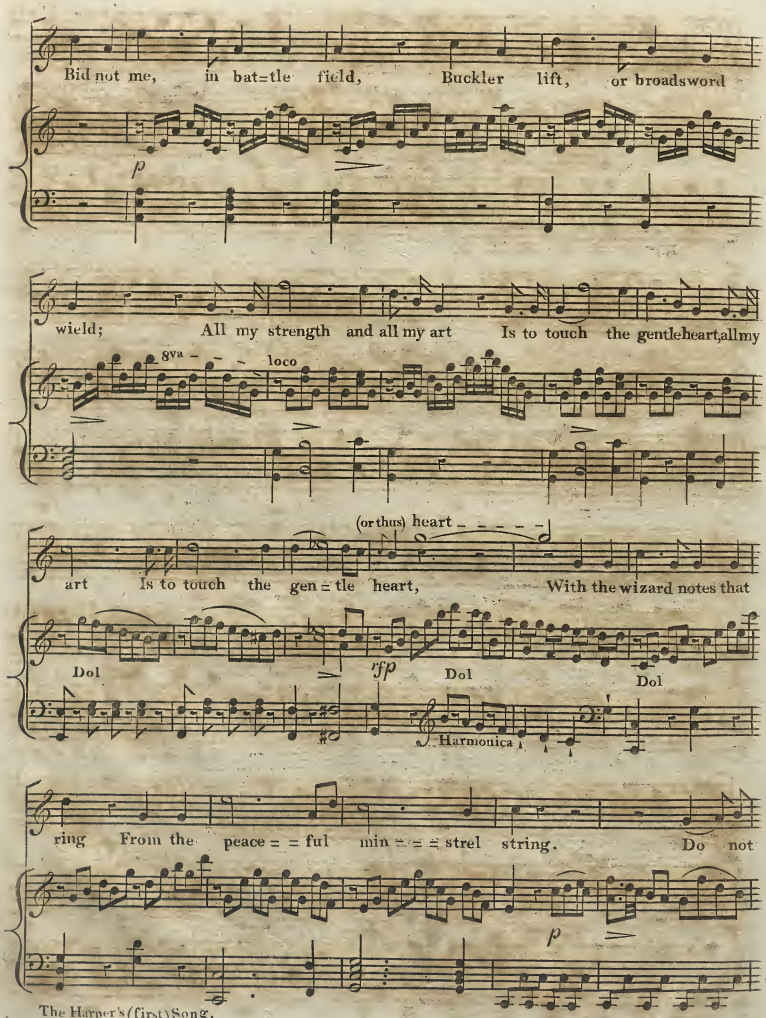
The Harper's (first) Song.


Harp Solo
ANDANTE
8va
Dol
8va loco
rf
ff
cres
f
Animato
loco
ff
sf
Dim
Dol
Perdendosi

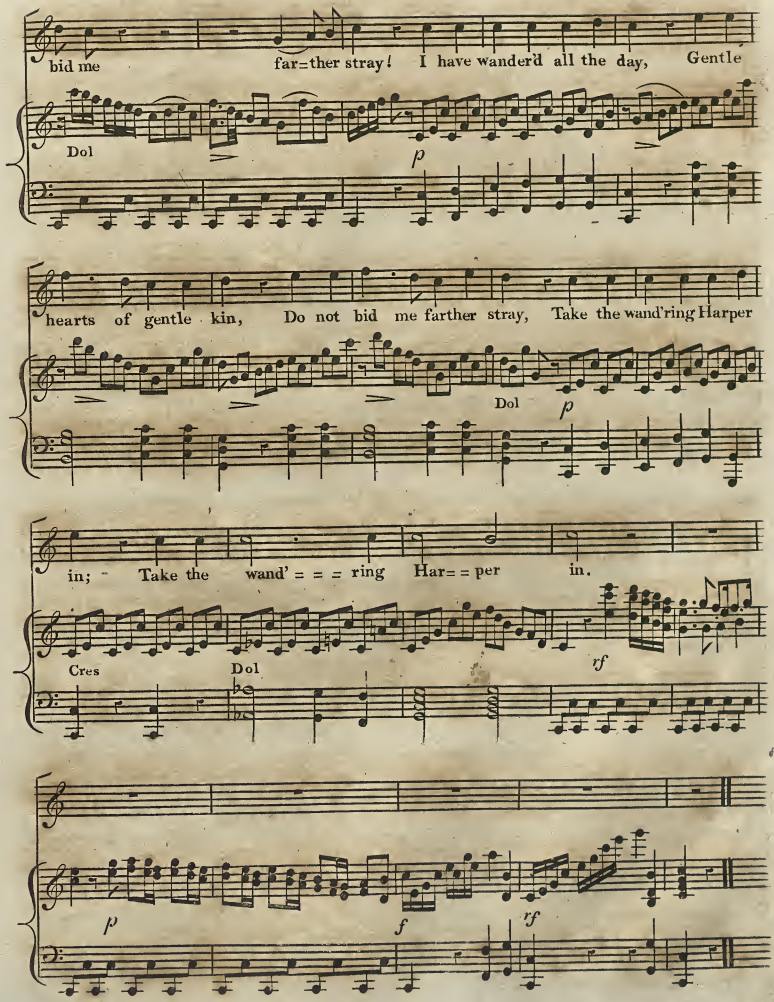


The Harper's (first) Song.


wand'ring Harper in! Do not bid me farther stray! Gentle
hearts of gen=tle kin, Take the wand'ring Har=per in! Take the
p
Dol
Cres
wand'= = = = ring Har = = per in.
Dol
f
8va
loco
p
f



The Harper's (first) Song.


bid me far=ther stray! I have wander'd all the day, Gentle
Dol
p
hearts of gentle kin, Do not bid me farther stray, Take the wand'ring Harper
Dol
p
in; Take the wand' = = = ring Har= = per in.
Cres
Dol
rf
p
f
rf

No. 2.

THE HARPER'S SECOND SONG.

from the

Celebrated Poem

Rokeby.

Written by

Walter Scott Esq.r

Composed by

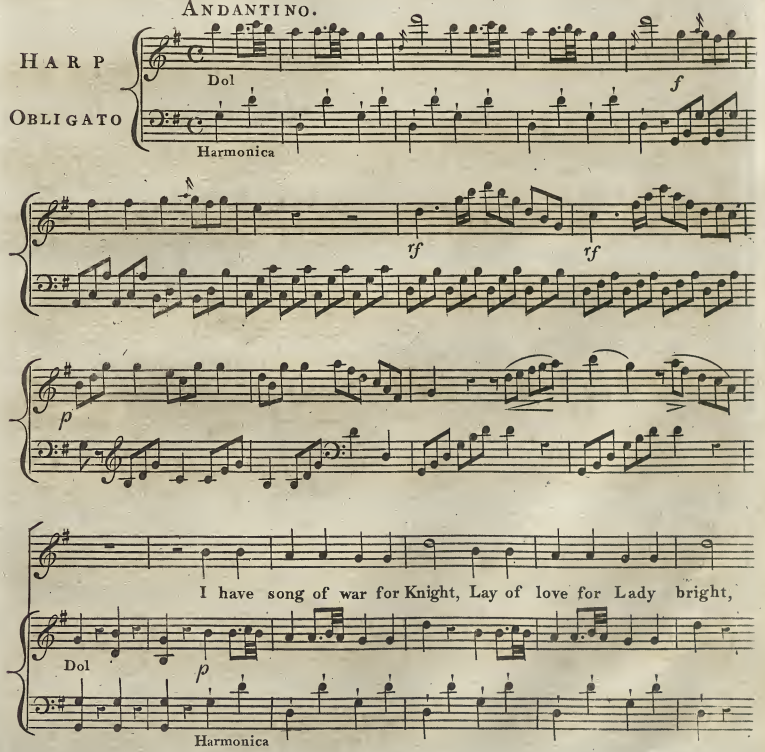
J. MAZZINGHI.

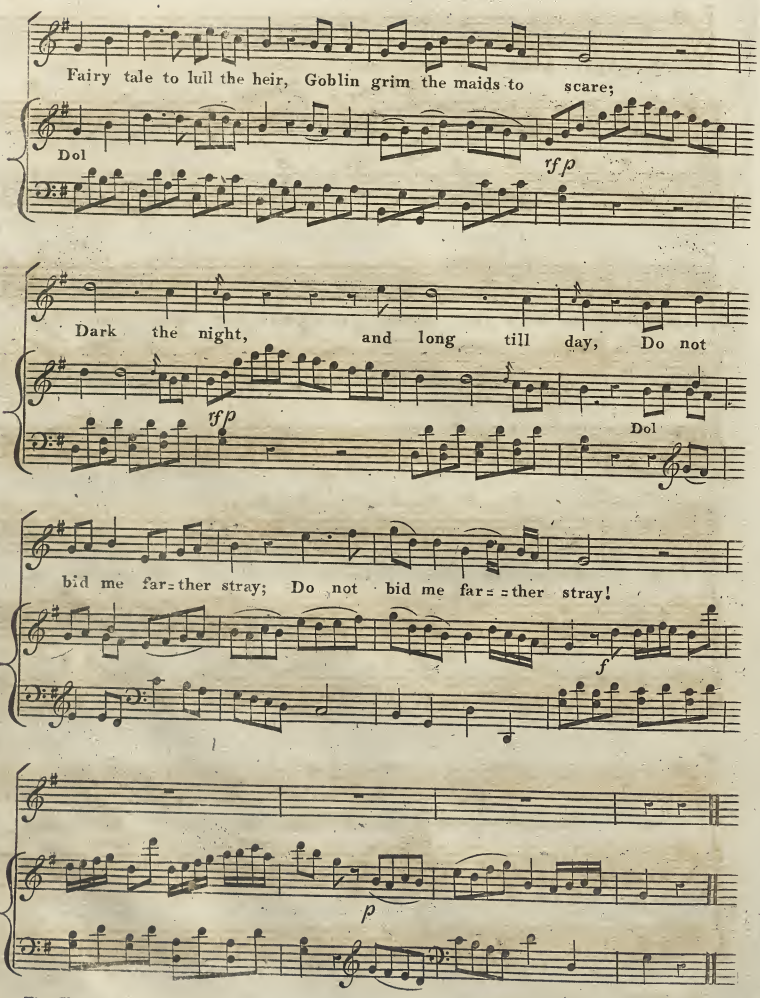
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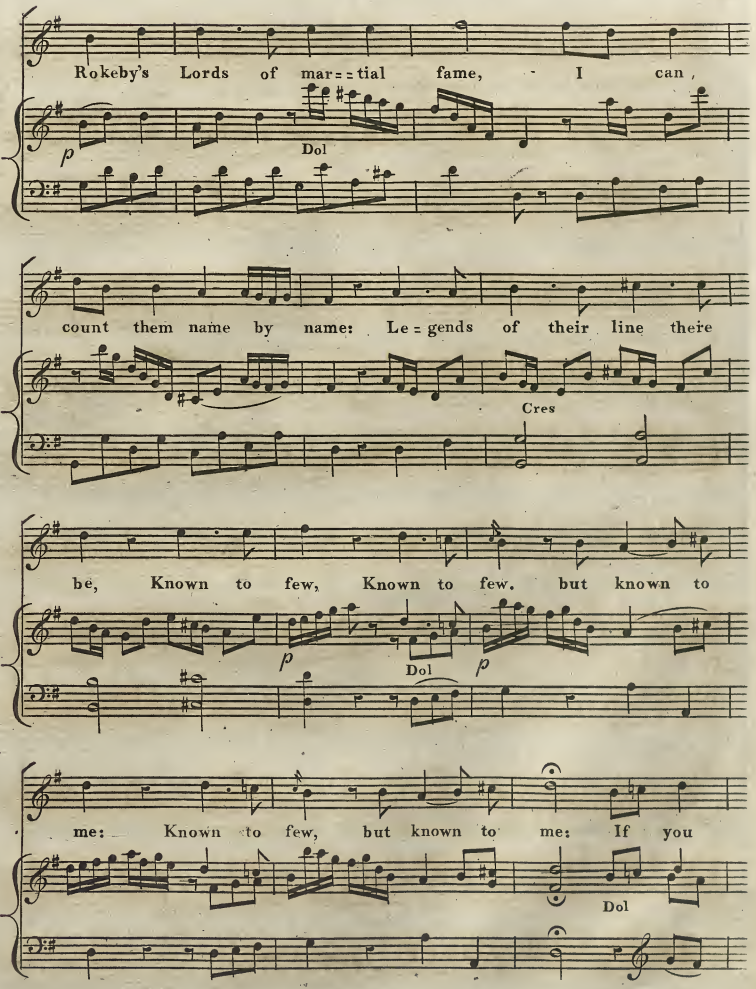
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The Harper's Second Song.

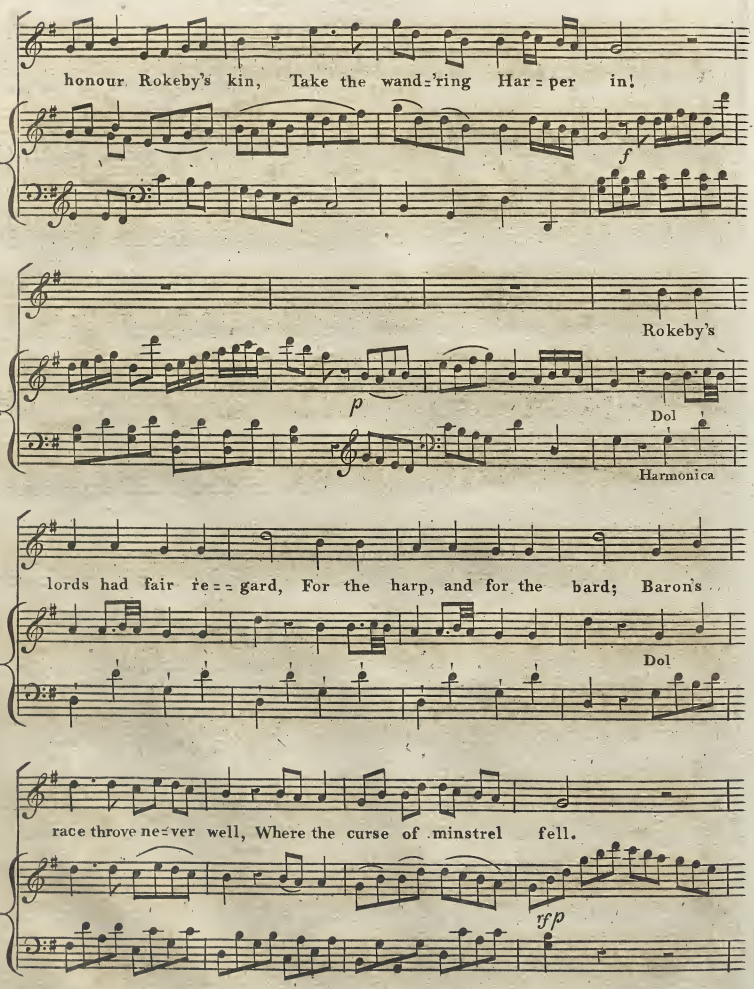




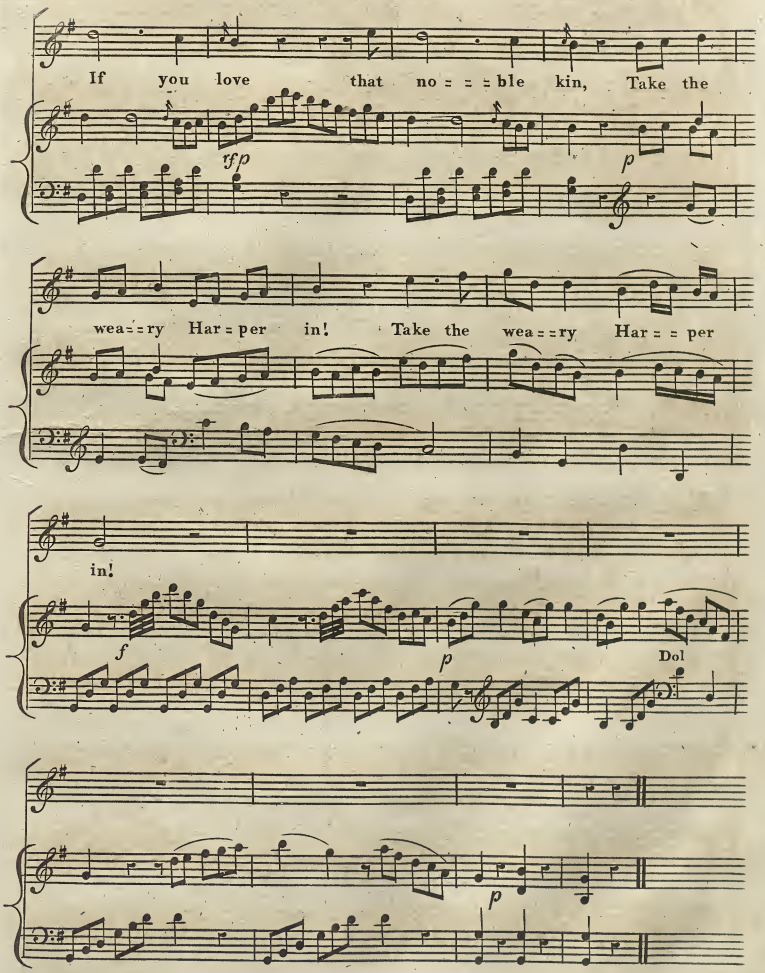
The Harper's (Second) Song.



The Harper's (Second) Song.



The Harper's (Second) Song.



The Harper's (Second) Song.

22.

SURE THE ROSE IS LIKE A SIGH!

A favorite Song,

Sung by Mrs. H. Johnstone

in the Opera of the

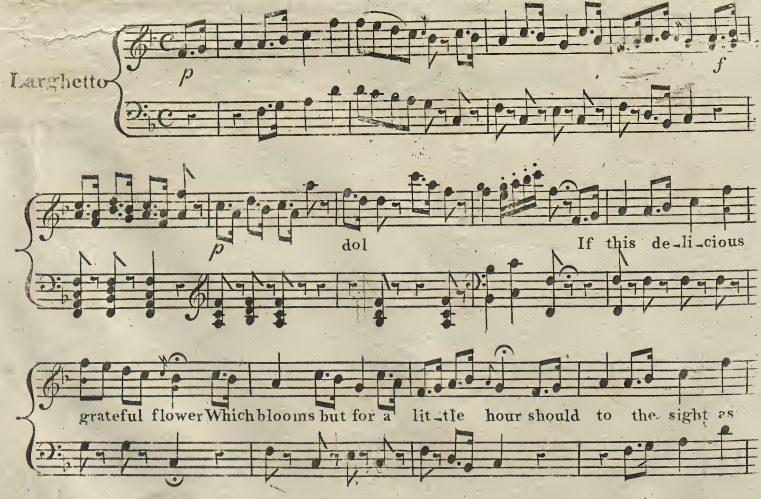
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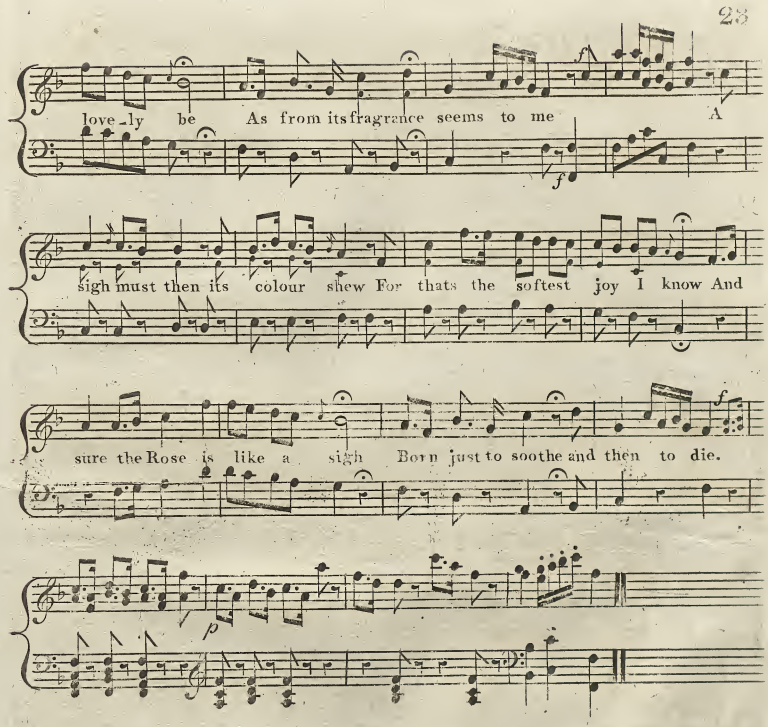
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T. Mazzinghi.

Price 1s/-

Sold by C. MITCHELL, at his Musical Circulating Library,
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2

My father when our fortunes smiled
With jewels decked his sightless child
Their glittering worth the world might see
But ah! they shed no sweets for me
Still as the present failed to charm
The trickling drop bedewed my arm
And sure the gem to me most dear
Was a kind fathers pitying tear.

Jane Shirreff

The Captive to his Bird

A favorite Song

Sung with universal applause by

Mr. Incledon,

in his New Entertainment call'd

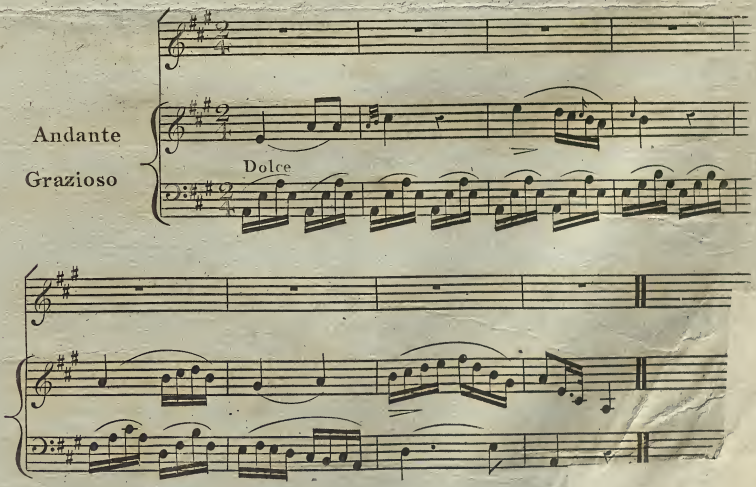
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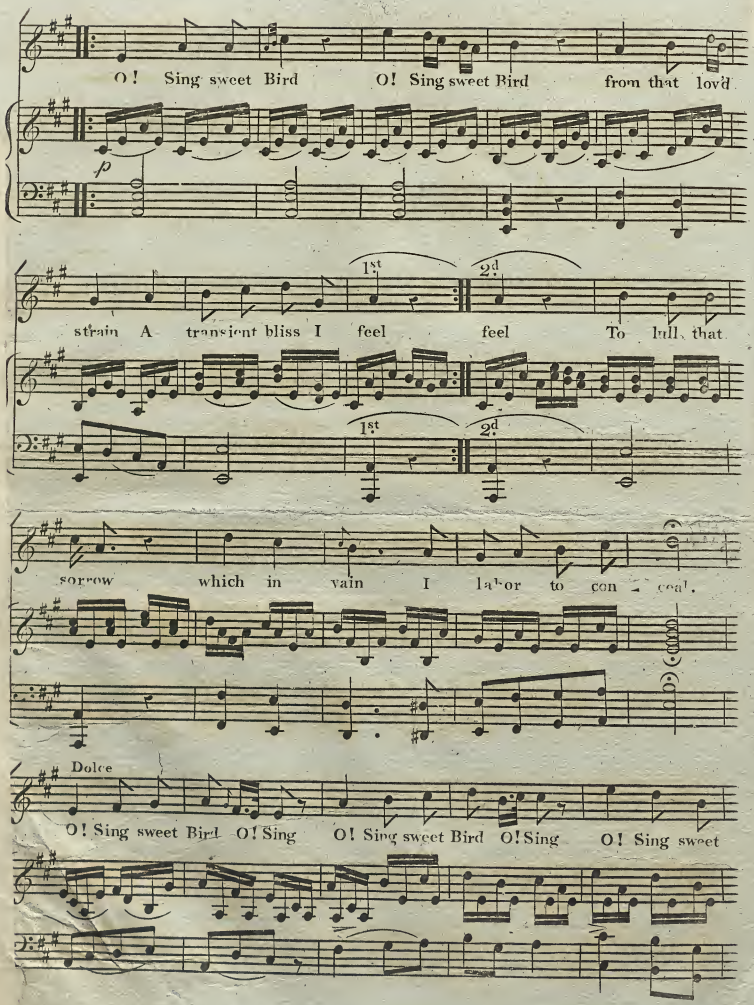
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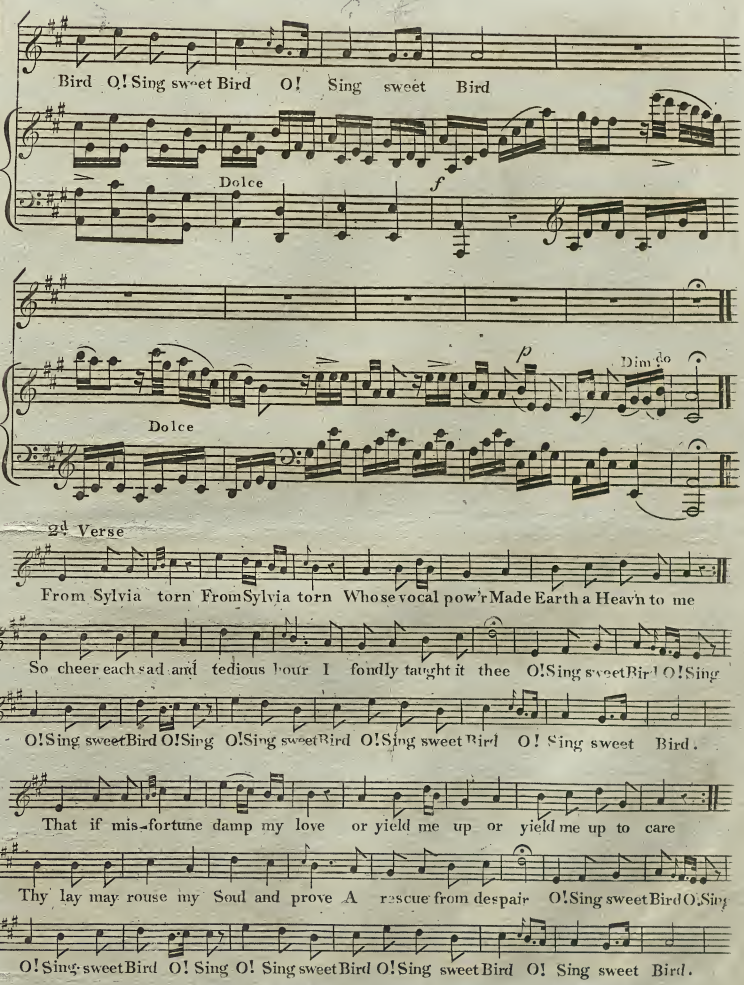
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Pr. 1s/-

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O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing sweet Bird from that lovd
p
1st
2d
strain A transient bliss I feel feel To lull that
1st
2d
sorrow which in vain I la-bor to con - ceal.
Dolce
O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing O! Sing sweet


Bird O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing sweet Bird
Dolce
f
p
Dim do
Dolce
2d Verse
From Sylvia torn From Sylvia torn Whose vocal pow'r Made Earth a Heav'n to me
So cheer each sad and tedious hour I fondly taught it thee O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing
O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing sweet Bird.
That if mis-fortune damp my love or yield me up or yield me up to care
Thy lay may rouse my Soul and prove A rescue from despair O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing
O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing sweet Bird.



THE

WOOD PECKER,

A Ballad.

Written by Thomas Moore Esq.r

and Sung by

Mr. BRAHAM,

at the

New Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

Composed & Dedicated

TO.

Miss Louisa Jones,

BY

MICHAEL KELLY.

Ent.d at Sta.rs Hall.

LONDON,

Price 2 -

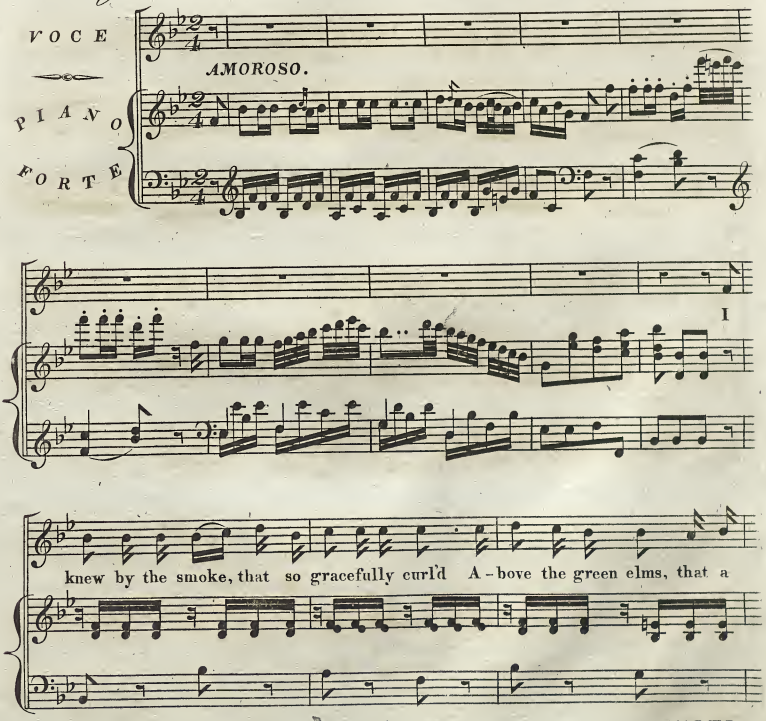
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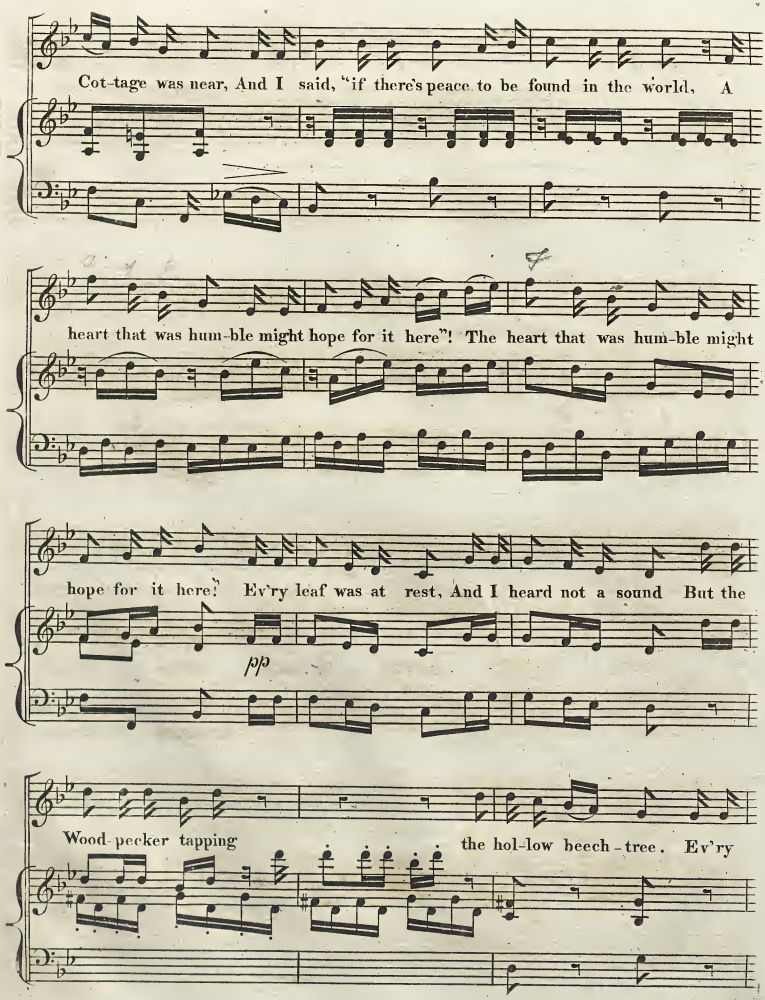
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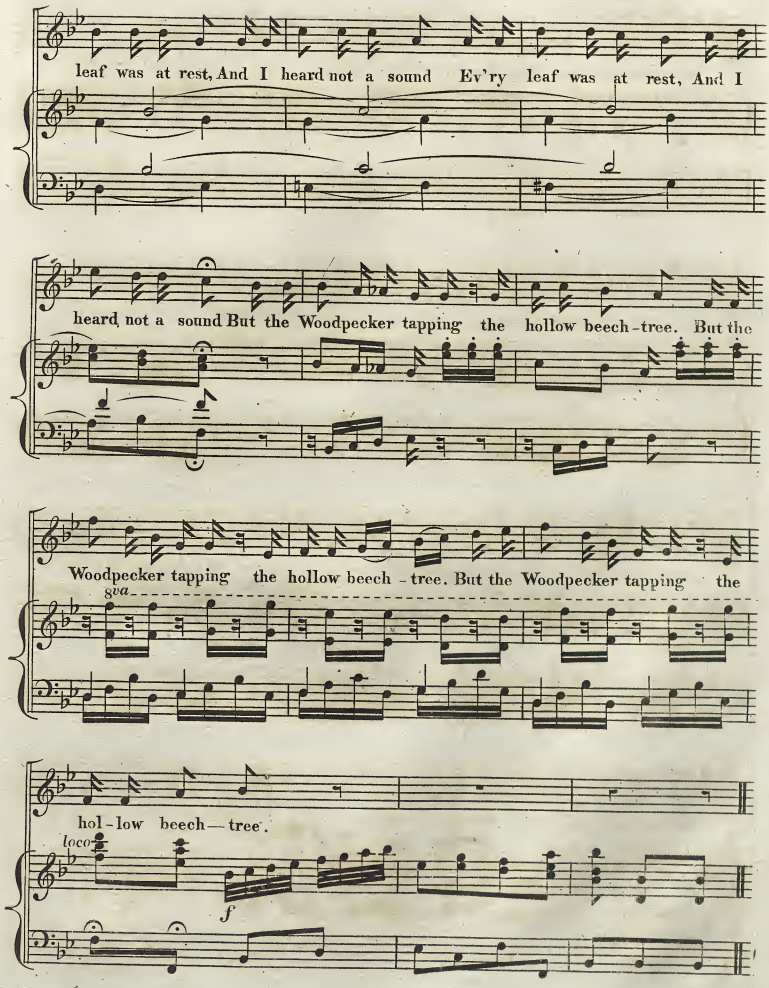
Michael Kelly

THE WOOD-PECKER.

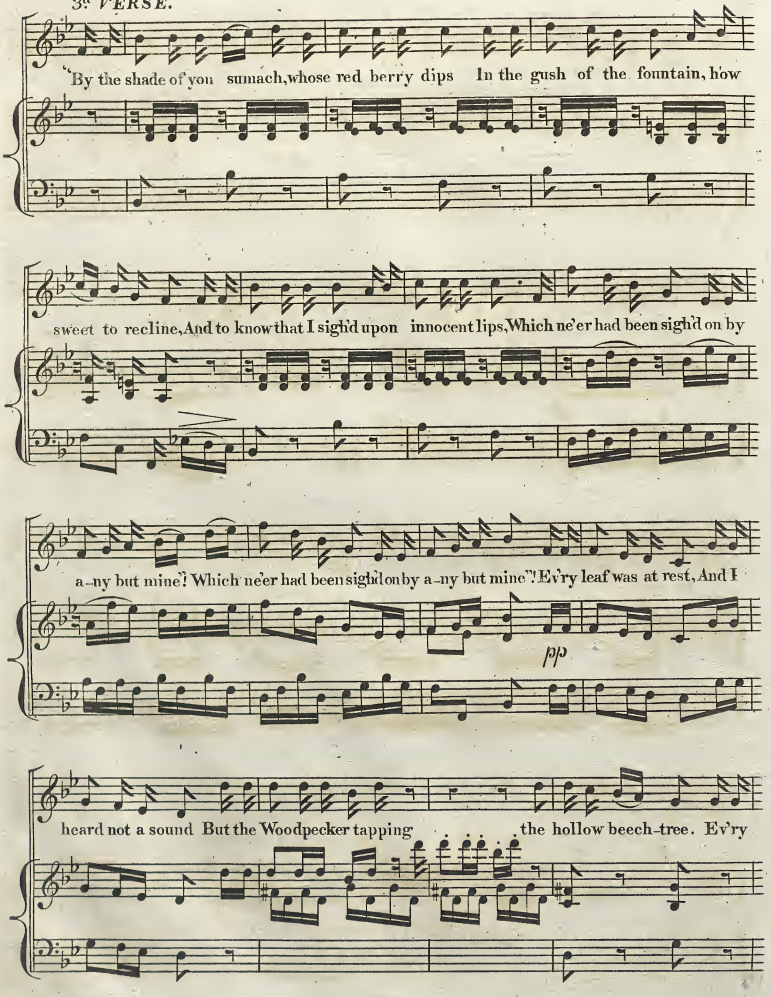
Music by Michael Kelly. *Words by Thomas Moore Esq.*

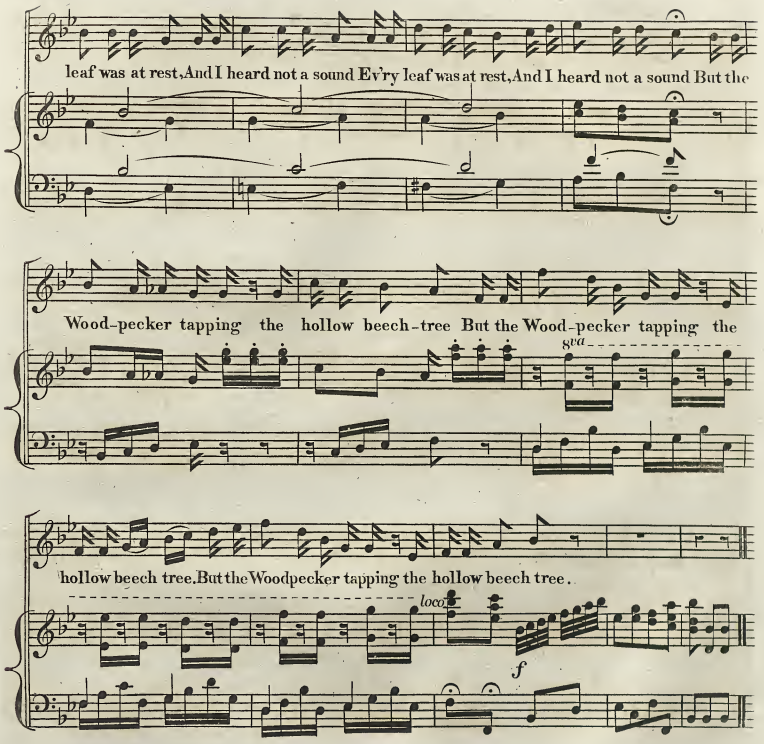



Cot-tage was near, And I said, "if there's peace to be found in the world, A
heart that was hum-ble might hope for it here"! The heart that was hum-ble might
hope for it here! Ev'ry leaf was at rest, And I heard not a sound But the
pp
Wood-pecker tapping
the hol-low beech-tree. Ev'ry


leaf was at rest, And I heard not a sound Ev'ry leaf was at rest, And I
heard not a sound But the Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree. But the
Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree. But the Woodpecker tapping the
8va
hol-low beech—tree.
loco
f

3d VERSE.


"By the shade of you sumach, whose red berry dips In the gush of the fountain, how
sweet to recline, And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips, Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by
a-ny but mine! Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by a-ny but mine"! Ev'ry leaf was at rest, And I
pp
heard not a sound But the Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree. Ev'ry



2d VERSE which being thought too long is omitted in the representation.

And "here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if I blam'd,
"How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!
Ev'ry leaf was at rest, &c:

When pensive I thought of my Love.

The favorite Song

Sung by Mrs Mountain

in the Grand Dramatic Romance of

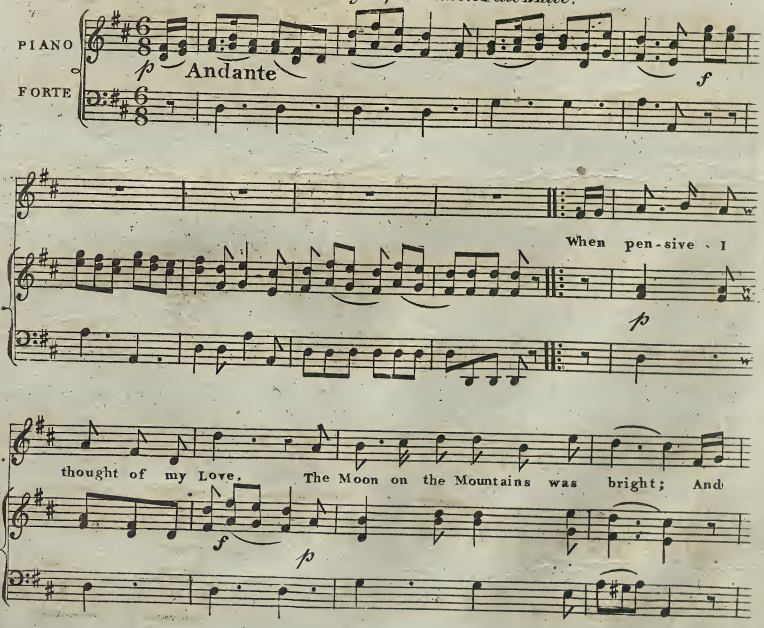
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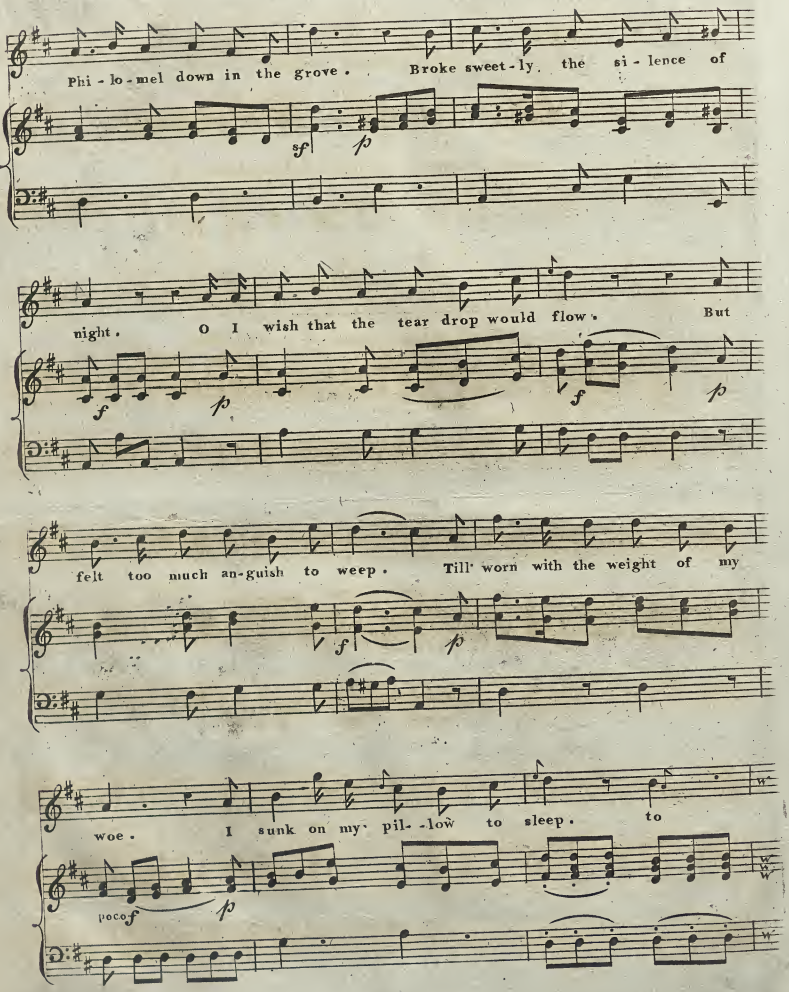
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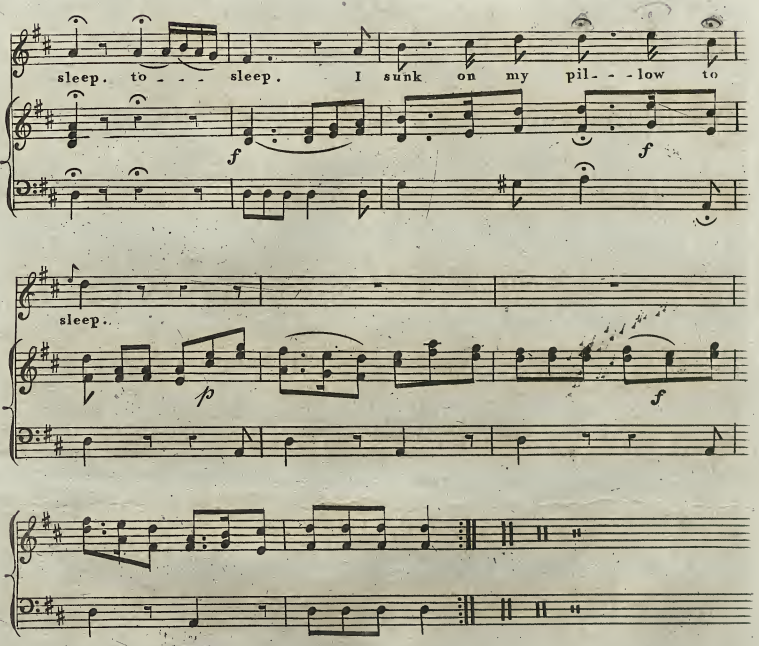
MK

Ent.d Sta.rs Hall. Price/

Printed & Sold at Kelly's Opera Saloon Pall Mall.




Phi - lo - mel down in the grove. Broke sweet - ly the si - lence of
night. O I wish that the tear drop would flow. But
felt too much an-guish to weep. Till worn with the weight of my
woe. I sunk on my pil - low to sleep. to
sf
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
poco f
p



2

Me thought that my Love as I lay.
His ringlets all clotted with gore;
In the paleness of Death seem'd to say,
Alas! we must never meet more.
Yes, yes, my belov'd we must part,
The steel of my Rival prov'd true;
The Assassin has struck on that heart,
Which beat with such fervour for you.

On a River's Margin,

or

THE LITTLE TROUBADOUR,

As sung with unbounded applause by

Miss Duncan,

Accompanied By Herself on the HARP.

At the

Lyceum Theatre,

In the Opera of

THE PEASANT BOY,

Written by Wm. Dimond, Esq.r

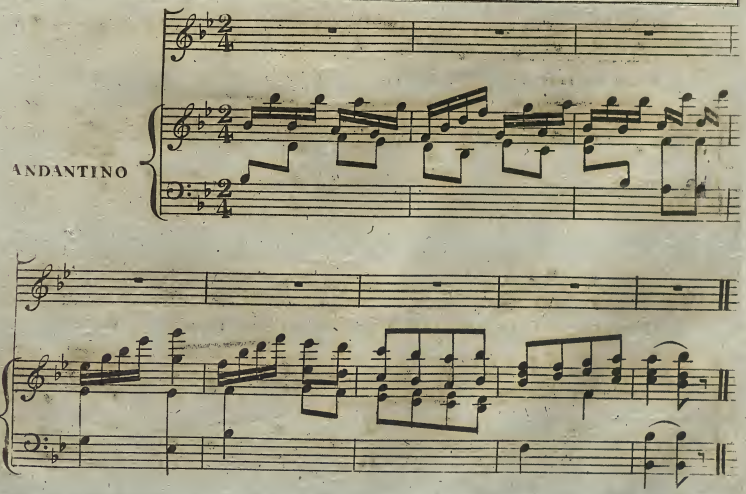
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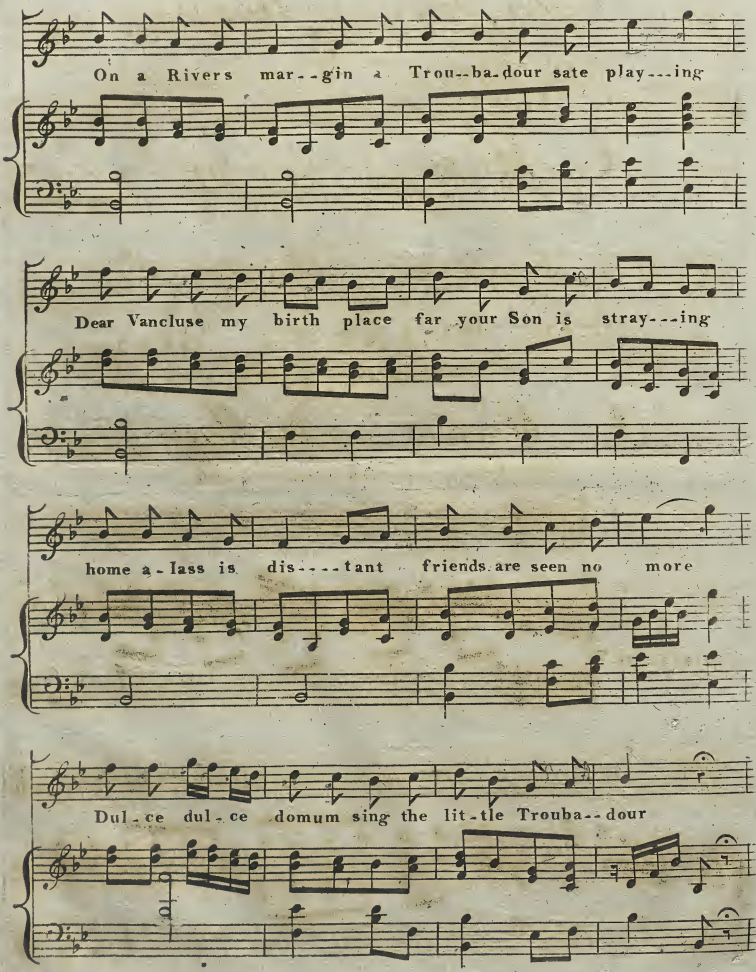
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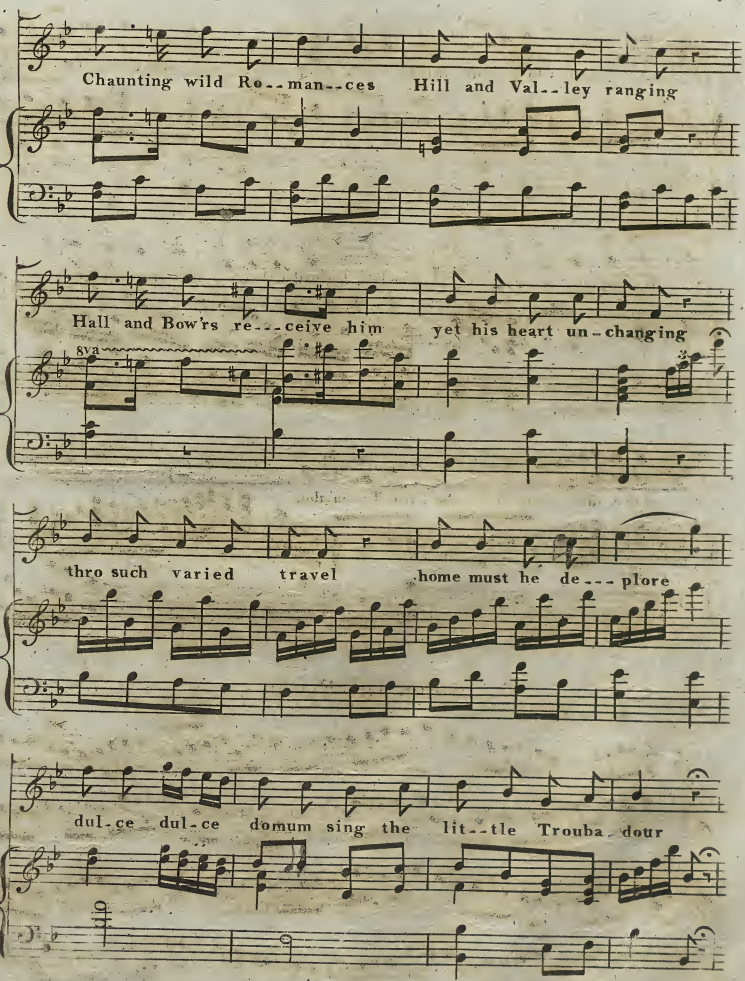
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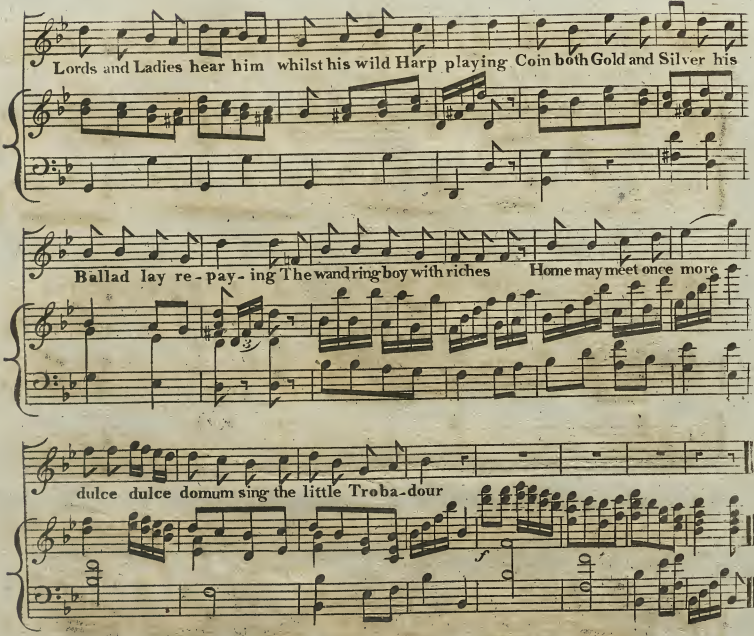
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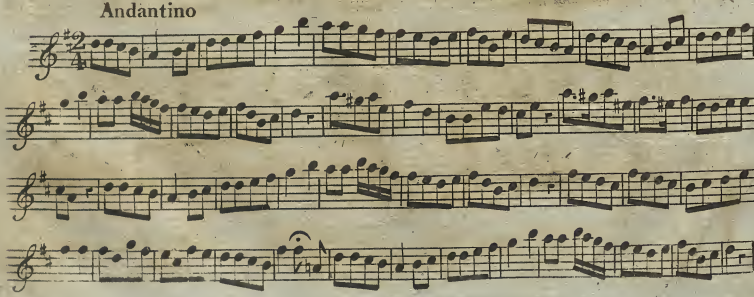

On a Rivers mar--gin a Trou--ba-dour sate play---ing
Dear Vancluse my birth place far your Son is stray---ing
home a-lass is dis----tant friends are seen no more
Dul-ce dul-ce domum sing the lit-tle Trouba--dour


Chaunting wild Ro--man--ces Hill and Val--ley ranging
Hall and Bow'rs re---ceive him yet his heart un-changing
8va
thro such varied travel home must he de--- plore
dul-ce dul-ce domum sing the lit--tle Trouba dour



For the Flute

Andantino



Jane Shirreff

The Wife's Farewell or

NO MY LOVE NO.

The Favorite Ballad as

Sung by Miss De Camp

In the much admired Farce of

AGE TO-MORROW

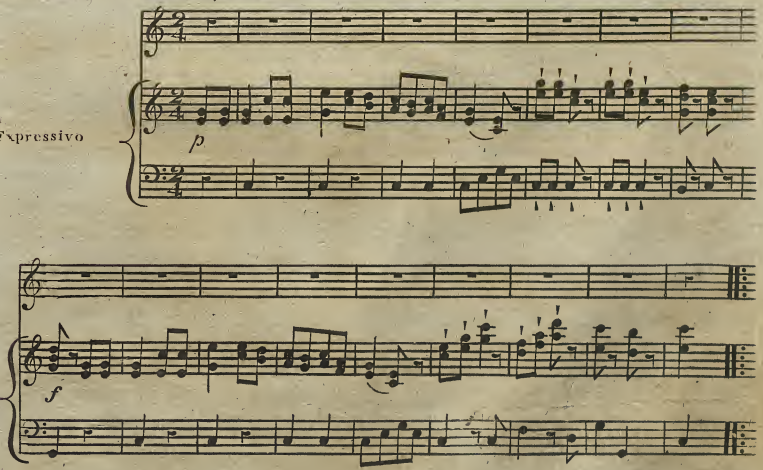
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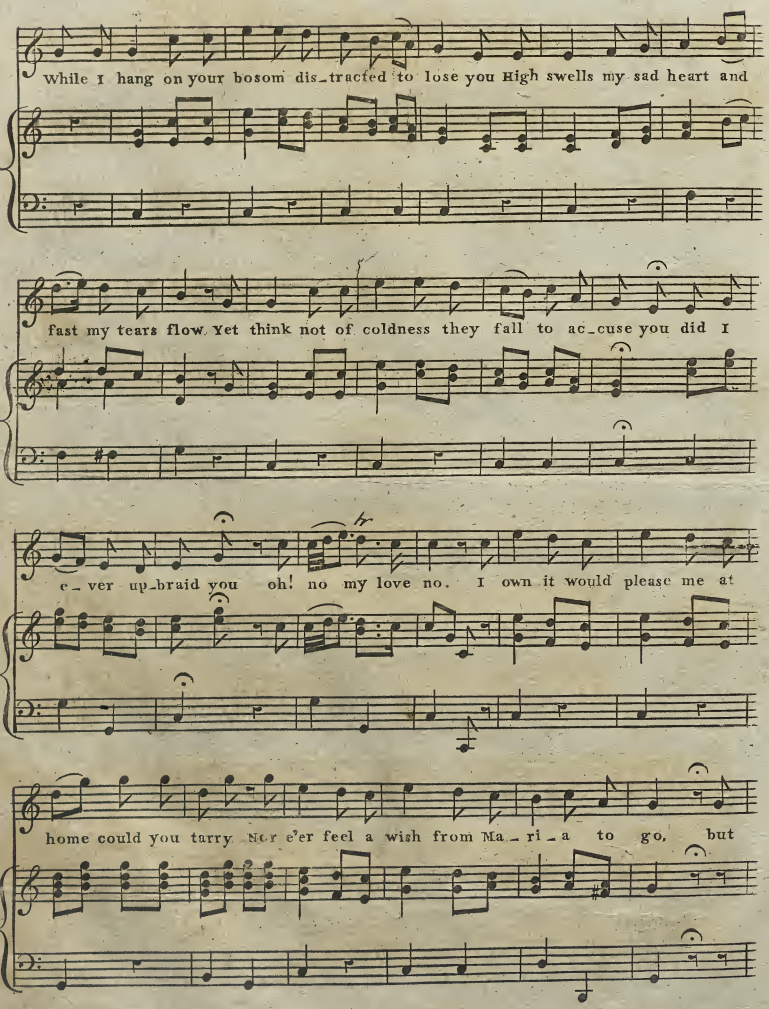
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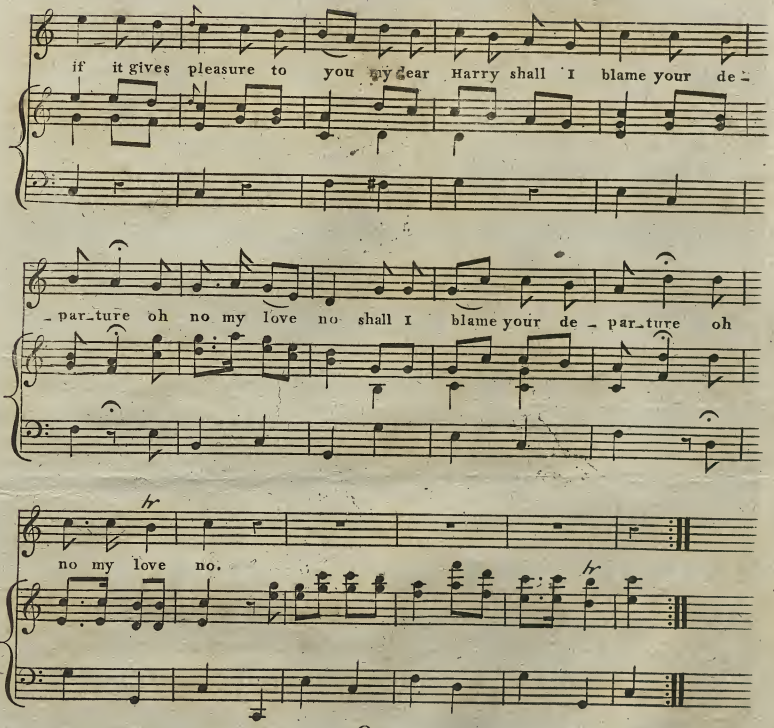
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LONDON.

Printed for M.r Kelly at his Musical Saloon N.o 9 Pall Mall




While I hang on your bosom dis_tracted to lose you High swells my sad heart and
fast my tears flow Yet think not of coldness they fall to ac_cuse you did I
e_ver up_braid you oh! no my love no. I own it would please me at
home could you tarry Nor e'er feel a wish from Ma_ri_a to go, but



2

Now do not dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
That heart which is mine on a rival bestow;
Nay banish that frown such displeasure betraying,
Do you think I suspect you, oh no my love no.
I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart which adores you such woe;
Yet should you dishonor my truth and deceive me;
Shou'd I e'er cease to love you, oh no my love no.

Jane Shirreff

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A SMILE & A TEAR.

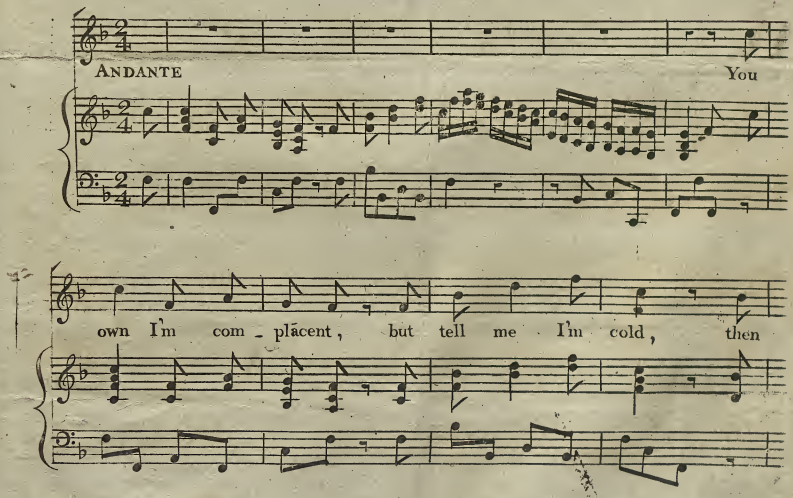
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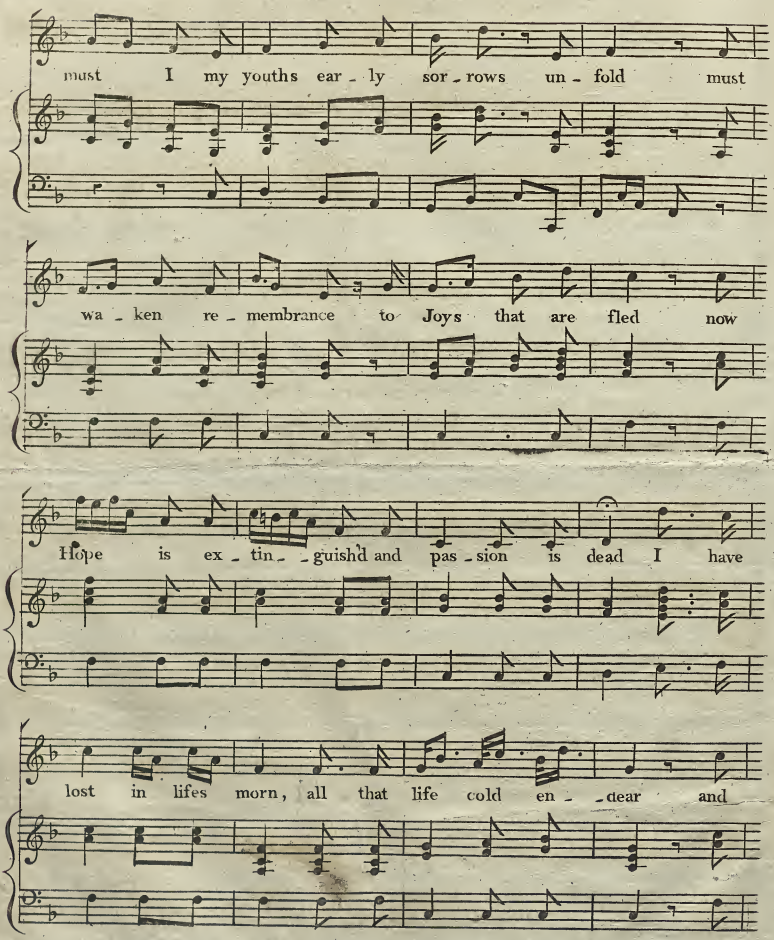
M.r P. Andrews, Esq.r

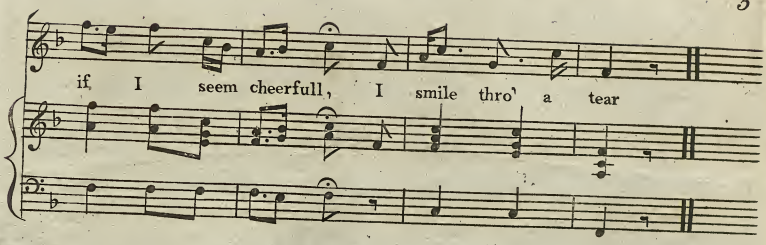
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MISS ABRAMS.

Ent. at Stationers Hall *Pr. 1.s*




must I my youths ear - ly sor - rows un - fold must
wa - ken re - membrance to Joys that are fled now
Hope is ex - tin - - guish'd and pas - sion is dead I have
lost in lifes morn, all that life cold en - - dear and



2

My parents, tho' humble were happy and good,
We could boast of our Honour, if not of our Blood;
My Lover, ah! how the sad Tale shall I tell,
For his Country he fought — for his Country he fell:
He was brave, he was true, to my Soul he was dear,
His fame claims a Smile, but it shines thro' a tear.

3

In vain would I picture, my agonized Heart,
My Parents soft soothings no Balm could impart;
They sunk o'er the Child whom they could not relieve,
And the cold Hand of Death left me only to grieve.
Thus fated to suffer, that moment draws near
When you'll neither distinguish a Smile nor a Tear.

Mary Stirling Shu

THE WELCH HARPER

Dedicated to Miss E. Stewart.

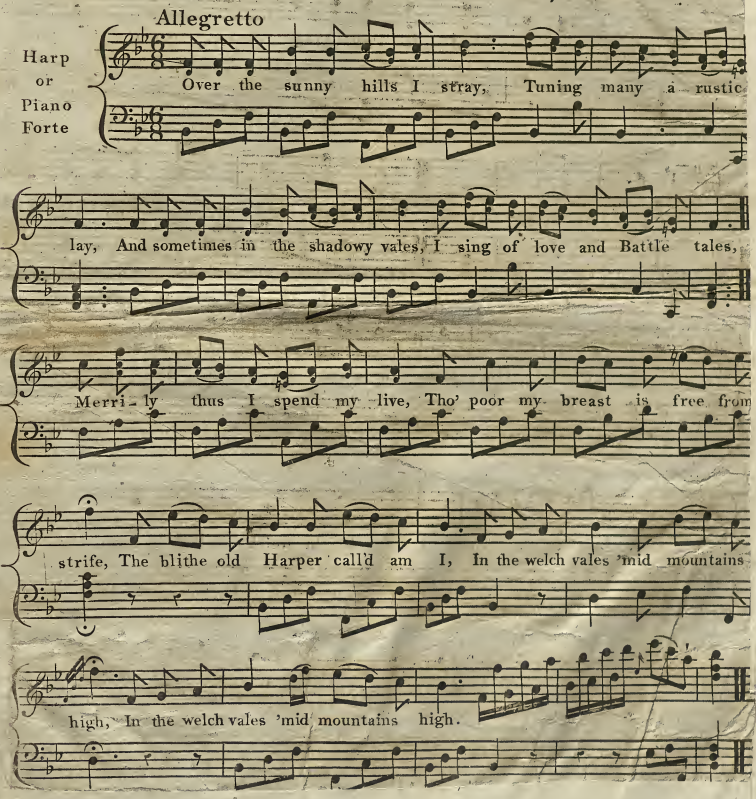
By James Sheridan Knowles

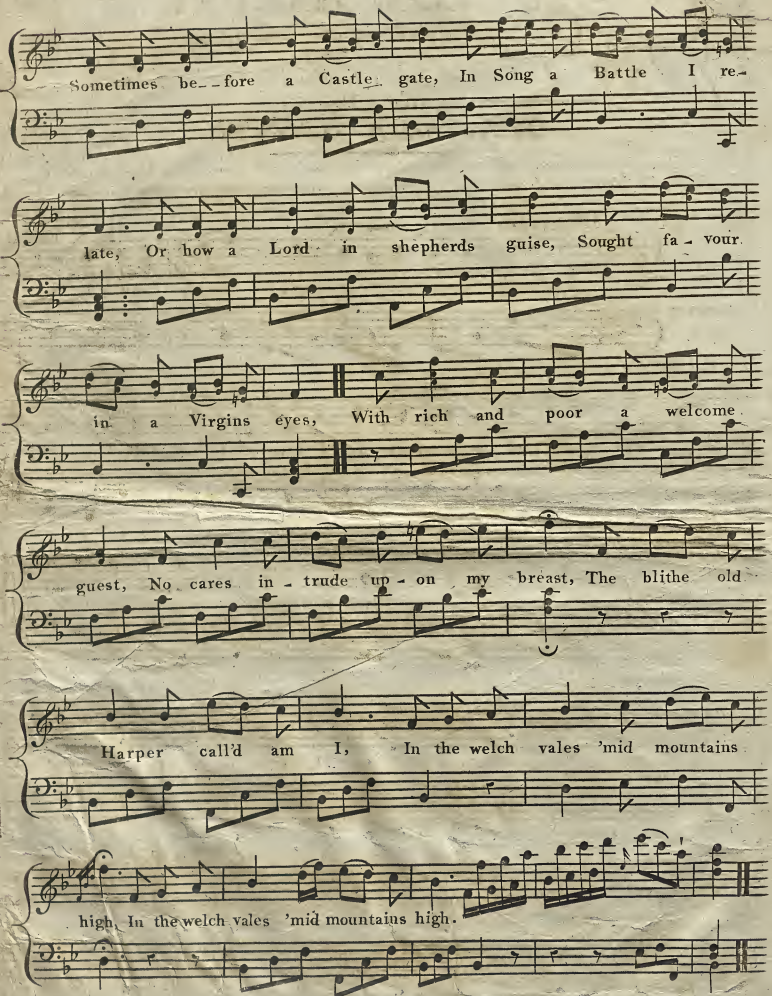
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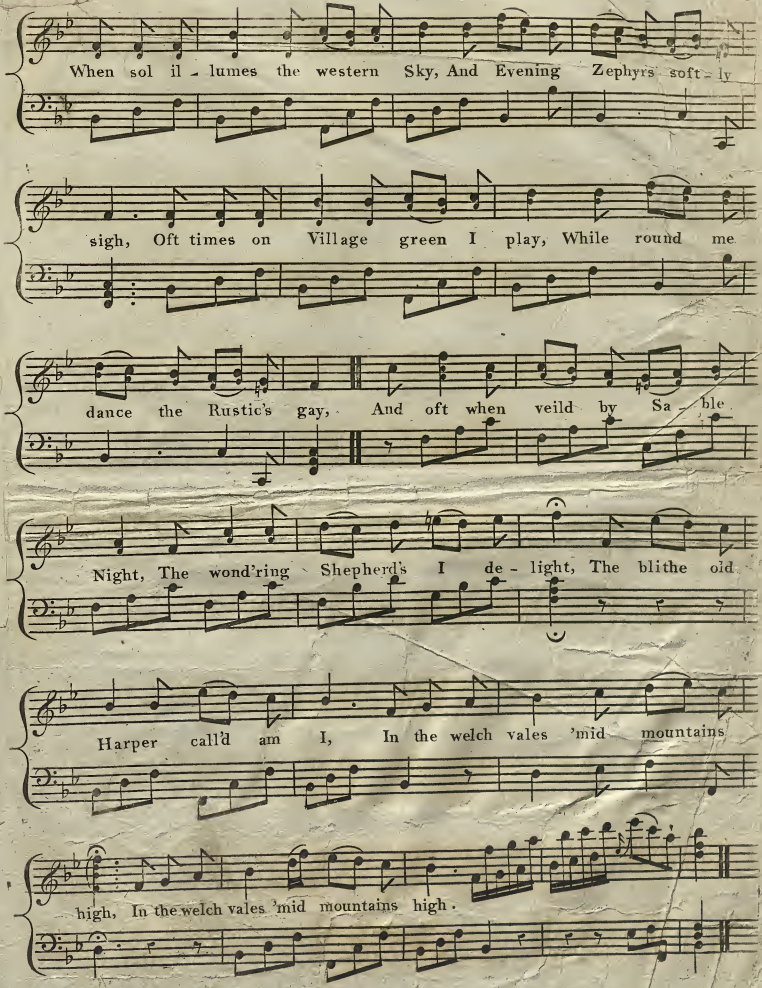
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Sometimes be--fore a Castle gate, In Song a Battle I re-
late, Or how a Lord in shepherds guise, Sought fa-vour
in a Virgins eyes, With rich and poor a welcome
guest, No cares in-trude up-on my breast, The blithe old
Harper call'd am I, In the welch vales 'mid mountains
high, In the welch vales 'mid mountains high.


When sol il - lumes the western Sky, And Evening Zephyrs soft - ly
sigh, Oft times on Village green I play, While round me
dance the Rustic's gay, And oft when veild by Sa - ble
Night, The wond'ring Shepherd's I de - light, The blithe old
Harper call'd am I, In the welch vales 'mid mountains
high, In the welch vales 'mid mountains high.

The Blue Bell of Scotland,

Adapted for

TWO OR THREE VOICES,

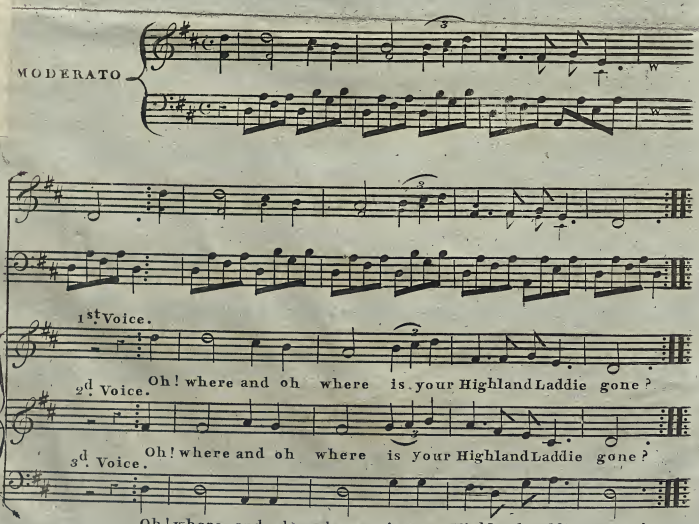
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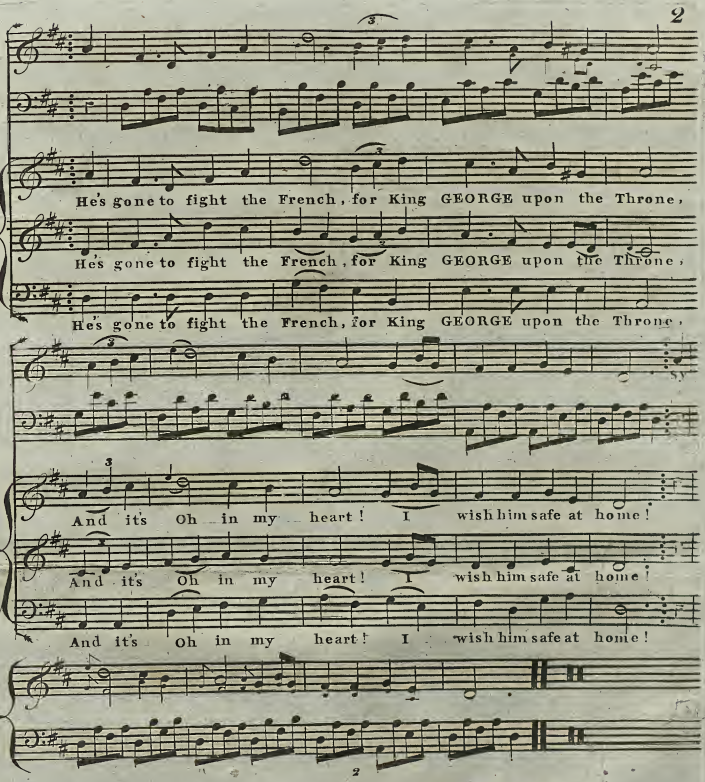
Piano-Forte,

ACCOMPANIMENT.

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2

Oh where! and oh where did your Highland Laddie dwell?
He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue Bell:
And it's oh in my heart! I love my Laddie well!

3

In what Cloaths in what Cloaths is your Highland Laddie clad?
His Bonnet's of the Saxon green, his Waistcoat of the Plaid:
And it's oh in my heart! I love my Bonny Lad!

4

Suppose, and suppose, that your Highland Lad should die?
The Bagpipes should play over him, and I'd sit down and cry!
But it's oh in my heart! I wish he may not die!

Engd. by J. Peck. Newgate Street.

2

Before Jehovah's awful Throne

An Hymn

Composed by

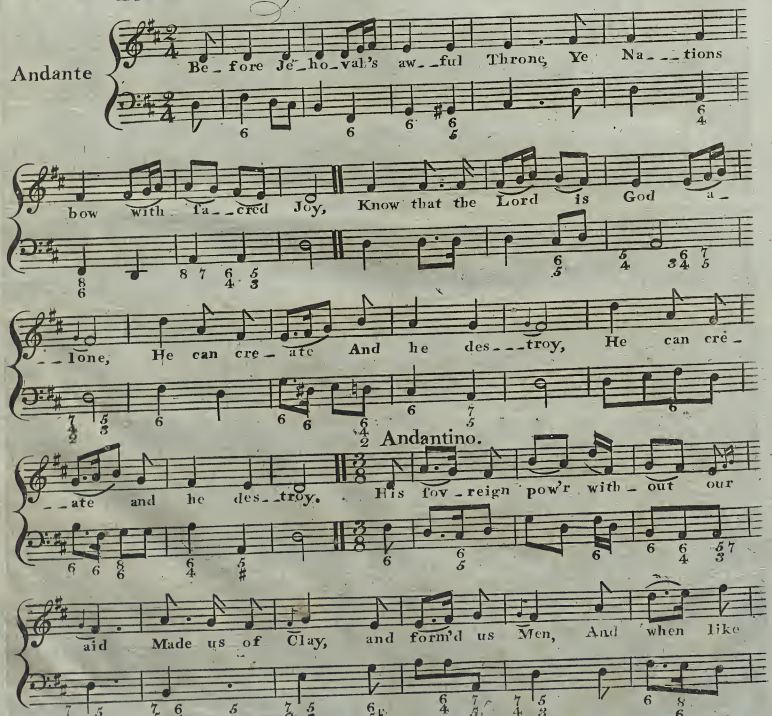
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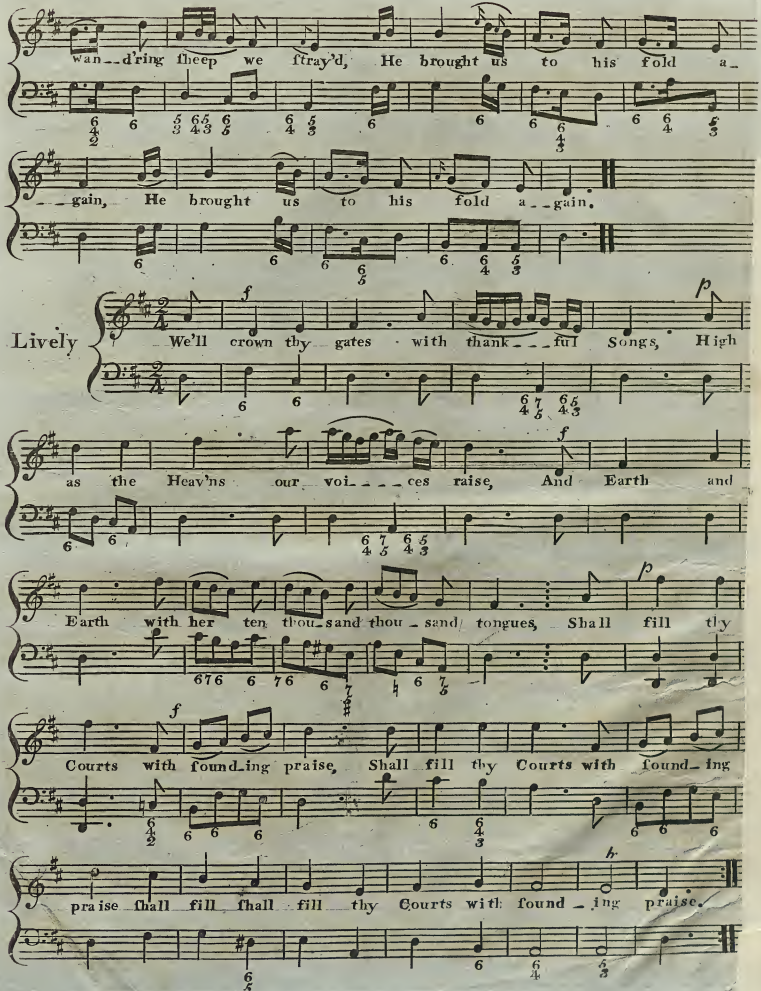
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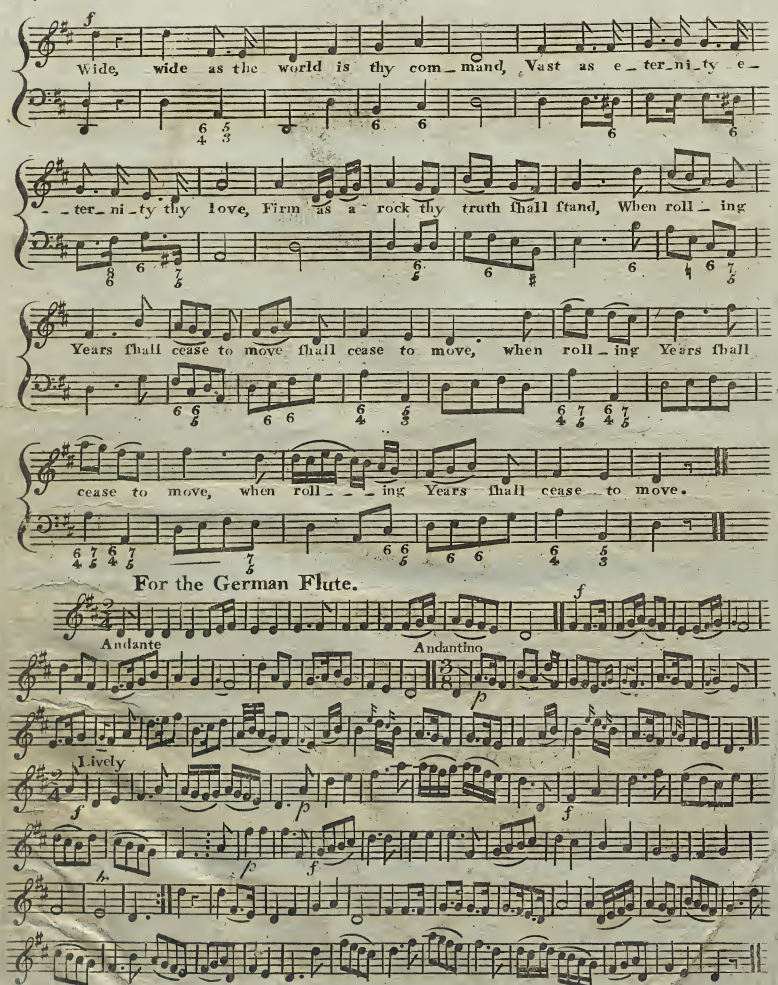
Voice & Piano Forte.

Pr.s 6

London Printed by G.Walker 106 Great Portland Street




wan--d'ring sheep we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a-
--gain, He brought us to his fold a--gain.
Lively
We'll crown thy gates with thank---ful Songs, High
as the Heav'ns our voi----ces raise, And Earth and
Earth with her ten thou-sand thou-sand tongues, Shall fill thy
Courts with found-ing praise, Shall fill thy Courts with found-ing
praise shall fill shall fill thy Courts with found-ing praise.


Wide, wide as the world is thy com_mand, Vast as e_ter_ni_ty e_
_ter_ni_ty thy love, Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When roll_ing
Years shall cease to move shall cease to move, when roll_ing Years shall
cease to move, when roll_ing Years shall cease to move.
For the German Flute.
Andante
Andantino
Lively

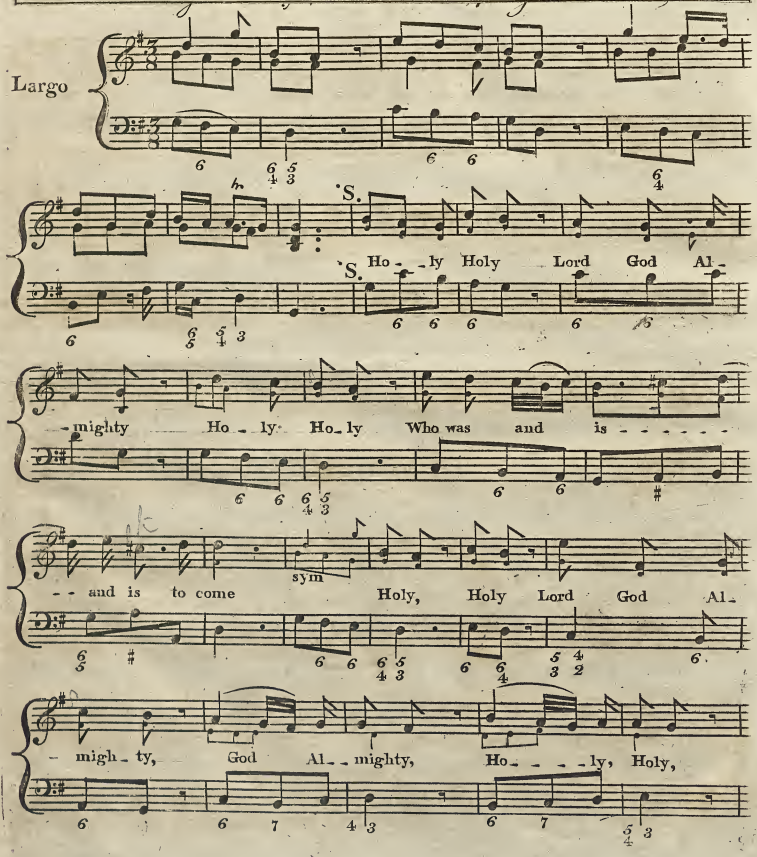
HOLY HOLY LORD GOD ALMIGHTY

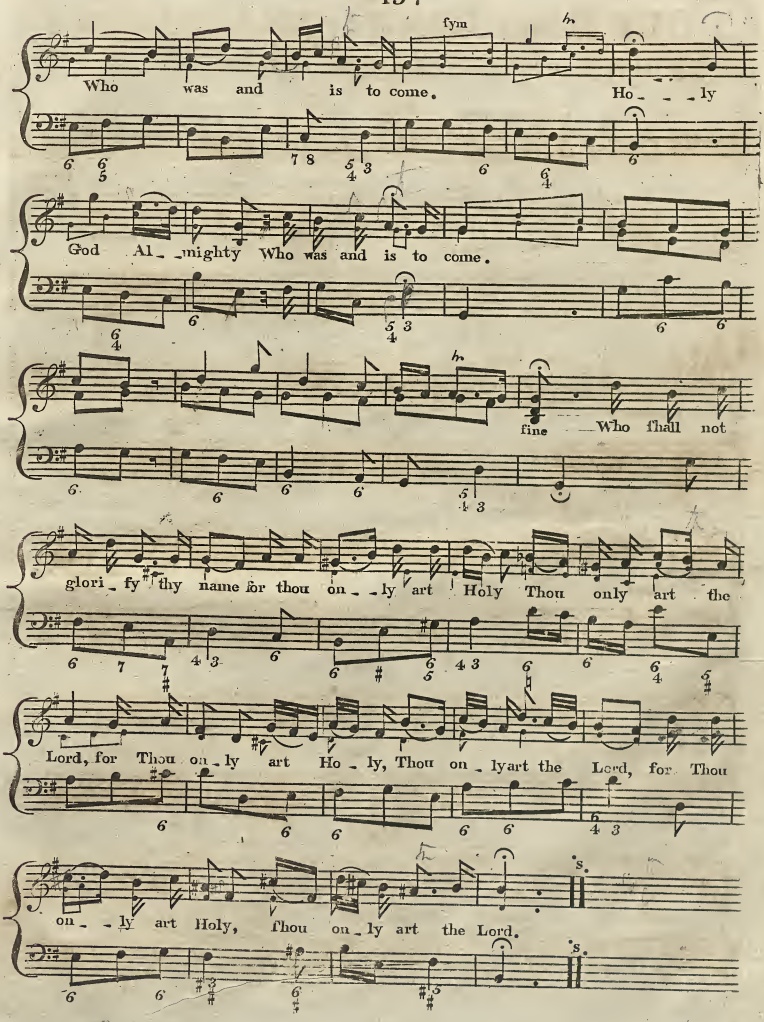
Sung by

MADAM MARA.

HANDEL.

Sold by C. MITCHELL, at his Musical Circulating Library, & Instrument Warerooms, 51, Southampton Row, Russell Square.



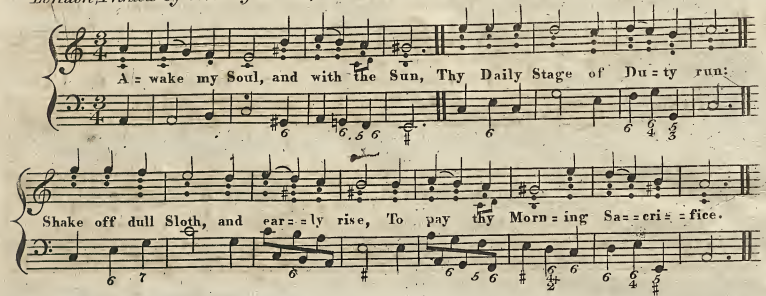

fym
Who was and is to come. Ho - - - ly
God Al - mighty Who was and is to come.
fine Who shall not
glori - fy thy name for thou on - - ly art Holy Thou only art the
Lord, for Thou on - ly art Ho - ly, Thou on - ly art the Lord, for Thou
on - - ly art Holy, Thou on - ly art the Lord.

THE Morning Hymn,

Adapted for the Organ or Piano Forte.

Pr. 1/.

London, Printed by Goulding & Comp.y 124, New Bond Street & 7, Westmorland Street, Dublin.



2

Redeem thy mispent Moments past,
And live this Day, as if 'twere last:
Thy Talents to improve take care;
For the great Day thy self prepare.

3

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience, as the Noon Day clear;
For God's all seeing Eye surveys,
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

4

Wake, and lift up thy self, my Heart,
And with the Angels bear a Part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
High Glory to the eternal King.

5

I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly Choir,
May your Devotion me inspire:
That I, like you, my Age may spend;
Like you, may on my God attend.

6

May I, like you, in God delight;
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will;
O. may I never more do ill.

7

Glory to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from Death shall wake,
I may of endless Life pertake.

8

Lord, I my vows to the renew;
Scatter my Sins as morning Dew:
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thy self my Spirit fill.

9

Direct, controul, suggest this Day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my Pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole Glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow;
Praise him, all Creatures here below:
Praise him above, Angelic Host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE
Evening Hymn,
Adapted for the
Organ or Piano Forte.

Price 1/.

London Printed by Goulding & Comp.y 124 New Bond Str.t & 7 Westmorland St. Dublin



2

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the World, my self, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at Peace may be.

3

Teach me to live that I may dread,
The grave as little as my Bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may,
With joy behold the Judgment Day.

4

O may my Soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine Eyelids close,
Sleep, that may me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5

When restless in the Night I lie,
My Soul with heav'nly thoughts supply:
Let no ill Dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of Darkness me molest.

6

Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful Station, near me keep;
My heart with love Celestial fill,
And guard from the approach of ill.

7

Lord let my Soul for ever share,
The bliss of thy Paternal care;
'Tis Heav'n on Earth, 'tis Heav'n above,
To see thy Face, and sing thy Love.

8

Should Death it self my Sleep invade,
Why should I be of Death afraid.
Protected by thy saveing Arm
Tho' he may strike he cannot harm.

9

For Death is Life, and Labour rest,
If with thy gracious Presence blest:
Then welcome sleep, or Death to me,
I'm still secure for still with thee.

Praise God, from whom all Blefsings flow;
Praise him, all Creatures here below:
Praise him above, Angelic Host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

